BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1933

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COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE

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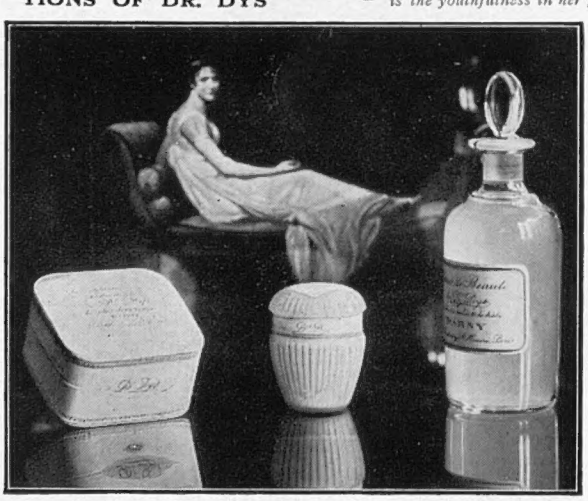

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the easily packed evening gown is the one to choose for holiday wear. what could be more suitable than a gown in the most fluttering printed art georgette that dons an almost tailored double collar of organdy finished with a pleated bow. choose from several shades, with a slip to tone.
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are invited to apply immediately for the corot fashion guide, as corot is willing to offer the advantage of its new system of payment to overseas residents. corot also invites a visit immediately upon arrival in england, as the most convenient method of fixing up for a new outfit after years of residence abroad.

"sun devotee"
"back to the sun" might be this damsel's slogan when she has slipped into this printed—or striped—linen beach frock. at the throat it comes to a point and is gathered into a ring, through which the tie is slipped—forming shoulder straps. the loose fitting linen jacket is in monotone.
cash 2 guineas — 6/- monthly

"blue skies"
what to wear on a hot and sunny day, cruising or at the seaside? why, this white washing art silk frock with no sleeves, but shoulder straps and a tie-collar arrangement that is a stitched down bow in front and loose crossed straps at the back. the loose fitting jacket is in various contrasting colours.
cash 5 guineas. — 15/- monthly

"outward bound"
swagger—nonchalant—jaunty—this is the perfect travelling coat. and any or all of these expressions aptly describes this westmorland fabric coat, storm collared. wide revered and boasting a vent at the back. the self-ornamented pockets are adequately deep. satin lining. new shades.
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"at 1.30"
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"cross country"
if you're the "tweedy" type, this is the suit you can choose for country wear. it's simple, yet its smart tailoring lends a distinction to the fine check tweed in which it is made. the roll collar is a new point, and the panel pleat of the skirt gives a freedom of movement that is much appreciated.
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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 7, No. 2. AUGUST, 1933

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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, " Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to " Britannia & Eve " will be found in the " Index to Advertisers " on page 116. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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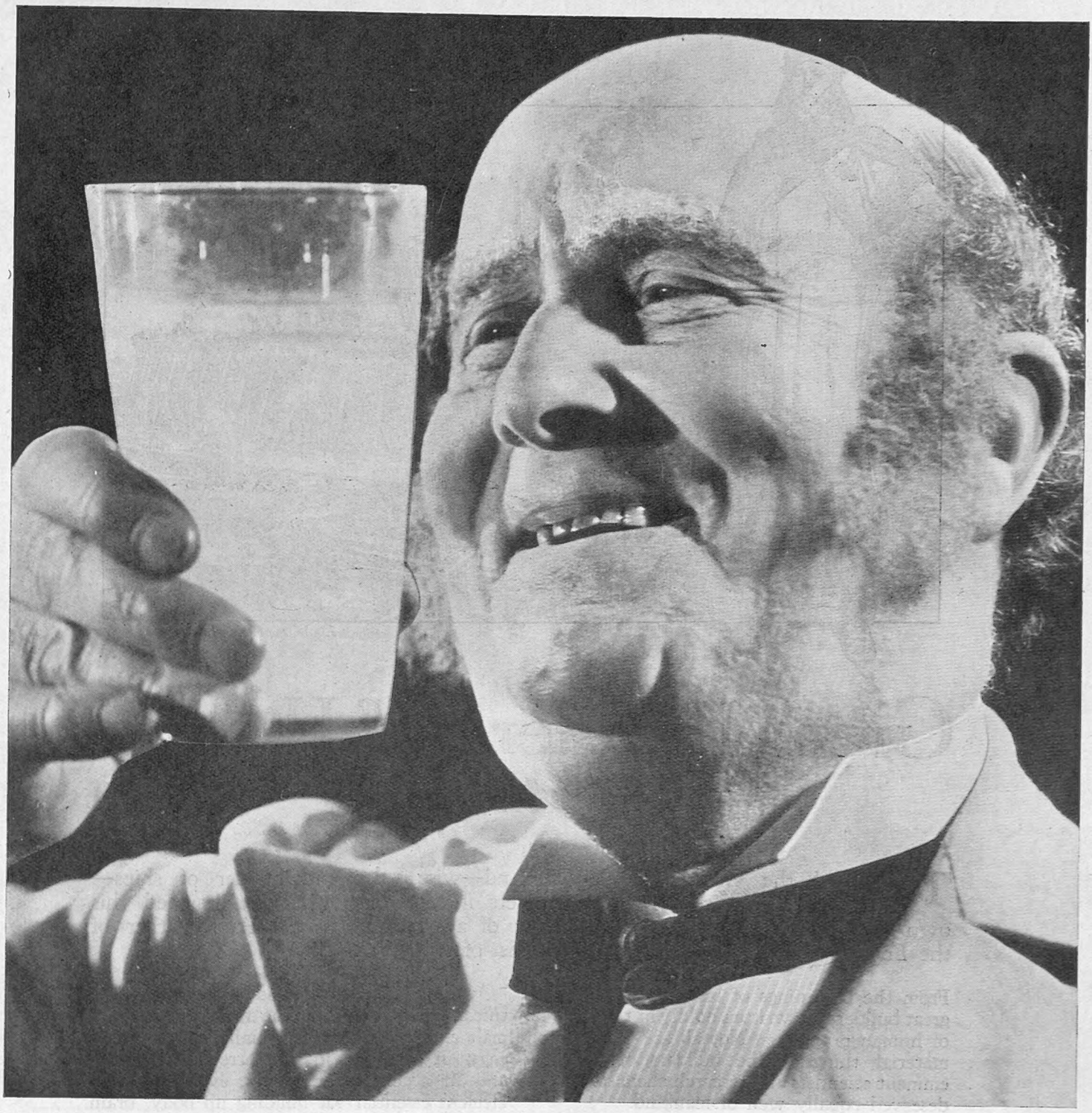

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says OLD HETHERS

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Old Hethers' recipe is on the inner lid of every tin of

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CVS—47

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Alfred the Great

TO Alfred the Great, King of England—wise ruler and builder of ships—we owe one of the brightest chapters in our history. He designed his own ships and superintended the building of a powerful fleet. As "Father of the English Navy" he laid the foundations of Britain's might.

From the beginnings of history the names of great builders are written boldly in the records of human progress. Not all are builders of material things. The builders of health—eminent scientists and research chemists—have deserved equally well of mankind.

To-day the products of scientific research play an important part in building up the health and well-being of the people. Prominent among them is "Ovaltine"—the renowned tonic food beverage—which has proved one of the greatest influences for health in all parts of the world.

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P.947

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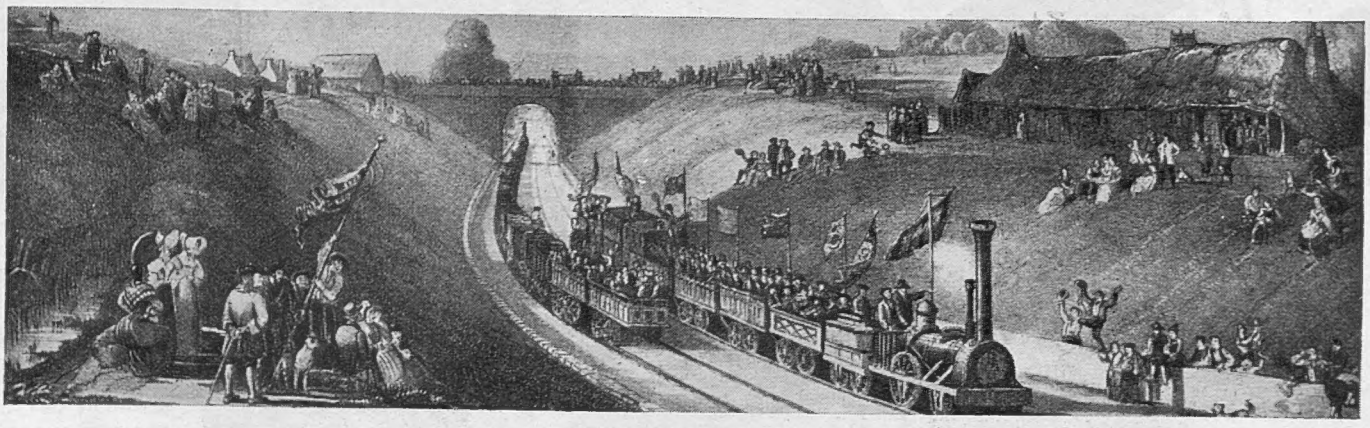
BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for August 1933



How our ancestors travelled by train. George Stevenson, pioneer of locomotive steam engines, died in 1848.

1st, TUESDAY.
The first parcel was sent by post fifty years ago to-day—in Great Britain: other European countries had adopted parcel post five years before, in 1878. British railways now reap £2,000,000 from postal parcels.
LAMMAS (Scottish Quarter Day).

2nd, WEDNESDAY.
Ten years ago to-day WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING, President of the United States, died suddenly from pneumonia, after little over two years of a tenancy at the White House tainted by the corruption of his Cabinet associates.

3rd, THURSDAY.
MR. STANLEY BALDWIN was born at Bewdley on this day in 1867.
KING HAAKON VII was born sixty-one years ago (1872), accepting the Norwegian crown in 1905, having previously married Maud, the daughter of our Edward VII.

4th, FRIDAY.
The DUCHESS OF YORK is thirty-three to-day.
Nineteen years ago (1914) Great Britain declared war on Germany.

5th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 5.31. *Sun sets* 8.42. *Lighting up time* 9.42 *B.S.T.*
First telegram sent between England and the United States in 1858.
GENERAL SHERIDAN, great Federal leader in the U.S. Civil War, died in 1888.
PHIL MAY, master-draughtsman of the comic side of London life, died thirty years ago to-day (1903).

6th, SUNDAY—*8th Sunday after Trinity.*

6th, Sun.—Two years ago JIM MOLLISON arrived at Croydon after having flown from Australia in 8 days, 22 hours and 25 minutes.
Anniversary of Sulva Bay landing in 1915.

7th, MONDAY—*Bank Holiday.*
The Germans entered Liège on their march through Belgium nineteen years ago (1914).

8th, TUESDAY.
Just a year ago it was announced that MR. JAMES WALKER of New York, the world's best known mayor, would have to stand his trial as to his fitness to remain in office. He now lives in retirement in Europe.

9th, WEDNESDAY.
KING EDWARD VII was crowned on this day in 1902. The British Expeditionary Force landed at Boulogne in 1914.

10th, THURSDAY.
Two years ago to-day MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD rushed from Lossiemouth to London to face the Socialist Cabinet crisis, occasioned by a split on economy and foreign monetary policy. It was the beginning of the National Government.

11th, FRIDAY.
The German Republic was constituted on this day in 1919.
CARDINAL NEWMAN, most-discussed cleric of the nineteenth century, died forty-three years ago (1890).

12th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 5.41. *Sun sets* 8.27. *Lighting up time* 9.27 *B.S.T.*
GEORGE STEPHENSON, pioneer of locomotive steam engines, died in 1848.
Great Britain entered into a political agreement with Japan in 1905.

13th, SUNDAY—*9th Sunday after Trinity.*

13th, Sun.—GENERAL FRENCH himself landed at Boulogne in 1914.
The plebiscite in Norway which led to separation from Sweden and adoption of KING HAAKON, was held on this day in 1905.

14th, MONDAY.
Pekin was relieved by British, French and American forces during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.
LORD NORTHCLIFFE, the world's greatest newspaper magnate, died in London eleven years ago to-day (1922), after a tragic illness.

15th, TUESDAY.
Sixteen years ago (1917) the first U.S. troops in Europe marched through London.

16th, WEDNESDAY.
ADMIRAL SCHEER and the German High Seas Fleet set out on this day in 1916 on what ADMIRAL JELLICOE believed to be a fleet action. But Scheer turned tail and ran when he nearly met the British three days later.

17th, THURSDAY.
The Registration of Births Act was passed ninety-seven years ago to-day (1836), thus regularising census-taking — among other things.

18th, FRIDAY.
On this day in 1870 the little Lorraine village of Gravelotte saw an historic battle between the forces led by KING WILLIAM of Prussia and those of MARSHAL BAZAINE, with the French on the defensive.

19th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 5.53. *Sun sets* 8.14. *Lighting up time* 9.14 *B.S.T.*
HONORÉ DE BALZAC, French writer, whose unparalleled prolificity matched his perpetual financial embarrassment, died on this day 83 years ago.

20th, SUNDAY—*10th Sunday after Trinity.*

20th, Sun.—Two years ago to-day the London Stock Exchange announced that in future it would open on Saturdays.

21st, MONDAY.
SIR ASTON WEBB, President of the Royal Academy, and the man who turned Buckingham Palace from "Europe's ugliest" into a handsome residence, died three years ago to-day.

22nd, TUESDAY.
The third MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, whose four tenures of the Foreign Office made him the late nineteenth century's greatest international negotiator, died on this day thirty years ago. He had resigned the Prime Ministership just a year before.

23rd, WEDNESDAY.
The first battle of Mons opened in 1914.
On this day two years ago the National Government was provisionally formed.

24th, THURSDAY.
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, sentimental American writer of world-wide fame, died ten years ago. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* was a representatively popular work.

25th, FRIDAY.
Another American literary anniversary: BRET HARTE was born on this day in 1839. He was a poet, adventurer and a writer of humour. The latter part of his life was spent in Great Britain, where he had been forced by financial pressure.

26th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.4. *Sun sets* 7.59. *Lighting up time* 8.59 *B.S.T.*
Louvain was sacked by the invading German forces in 1914.
KARL WILHELM, writer of *Die Wacht am Rhein*, died on this day in 1873.

27th, SUNDAY—*11th Sunday after Trinity.*

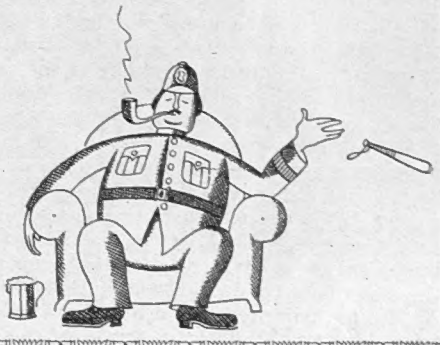
27th, Sun.—GENERAL BOTHA, great South African, died in 1919.

28th, MONDAY.
Slavery was abolished by Act of Parliament in 1833.
The battle of Heligoland Bight in 1914. The British lost H.M.S. *Arethusa* and 3 destroyers, while the Germans had to mourn the *Mainz*, *Cöln*, and *Ariadne*—all three cruisers—and one destroyer.

29th, TUESDAY.
BURNE-JONES, colourful Victorian painter, born a hundred years ago (1833).
ALBERT LEBRUN, present President of the French republic, was born in 1871.
The battle of Villers-Cotterets in 1914.

30th, WEDNESDAY.
SIR JOHN ROSS, the great Arctic explorer, died in 1856.
In 1918 the Metropolitan Police struck on this day.

31st, THURSDAY.
WILHELMINA, Queen of the Netherlands, is fifty-three to-day.
The *official* end of the Great War was announced in 1921.



The Romance of the Flying Mail

By

Harry Harper

(Author of "The Evolution of the Flying Machine," etc.)

and

Robert Brenard

(Meteorologist to the World's First Daily Air Express)

AT our great Croydon airport, nowadays, one watches craft ascending on journeys which are the most intriguing that any modern traveller could make.

Standing on the departure platform, where more than 50 great planes now ascend or glide in daily, you see ardent seekers of fortune ascending for the new goldfields of Africa. A long way off those goldfields seem, in terms of surface transport; but actually such voyagers, flying swiftly stage by stage, are at Kakamega, in the heart of this romantic gold-rush, in not more than a week after their ascent from Croydon—"panning" for precious metal in springs and streams, or seeking farther afield for new gold-bearing reefs.

And away down the Persian Gulf the pearl traders, abandoning ancient sailing dhows, now fly to market in the big air-liners of the Indian mail. Desert sheiks, too, are beginning to pay each other ceremonious visits by air; while passengers in luxurious armchairs, high aloft in their flying saloons, look down on Africa from the sky, watching elephants in herds beneath, with crocodiles basking on the river banks. And on that same African airway, while one pilot may be flying above zones of torrid heat, another, in flight at the same time on some other section, may be picking up wireless messages which guide him in avoiding driving snowstorms.

Ascending from London on an Empire flight, you find Europe passing below you like a kaleidoscope. After which a great flying-boat bears you high above the Mediterranean. Then, almost before you realise it, you are under the ardent sun of Egypt and Africa. It is the fascination of such super-swift impressions which forms the keynote of long-distance air travel—the viewing of the world from angles which are new and strange. A dominant impression of aerial travellers, when they descend from voyages through the sky, is of the pleasures of their aerial point of view.

Greeted at Croydon, the other afternoon, by friends who had come to meet him, a passenger by the African air-mail was explaining how the impressions of a flying voyage crowd so swiftly and vividly one upon another.

"Less than a week ago," he said, "I was looking down from the air on elephants, buffaloes, and giraffes. And now I am in London. Talk about 'magic carpets'! Why, here you have one in actual fact! Africa, as you fly across it, passes below in a vast, ever-changing panorama—hills, mountains and rolling plains, alternating with forests, lakes and rivers—a scenic pageant one is never likely to forget."

It is with fervour that passengers describe the scenes which thrill them along our Empire airways. It is hard, they will tell you, to choose from such colour and romance. Rutbah Wells, fascinating desert station; Baghdad, "Jewel of the East," with

A GLIMPSE from an air-liner. Passengers in luxurious armchairs, high aloft in their flying saloons, look down on Africa from the sky, watching elephants in herds beneath

one's air-liner soars up from Cairo into the blue of the sky, with the Pyramids below amid golden sands. On you fly above the Nile, temples and ruins unfolding themselves below; on till Assouan lies ahead, and you glimpse the first Cataract—a superb sight from the air—with the Assouan Dam beyond the foam of the rapids. And soon after this a sight you are not likely to forget, as you still gaze away along the Nile, is that of the rock Temples of Abu-Simbel, with the wonderful temple of Ra dominated by its vast colossi. After which lakes and forests are seen below, and Kilimanjaro—mighty mountain which is called "Monarch of Africa"—looms away in the distance, forest-clad and with its summit gleaming with caps of snow.

So the pageant of a great continent passes beneath your windows, the thrills of the wonderful scenery being intensified by one's glimpse of native and animal life.

BY its sheer speed the airway produces strange results. The world appears to grow smaller day by day. And it is not only those in the big centres who realise this. People far off are grasping it also.

Take those picturesque pearl-fishers of Arabia. Now that the Indian air-line passes down their side of the Persian Gulf, those operating this ancient industry have been quick to grasp the advantage of aerial travel. Pearl merchants find they can accomplish by air, in an hour or so, coastal journeys which used to take them days. The big trading port is at Dubai, about 12 miles from Sharjah, which is now one of the coastal stations of the air-line; and by coming in to Sharjah and catching an air-liner there, pearl-traders bound for India reach Karachi in nine hours. If they went by the steamers, which operate only once a fortnight, the journey would take four or five days. And in the pearl business, as in others, those first on the spot secure the trade.

It is in deserts, as well as in cities, that men are awakening to the era of the air. (*Continued on page* 92)

glimpses from the air of mosques, date gardens, and narrow streets; and on from Baghdad that marvellous Arch of Ctesiphon, relic of the Palace of the Parthian Kings. These, among others, linger in the minds of those who fly along the famous route to India; while it is a memory-haunting moment, on the start of a flight across Africa, when

THE new type of air mail carrier. An all-metal machine designed and built for the Air Ministry by Messrs. Boulton & Paul. It can carry 1,000 lb. of mails 1,000 miles non-stop in seven hours, and has a top speed of nearly 200 m.p.h.

A VIEW of Khartoum from an air-mail liner

(Top left)

A KIMBERLEY diamond mine as it looks from the air. The machine is the latest type of air mail carrier specially designed for the Air Ministry to speed up mails on the Empire air route

(Right)

THE pilot of a British air-liner using the wireless telephone with which he communicates, while in flight, with ground stations

WHAT IS GOING

By J. S. Bainbridge, D.Sc.

THE character of a nation is influenced very profoundly by the slope of its population curve. A steadily increasing population means that every activity, social and economic, can be planned in a spirit of optimism. Factory extensions can be erected with the certainty that the steadily expanding home market will absorb all the increased output and, like Oliver Twist, will still ask for more; and housing estates can be developed in the reasonable expectation that there will, in all probability, be far more applicants for the houses than can be accommodated in them.

Local authorities can secure all the money they require for carrying out extensive drainage, road-making and water-supply schemes, building schools and libraries, etc., knowing that the expenditure on these essential communal services will be justified by the increased urbanisation of the areas for which they have catered.

In short, there is a spirit of expansiveness which manifests itself in every phase of national life.

The present design of England and Wales has been conceived and carried out in this spirit of expansiveness and, until a few years ago, the rapid increase in the population appeared to justify this optimism.

Although accurate records have been kept for only about a hundred years, it can be said with some degree of certainty that the population of England and Wales, at the end of the first century A.D., was about 2,500,000. By A.D. 1500 the figure had barely reached the 5,000,000 mark; or, in other words, the rate of growth was so slow that it took fourteen hundred years to double the population.

Thereafter the rate of growth began to increase, and from about the year 1800 it has, indeed, been quite abnormal. Between the years 1500 and 1800 the population increased from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000; it doubled again between 1800 and 1850; and it doubled yet again between 1850 and 1931, the figure given by the decennial census of 1931 being 39,947,931.

It does not need an expert mathematician to calculate that if the same rate of increase were maintained, in about 300 years—a very short chapter in the history of a nation—England and Wales would be swarming with a horde of two thousand million people, or more than the estimated present world population.

It has become increasingly obvious

Decorations by BATT

TO HAPPEN...?

Several Statistical Posers for the Experts

during the last decade, however, not only that the rapid rate of increase has been checked, but that within the next few years the population will actually begin to shrink.

THE probable population in 1941 can be forecast with almost mathematical accuracy. An official census is taken every ten years, and estimates of the 1921 and 1931 figures, calculated from the official figures of 1911 and 1921, differed from the actual figures by only 33,000 and 57,000; that is, they showed an error of only one-tenth of one per cent.

The decennial increase for the period 1811-1821 was 18 per cent. For the period 1921-1931 it was approximately 5 per cent. The effect of this is masked by the fact that the smaller percentage increase was on a much larger total population, so that actually the population increased by 2,062,689 between 1921 and 1931, as compared with 1,996,561 between 1811 and 1821.

The increase during the period 1931 to 1941 cannot be greater than two per cent.—there will, indeed, be a decrease if emigration again reaches pre-war figures—and after 1940 there must be a steady and continuous decline.

A shrinking population will raise a large number of problems which do not yet seem to have been anticipated.

The primary cause of this slowing down in the natural rate of increase is the steady decrease in the birth rate which has taken place during the last fifty years, but in any analysis of the population figures the birth rate cannot be considered by itself. A complication is introduced owing to the fact that there has also been a substantial decrease in the death rate, and the two factors working together are producing some peculiar and important changes in the distribution of the population by age and sex.

Since 1881 the birth rate has fallen from 32 per thousand to approximately 14. In 1881 nearly 884,000 children were born in England and Wales; by 1924 the figure had fallen to 729,000, and during 1933 it is not likely to exceed 550,000. During the same fifty-year period the death rate has fallen from 19 per thousand to about 12. The infant mortality rate (that is, deaths under one year) has fallen from 153 per thousand to about 65. The birth rate is now actually lower than was the death rate fifty years ago.

The lowering of the birth rate is the result of a combination of circumstances which cannot be discussed at length in this article, but two of the more important factors may be mentioned. Opinions differ as regards the relative importance of these two factors, but controversy cannot affect the final conclusions.

In the first place, the birth rate began to fall about the same time as widespread propaganda in favour of family limitation was instituted, and the decline has been most noticeable in the more educated and higher social grades, who would be expected to react most promptly to such propaganda. Obviously, therefore, this (*Continued on page* 96)

Stellar SPACES

A *Stormy* Encounter *between* *Two Stars* in *Mid*-Ocean

By

Lady Troubridge

THE *Alembic* had been forty-eight hours at sea before her passengers had their first glimpse of the glamorous Zorlina Waldeck.

Her entry into the tapestried splendours of the Ritz restaurant was a minor sensation. Hesitating a moment in the doorway, she looked into the crowded room, and the crowd in the room looked at her as they looked at her shadow in the screen in many capitals of Europe.

It was lunch time, and they were hungry, but Zorlina divided their attention with the menu. The women looked at the twin silver foxes swinging from her slim shoulders, at the perfect pearls round her neck, the orchids pinned carelessly at her waist, and the men looked at the accentuated curves of her passionate red mouth, and her shadowed eyes.

And Elyot Fairfax, lunching with his secretary at a table set in an alcove, never looked at her at all.

After that little studied pause by the door to collect glances, Zorlina moved forward with that languorous walk for which she was so famous. Most of the passengers had seen her walk with just that catlike glide in her latest film, "Tattered Passions," and they watched her with fascinated eyes until she settled herself at the centre table, with its huge vase of roses.

Two people followed her, contriving somehow to give the air of a procession. Gus Altman sat on her right, subtly Jewish, blatantly overdressed, a pink flower in his buttonhole, his too bright blue serge suit and spotted blue and white tie giving what he considered a sea-going look to his appearance. Zorlina never stirred without Gus. It gave her added importance to refer casually to "Mr. Altman, who handles my personal business."

Her secretary, Miss Lilian Schuyler, on her left, handled the fan mail. She was terrifyingly plain, and so full of integrity that she lent an air of definite respectability to Zorlina's background, and under that barrage of rectitude, Gus Altman had pulled off many a sharp deal.

The head steward hurried forward, propped the menu in front of Zorlina, and stood at attention, his head bent, as he murmured that the caviare was exceptionally fine.

Zorlina nodded. Caviare, yes, she might try that, and perhaps one small cutlet afterwards. No, nothing to drink, except orange juice.

Miss Schuyler ate with discretion and relish, and Gus Altman controlled his longing to go nap on the menu. Zorlina's figure was important, he knew that, but it annoyed him that he could not satisfy his own huge appetite without a consciousness of greed, while she pecked at a cutlet, and crumbled her dry biscuit.

"See that?" he mumbled, jerking his head to the right.

"See what? Don't talk with your mouth full, Gus; it makes you so terribly unrefined."

Unabashed, Gus pointed with his fork.

"Those two men over there. That chap sitting sideways, profile towards you."

Zorlina's eyes followed his pointing fork.

"Elyot Fairfax," she breathed.

"Yep."

With her unfailing discretion, Miss Schuyler looked down at her plate. If she could, she would have made herself invisible. When Zorlina's face hardened and stiffened like that, it was as well not to make one's presence felt.

"That man!" the Waldeck stormed. "When I think of the way he insulted me!"

"Hold hard, Zorlina. Fairfax never insulted you. He did worse, he ignored you, and the less said about that the better."

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

"YOU are very unrelenting, Mr. Fairfax. You have judged me and condemned me. You have heard that I am temperamental, impossible to work with. It is all untrue"

"You're a fool," Zorlina flung at him.

But Gus Altman was no fool, and in the long run, Zorlina never failed to listen to him.

"See here, Zorlina. That's Fairfax, right enough. Can't think how I missed his name on the passenger list, unless he booked under another. He's on this boat with us, and you've four days left to get him to change his mind. What's the darned use of all your sex appeal, if you can't fix that? You've got to work it, somehow in the time, so he'll fall for you good and proper."

Zorlina caught her painted underlip between her white teeth. Gus was right. Elyot Fairfax was Filmland's latest and greatest sensation, and she knew it Ten months ago, he had sauntered on to the stage in New York, slim and young and unimportant, and he had captured that critical audience in spite of the handicap of an English accent and a Shakespearean training. Done it without any heart-stirring good looks, by the sheer power of superlative acting.

Within a month, the Kings of Hollywood were after him. Within five weeks, they realised it would be a fight to get him away from the stage. The celluloid sheet seemed to have no charm for him. Their offers mounted like a thermometer in a heat wave, until they discovered he was gold proof. Luckily for them, his manager was not, so they won in the end.

Reluctantly he went to Hollywood, and the release of his first word picture revealed that this slight, fair young Britisher with the sensitive mouth and humorous eyes, had registered a big hit.

The entire feminine population of America fell for him as one woman. They doted on his listless, casual methods, they raved about his English reserve, and they wrote to him in their tens of thousands.

Elyot Fairfax smiled his shy, remote smile, and continued to elude them as much as his publicity agent would allow him to. That baffled gentleman, debarred from quoting wise cracks, and giving illuminating pictures of Elyot's private life, made a feature of his reserve.

"What is the secret of Elyot Fairfax?" he demanded, and answered the question his own way. He titillated the fans' curiosity with the information that Mr. Fairfax was unmarried, and a woman hater. He was, he declared, waiting for The One Woman.

Meanwhile, the Queens of Hollywood were after him, too. Everyone wanted him for their leading man, and so far it was uncertain to whom he would lend his invaluable support. In one case, only, his refusal had been prompt and definite. He would *not* join forces with Zorlina.

His decision had reached her two days before she sailed, but now it seemed that Providence was on her side.

Watching that slight figure across the restaurant, Zorlina made up her mind. Before the *Alembic* berthed in New York Harbour, she would have signed him as her leading man for "The Woman at the Gate."

The smile she turned on Gus was triumphantly sure.

"He'll fall for me, all right," she declared. "Don't you worry."

An expression of relief passed over the Hebraic features of Mr. Altman.

"You're a great girl, Zorlina," he said. "One must hand it to you every time."

At this precise moment, Elyot Fairfax rose and, followed by his secretary, began to walk towards the door, threading his way through the closely packed tables.

Zorlina watched his progress out of the tail of her eye. If he bowed to her, he could not escape her.

He did bow. Just the merest inclination of his fair head.

With a quick movement, Zorlina sprang up and held out both her slim, jewelled hands in a lovely, friendly gesture.

"You would not pass me by," she said, her foreign accent was very perceptible. "We are friends, in spite of everything, is it not so, Mr. Fairfax?"

Her liquid eyes, veiled by those enormous black lashes, dwelt on him with a flattering absorption. Her seductive mouth smiled, but Fairfax kept his hands in the pockets of his well cut suit.

"Of course," he said, in his quiet, slow voice, and left it at that.

Not so Zorlina.

"You will come to my suite for a drink and a little talk later on?" she suggested, with that Circe smile.

Elyot Fairfax's voice was politely non-committal.

"Thanks, I'll certainly look in, since you're so kind."

He was gone, and Zorlina turned to Gus.

"You heard that?" she exulted.

"That doesn't mean a thing from an Englishman," said Gus. "Maybe he'll come, and maybe he won't."

"I think he won't," said Miss Lilian Schuyler, unexpectedly.

"You know nothing about it, Lilian," snapped Zorlina, whirling round on her. "Order plenty of gin slings to be sent in at six, and see that there's enough ice, and I don't want anyone butting in while I talk to Mr. Elyot Fairfax."

"Sure, Comtesse Zorlina. I understand," said Miss Schuyler meekly.

As a matter of fact, she understood more than her employer gave her credit for. She had seen the steely flint in Fairfax's eyes, and what she understood was that the glamorous Zorlina had probably met her match.

IN his own state room, alone with his American secretary, Reeve Shaw, Elyot Fairfax sprawled in an arm-chair, one leg over the arm.

"How I hate my fellow creatures," he said, "and how, above all, I hate Zorlina."

"And, oh, how you show it!" said Reeve. "Yet, if those people didn't pay their nickels and their dimes to see you act, where would you be?"

"Happy and obscure," said Fairfax, smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, shucks. You're my boss, and I oughtn't to speak out the way I do. You're too good to me, Mr. Fairfax, and I get kind of bold, but——"

"Go on, Reeve."

"Then I'll tell you to your face you ought to be nicer to these people, more kind of friendly. That kid now, Johnny Mount, we met on deck. Did you see how discouraged you made him? He was holding out his autograph book, and you just passed him by without a look.

"I hate your American children," objected Elyot. "They're spoilt and forward, and anyway I never saw the little pest until we'd passed him."

Reeve grinned.

"Zorlina'll see him all right. You bet she'll be photographed with him, cuddling right up among the pearls. Gus Altman wouldn't let her miss a chance like that, even if she wanted to."

Elyot half closed his eyes.

"Zorlina . . ." he said with a world of contempt in his voice. "That type of woman lets the films down. Eaten up with her infernal egotism. A sham herself, and living in a world of shams."

"Just the same, Mr. Fairfax," said Reeve Shaw, "she's snaffled the finest play in the market, with a rôle that might have been written for you."

"I know it," said Elyot. "But do you think I could act opposite her, with her soul-destroying affectations? Her absurd technique?"

"She's beautiful," said Reeve, and after a pause he added, "still."

"Beautiful!" said Elyot scornfully. "They're all beautiful, and the Bright girl, for instance, has something more. She's real, at all events. Zorlina's nothing but a beautiful mask. You see, Reeve, I'm out for truth; nothing else counts. There's truth in this play. It's a great play, and if Zorlina was a woman at all, I'd accept the rôle of Jake. But can you imagine what she'd be as Minna, that splendid, tragic woman?"

"Those are the very words Gus Altman used to me when he spoke of it in London," said Reeve. "He says she's gotten the very spirit of it, the tragic mother woman."

"Those are words," said Elyot. "It's the soul of Minna she'll miss completely. Look here, my boy. I'm not going along

to that state room, to open up the discussion again, and have her trying her deathless charm on me." He turned his head, smiling at Reeve. "I'll write a note, and you must take it, and say I'm prostrated with headache. It gives me a headache to think of it, so it's no lie!"

So, when the gin slings waited in their frosty glasses in the spacious drawing room of Zorlina Waldeck's suite, it was the secretary who handed in the short note, with a pleasant, apologetic smile.

Zorlina tore it open with a swift movement, and at once became the Countess, a title she had brought with her to Hollywood, the sole asset she was said to have gained from an unfortunate marriage into the Roumanian aristocracy. Drawing herself up, she fixed sad, reproachful eyes on Reeve Shaw.

"I am disappointed," she said. "I am so much distressed. To be friends . . . you understand, that is all I ask. I would not have troubled, or annoyed him."

"Don't take it that way, Countess," he begged. "Mr. Fairfax feels the vibration of the boat considerably."

"Seasick," said Zorlina, helping him out, but there was an ironical twist in her lovely mouth.

"Yes, that's it," said Reeve, eagerly, putting aside the vision of Elyot, lounging comfortably with a detective novel in his hand. Really, it wouldn't have done his chief any harm to have pleased this fascinating woman.

Zorlina saw the fascination in his eyes.

"Sit down," she said graciously. "We will have a little drink together."

The gin slings were potent, and Reeve had three in quick succession. Then he rose carefully to his feet. Best to go while the going was good, he thought hazily, as he bowed over the ringed hand she held out in farewell.

"You will make him come, this stubborn man?" she smiled, and:

"I'll do my best," he promised, thankful to find himself out of that alluring presence.

She was certainly some woman, this Zorlina, and her drinks were the goods all right, but he judged it advisable to take several turns on deck before joining Elyot, to see if his employer felt equal to facing that crowded restaurant for dinner.

Gus Altman found Zorlina staring at the empty glasses.

"Do any good?" he asked, helping himself to a full one.

"He wouldn't come. These," she pointed dramatically at the tray, "were drunk by his secretary."

Gus took a seat at her side, and chewed his enormous cigar meditatively.

"That's tough," he said. "I thought you'd have pulled it off. We'll have to think up something else and pretty quick, too."

Zorlina glanced keenly at him. His sleek, high-coloured face looked downcast, the determined optimism which made him so helpful in this new venture, was gone. He looked harassed, uneasy.

"What's eating you, Gus?" she demanded. "You look like the guy that drives the hearse to the cemetery. Who's worrying? Fairfax isn't the only leading man I could sign on. There's Alfredo Damon, or that new Russian boy, or Rory Sangster. This Fairfax isn't the only ace in the pack."

Gus removed his cigar. In the interval of waiting for her, that and other things made him in the mood for plain speaking.

"You're wrong, Zorlina," he wagged his head at her. "As far as you're concerned he's not the only ace, but the whole darn pack. Ten years ago, any one of the bunch you mentioned would have done to support you. It was Zorlina they wanted. If they got her they were satisfied."

She looked at him with tragic bravado.

"I am still Zorlina."

And Gus Altman looked at her, in his small sagacious eyes she read the truth of her uneasy fears. She was still Zorlina, that was the trouble. But the critical, changeable, satiated film public had got beyond her. They wanted something Zorlina could not give them, because she did not know what it was. Gus saw she understood.

"'Tattered Passions' was a flop," he said. "A bad one. The Arcadia people dropped a packet over it, and wouldn't renew your contract. Now it's cost you the earth to buy 'The Woman at the Gate,' and if that's a flop, you're through."

He made an expressive gesture with a podgy hand. He saw that he had won Zorlina's attention. Her breath came unevenly, making the pearls tremble. Her face looked grey. He went on impressively: (*Continued on page* 94)

"IS it true that all the biggest stars are after you, Mr. Fairfax, for their leading man?"

Other Oxford UNIONS...

Students in *many* countries *less* peaceful *than* England keep *the* fingers *of* Youth *on the* pulse *of these* stirring times

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A PEACEFUL proceeding. A pair of Oxford undergraduates of Keble College returning books they will not require during the Summer Recess

NOT so peaceful. The police dispersing medical students in the streets of Madrid after a riot in which many people were killed

THE part that students are progressively coming to play in international life, as our problems grow sterner, quite possibly constitutes the most important phenomenon of recent months. It is idle to call it " the children's hour " any longer, when those on the threshold of life declare their views or, as they are doing increasingly, proceed to action. The underlying impulse being what it is, a general feeling of frustration, of being baulked and blocked at the outset, of no opening, of condemnation to inactivity just when one's energy is greatest, he would be a bold one who would rule out the possibility some day of joint international action emanating from the universities of Europe and North America.

True enough, if one cast a searchlight round those homes of learning at this moment, the effect is anything but one of utility. One might almost suggest the whole of university life to be in the melting-pot; whether these places are to revert to their former rôle of guardian of man's intellectual achievement or to become forcing grounds of the rabidest chauvinism being wholly undetermined. Yet it may be precisely this immense university crisis that has descended which will precipitate a solution of events. For one is left with the clear-cut fear that, failing this, the universities are grouping themselves in two vitally opposed camps and that they could easily materialise as a greater danger to peace than a help.

It was a very remarkable occurrence that placed the famous " Oxford will not fight " motion on the very eve of the Nazi triumph which finds its roots so deeply in the German universities. It is as if this whole matter of student-youth-before-the-world has now become crystallised in the respective attitudes of British and German universities. Not all of the former, by a long way, will follow a Beverley Nichols when he contracts with four friends (a German, Frenchman, American, and Hungarian) in this style :

> We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that in no circumstances whatever will we engage in any form of warfare, should our respective countries become involved in hostilities. Moreover, to prove the integrity of our purpose, we hereby pledge ourselves to offer our lives, as a gesture of peace, to submit without protest to death at the hands of our respective governments within 24 hours of the declaration of war, by being shot through the heart, by a chosen tribunal of our countrymen.

Nor yet agree with a C. E. M. Joad when the latter tells the Universities Congress at Cambridge :

> If it be asked what course one should take in the event of one's country being invaded, the answer is simply to disobey all orders. If a general strike were declared, if all goods were held up at the ports, if no taxes were paid, if Civil servants calmly refused to obey orders, it would be impossible for any enemy power to overrun the country.

Yet somewhere hovering in the neighbourhood of such out-and-out pacifistic doctrine should be found a considerable amount of international student opinion to-day—a yearning for *new methods* to tackle the war menace—and no doubt England is in greater degree than any other land its focusing centre.

With the opposing Nazi conception it is hardly necessary to tarry. The present answer to the Oxford Union is the Deutsche Studentenshaft, which is a form of students' soviet that makes its own laws for its relationship with its professors, while at the same time inculcating a 100 per cent. Racism based on a glorification of the German warrior. Here is this supreme German students' organisation speaking: "The ideal that the Hitlerian student has given himself is that of the soldier of the Storm Sections fighting to recover his liberty." Because the

SPANISH students parading an effigy in celebration of the fallen monarchy

GERMAN students celebrating the fiftieth birthday of the Berlin Students' Union with drinking and revelry

Studentenshaft brought back the duel or "Mensur" and resuscitated other customs of the pre-war university that had been banned, some may have thought the old-time University of Bonn and Goettingen and Heidelberg was coming back. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Besides burning 20,000 volumes, including some of the most learned matter in the country; besides causing the exit of scores of internationally known professors and writers; besides proscribing the liberty of thought, these young Hitlerian students have embarked on a crusade which may lead anywhere, but which they intend shall first of all lead to the "purification of the Germanic tribe." They, the students, intend to be in the van of this crusade, though they number but 150,000 out of a total of 2,000,000 juvenile German unemployed. The students intend, however, to mix in with and lead this lesser educated mass, and to find work all round, manual or intellectual, it is all one. Or, rather, that is the *idea*. . . .

And with it marches an austerity of life in the best old Lutheran vein. Girl students must not paint or powder, there must be no bar visiting, respect of the marriage vow and condemnation of sexual license of any kind, honouring of the family, are some of the Studentenshaft tenets. Tradition, race, blood, the triumph of the spiritual over a materialism based on the pursuit of money, ambition, egoism and sex, are included in the German student's list of "musts."

At the present time it is estimated that over 100,000 young men, duly in possession of their diplomas, are unemployed in the Third Reich, and that this total is annually being increased by many thousands is inevitable. All these young men worked hard as students, and for many it meant cutting right down the daily necessities of life: and sometimes for their families, too. This is the German student army, faced with a void at the start of life, that Hitler has fired and with which the rest of Europe will have to cope. In this ardent young host there is no dilettante debating as to whether individuals will fight in the next war, and under which banner.

In all likelihood there will be a considerable extension of the numbers of German students in the years to come. To-day, (*Continued on p.* 112)

NATIONAL Socialist students hold a demonstration on the Hegel Platz, Berlin, against Dollfuss and Starhemberg of Austria

"FAR FROM THE

Off the Beaten Track supreme, unspoilt by

Above :
BURY, SUSSEX
A famous Beauty Spot off the beaten track

Above :
STOKE-BY-CLARE
On the Borders of Essex and Suffolk

Above :
A PICTURESQUE old cottage which has been partially restored in the village of Stoke-by-Clare. (Left) A passage between two cottages in this old village, which the passing of time has unchanged

Right :
A ROW of beautiful old cottages in the main street of Long Melford which have been carefully preserved at great cost

LONG MELFORD—

MADDING CROWD"

in Rural England, where Nature reigns the march of Mechanical Progress

Above and below :
HENHAM, SUFFOLK : The Charm of Old Cottages

Above :
CAVENDISH, SUFFOLK

CAVENDISH possesses one of the finest old Norman Churches in existence, and its village green, old thatched cottages and stately turrets of the church make this village well worth paying a visit

THE three pictures on the right show a glimpse of a half-timbered Tudor cottage and a close-up of another cottage, and below is a further example of a cottage of Tudor times from the village of Henham

—in lovely Suffolk

HENHAM : Half-a-crown a week, excluding the duck !

Cape Horn

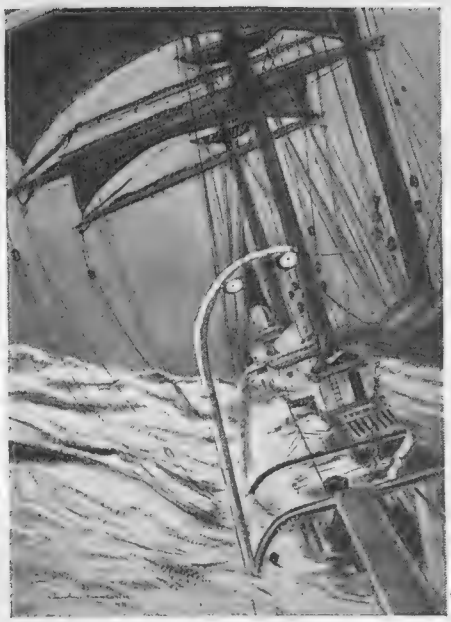
A Milestone on the Salt Road

"CAPE HORN!" . . . There are perhaps no two words in the whole long history of sea trafficking which are fraught with so many associations of hardship, peril and endurance. From the days when the Dutch voyagers, Schouten and Le Maire, first linked for all time the name of their ship, and of her home port of Hoorn, with that region of desolate, wind-torn seas, and bleak, inhospitable shores, the tradition of the great southernmost promontory of America has been one of never-ending conflict between the skill and resolution of man, and the seaworthiness of the ships, his creatures, and the mightiest and most majestic of all the forces of Nature—a conflict which has strewn both shores and seas with the bones of uncounted brave seamen and with wrecks innumerable. Cape Horn! It is the realm of the "stormy Westerlies," of tremendous "greybeards," a mile from crest to crest, sweeping in unhindered procession round the Antarctic ice-cap, of frost and hail and fantastic ice-palaces crowned with glittering spires and minarets. It is the home of uncouth sea-elephants and spouting whales, of the Cape pigeon and the mollyhawk, and, above all, of the lordly albatross, noblest of all the birds of the sea, regarded by successive generations of sailormen as the form in which the spirits of the drowned revisit the glimpses of the moon. Whence that belief arose it is hard to say. Perhaps from the bird's habit of attaching himself to ships, perhaps from his lack of fear of mankind—a trustfulness often ill-requited by those sceptical enough to desire his wing-bones and web-feet to make into pipe-stems and tobacco-pouches. In one respect, indeed, the albatross's habits do not indicate a nautical past. His "sea legs" are conspicuously absent, and when placed upon the deck of a ship he is invariably violently seasick.

Before me as I write lies an old blue-backed chart of the South Atlantic—once part of the navigational equipment of a certain famous clipper-ship which made her last landfall many years ago. Across the lower left-hand corner—roughly from longitude 75 to 60 West—is engraved the legend: "Storms and almost constant rain prevail here." A good deal of ink has been spilt of late years on the subject of Cape Horn, since it became, so to speak, "news"; and no doubt a great many epithets, more pointed than polite, have been lavished upon its aloof indifference by cold, wet, and weary mariners. Not that the real old "Sou' Spainer" was given to making a song about it, once its discomforts were well left behind and the ship's nose was turned northwards. He took it for granted, as he took the sea and its ways generally. "Cape Horn, he is not so bad as all that." Thus, in his careful English, the young Finnish mate of one of the survivors of squaresail, young

THE "Olivebank" on a course about east-south-east for the Horn. Reproduced from a water-colour sketch by Claude Muncaster, A.R.W.S., who shipped on the vessel as a deck-hand in order to get material for painting a wind-jammer. Twenty-eight of his sketches were recently exhibited at Barbizon House, Henrietta Street, W.1

By C. Fox Smith



CAPE HORN weather. A water-colour sketch by Claude Muncaster, A.R.W.S., of the "Olivebank" in a rough sea. (Reproduced by courtesy of Barbizon House)

A PICTURE taken from an aeroplane of the Finnish barque "Archibald Russell" under full sail in the English Channel with a cargo of grain from Australia

in years but old in sea experience. I once came across an old sailmaker in a Southampton sail loft, toothless from scurvy or Liverpool pantiles, or both, who had rounded Cape Horn nearly a score of times; and there have been skippers who had made that stormy passage fifty times and more. To them, and to their like, it was only part of the game. Part of the day's work.

"Storms and almost constant rain prevail here" . . . those words of the chart, as eloquent in their way as the old map makers' "Here much gold" or "Here be olifaunts" which once set the imagination of Elizabethan youth on fire for adventure—put to the blush with their excellent and austere simplicity all the careful phrases of the literary craftsman. "Storms and almost constant rain" . . . what more remains to say on the subject? There in less than half a dozen words you have "old Stiff," as generations of seamen have known him. That is Cape Horn . . .

SCHOUTEN and Le Maire, when they rounded the Horn from the eastward in 1615, were the first to make the passage from that side. Drake discovered it by accident from the Pacific side, after being driven southward from the western end of Magellan's Straits. The wonder was that it was ever negotiated at all in the teeth of the westerlies by vessels so little adapted for working to windward. For tacking, though it is sometimes asserted that the navigators of antiquity knew something about it, was at all events a lost art up to the times of the Tudors. And even so late as the early years of the present century ships infinitely better designed for the purpose have found Cape Horn a hard nut to crack.

EARLY in May, 1906, the ship *Beacon Rock* arrived in Victoria, Vancouver Island, with general cargo from Liverpool; not, it is to be hoped, of a perishable nature, for it had been eleven months on the road. Now, eleven months from Liverpool to Victoria might not be out of the way in the time of "the old school—eight months to Australia." But for the twentieth century it was, to put it mildly, a trifle on the slow side.

The story as revealed in the ship's log was sufficiently thrilling. She got her first taste of Horn weather early in August of 1905, when it was a case of "in t'gallantsails," and from that time on conditions got steadily worse. On August 11th the log records:—

"Blowing a fierce gale with mountainous seas, ship under three lower topsails and lower staysail, rolling and straining heavily and shipping heavy and dangerous water; the deck constantly awash. At six in the morning a heavy sea broke over the poop, ripping up the weather cloth and bending the iron rail stanchions on the starboard side. At 10.30 a sea broke over the fore deck, smashing up and sweeping overboard the pig pen and other deck fittings. The boatswain was knocked down and permanently injured, and the steward knocked down by a sea and picked up unconscious."

All the ship's rigging and running gear were coated with ice, and everything movable on deck had been washed away by the seas which continually poured over her. One of these burst in the side of the steel deckhouse, sweeping the galley as bare as a man's hand, and smashed three of the four boats, the survivor being washed out of the chocks and only just hauled on board again in time, before the sea swept her away. The upper topsails, securely furled as they were, were blown out of the gaskets and split to ribbons, and the chain sheets of the lower topsails carried away. Captain Wilson, however, still hung on doggedly, forcing his way to the southward in the hope of getting a slant of wind to carry him round into the Pacific, until at last the continual rolling and straining had made everything so unsafe aloft that it was impossible to work the ship without imminent danger of being dismasted. He then decided to abandon the attempt for the time being, and put back to the Falkland Islands to repair his sorely battered command. He reached Port Stanley on the 10th of September, having spent six weeks in the vain struggle off the pitch of the Horn, and it was five months before the ship was once more ready for sea. This time, however, she got round without difficulty, and reached her port of destination without further mishap.

The *Deudraeth Castle*, owned by R. Thomas and Co., of Liverpool, another "lame duck" which was in Port Stanley at the same time, was less fortunate. (*Continued on page* 86)

A Cruising Story

By

Illustrated by W. S. Hutton

The Queen of the MEDITERRAN

"COME on now, Colonel," said Mrs. Bromley-Jervis, beaming down at him with devastating brightness. "Come on now, Colonel, and join the boys and girls in a nice little game of deck quoits."

"To hell with deck quoits!" growled the recumbent warrior.

The lady raised an admonitory finger.

"Naughty temper!" she said; "naughty temper!" Those dear little digestive juices will never do their work properly if *you* don't do something to earn your lunch."

The Colonel's heavy bulk quivered in its canvas chair. He closed his eye. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis's manner hardened.

"Come on now," she said, "or I will get *dear* Mrs. Prendergast to come and have a nice little chat with you."

The Colonel groaned, rose ponderously from his seat and shambled in the wake of Mrs. Bromley-Jervis towards the open space for'ard where shouts and laughter announced that the game was in progress.

"Children," carolled the lady, "here is Colonel Hornblower. He's just dying to play with those lovely little quoits. He tells me he was once quoit-throwing champion of the Punjab."

"Will you play on my side, sir?" said an elegant young man in white duck.

"No, mine!" cried his opponent, a girl in pink beach-pyjamas.

The Colonel chose the pyjamas, and Mrs. Bromley-Jervis passed on to fresh conquests.

"No! that's not the way," she said to a small boy struggling with a yo-yo. "This is how you do it."

She showed him and swept on.

"Mrs. Bromley-Jervis," called a middle-aged lady in a hat and a veil, seated bolt upright under the deck awning. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis approached.

"I wish," said the other, more deferentially than she would have spoken to anyone else on the ship, "that you would *speak* to that girl. She is a disgrace. Positively a disgrace."

With her folded lorgnette she pointed accusingly at a slim figure leaning over the taffrail and talking to a young man. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis's eyelids fluttered.

"You can see," continued the censor of morals, "that she is wearing absolutely nothing under that skirt and jumper. You can see——"

"You can certainly see a great deal," conceded Mrs. Bromley-Jervis. Her voice sank to a sympathetic whisper. "Ah! when we were girls, Mrs. Prendergast, things were very different. But now ——! Really, you know, I sometimes have the greatest difficulty in distinguishing an honest woman from——"

"I hope you do not include *my* daughters in what you say?"

"No, indeed."

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis shook her well-groomed head. How could one ever mistake those flat-footed, long-toothed ninnies for anything but what they were?

"Well, I hope you will *speak* to her."

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis patted her hand.

James Laver

IN a flash she saw also that whoever it was was over the side of the ship . . . .

EAN

Mrs. Prendergast almost beamed; that is, her expression changed from vinegar to (shall we say?) unsweetened lime-juice. There was something so comforting about Mrs. Bromley-Jervis. That phrase "we girls," for instance—for a moment Mrs. Prendergast almost fancied that her own appearance resembled her companion's cool and soigné *chic*.

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis had no such illusions, but then it was her business to have none, and yet to cultivate them in others. She was paid handsomely to do it, and she earned every penny of her salary as social hostess in "the most luxurious floating hotel in the world." She was a woman of between forty-five and fifty, but when she emerged from her cabin in the morning she might have been thirty, and at night, under the shaded lamps, twenty-five. Her figure was shapely still, and her clothes—there was no woman aboard who did not envy her clothes and wonder where on earth she got them. Her manner irritated some people at first, but they soon began to regard it as something inevitable on board ship, like the tang of salt in the air or bowls of soup at eleven o'clock in the morning. Her job was to see that all the passengers were happy, and they were. They had to be, for Mrs. Bromley-Jervis made their lives such a misery if they weren't that the most hardened hypochondriac gave up the struggle after a week at sea.

There was nothing about seafaring that she did not know, from poker-patience to water-polo. She coddled those who needed coddling ("Put up those ten little pink toes," was the accepted word-of-command); she bullied into activity those whose only weakness was whisky and a sluggish liver. She forestalled feuds, she healed quarrels, she found dance-partners for the unprepossessing, and she banished the scowl from the face of the Chief Stewardess. That alone showed what a remarkable woman she was. If she had a weakness, it was to see young people in love, and as this was a pleasure cruise she was rarely unable to indulge this amiable propensity. For it is notorious that people who purchase tickets for such cruises are curiously inflammable, so that even those who embark with whole hearts rarely carry them uncracked or even unbroken to the end of the voyage. In this tendency sea-voyages are only equalled and probably rarely surpassed by that other branch of organised enjoyment known as Winter Sports. It must be something in the air either of the high Alps or the open sea, something which whips up the blood, and sets the head whirling, some explosive property of the three remaining elements once they are separated

from the flatness and stodginess of earth. But Mrs. Bromley-Jervis left such questions to the philosophers, like the eminently practical woman she was; and yet, for all her practicality, her woman's instinct would not let her rest until she had done her best to couple everybody on the ship with somebody else. If any pair were firmly coupled already she watched over them with the tenderness of a hen mothering her chicks.

Therefore it was with a smile of satisfaction that, glancing in the direction of the bows, she saw her pet honeymoon couple, leaning over the white rails, gazing ever and anon at the swirling water divided by the swift stem of the ship, but, for the most part, well content to gaze at nothing but each other's eyes. So deeply absorbed were they in this ecstatic contemplation that they did not hear Mrs. Bromley-Jervis's light footfalls, and that worthy lady, stopping short in her tour of inspection, turned right about and retreated as silently as she had come, diverting on her way back four or five people who might have broken the solitude of the lovers' sanctuary. But the lovers, with the self-centred ingratitude of lovers, were quite unaware of these kindly ministrations.

The girl was the first to break silence.

"How wonderful of you, Kenneth," she said, "to think of spending our honeymoon at sea! It's been too wonderful!"

"I know," he murmured. "Do you remember, you were afraid we shouldn't be able to get away from people; but we have."

The girl gazed absently at the water. Then after a pause she said: "We might be on a desert island, instead of a ship, if only——"

"If only what?"

"If only that hostess-woman didn't spy on one so."

"Do you think she does? I hadn't noticed it."

"She looks at us so strangely sometimes, as if she didn't think we were properly married."

"But we are, so what does it matter?"

They kissed long and happily, silhouetted white against the blue Mediterranean. A gull swept down towards them, but seeing that they were not in the least likely to throw him a titbit, hovered a moment, then sped to the stern of the boat, in the hope that the cook might have flung some offal through his porthole. The gong sounded for lunch, and the passengers left their deck-quoits and their bathing and their reading and their scandal-mongering—they even, at last, their love-making—and trooped, obedient to the summons, into the long and airy saloon.

IN the afternoon Mrs. Bromley-Jervis allowed herself to recline in a deck-chair with a novel, but though her pose was a relaxed one, her vigilance was unceasing. Her mind, too, was busy and she wondered what it was she had left undone which she ought to have done. Then she remembered. Of course, she had promised to speak to "that girl." Immediately she rose and began to stroll casually round the ship. Her instinct led her to a secluded spot behind one of the lifeboats, and here she found the object of her search sitting idly in one of two deck-chairs. The other one was empty.

"Dear Miss Chambers," purred Mrs. Bromley-Jervis, "how cool and comfortable you look! May I just sit down beside you for a moment? Unless, of course, you're *keeping* the other chair for someone?"

"Of course not," said the girl politely, but her eyes shot fire. "Do sit down for a moment." The last three words had the slightest possible hint of emphasis. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis smiled a trifle grimly.

"How you do love the sea," she said. "Let me see, this is your third trip with us, isn't it?"

The "yes" was rather sullen, but Mrs. Bromley-Jervis took discouragement as all in the day's work.

"I *do* so understand it," she murmured. "Those dear little dancing waves! I *adore* little dancing waves, don't you?"

Her companion was silent and Mrs. Bromley-Jervis continued as if she were talking to herself.

"*Dear* little dancing waves! I could look at them for ever. What a pity everybody can't be content to look at them instead of looking at other passengers and finding fault!"

"Who's been finding fault now?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis sighed. "Mrs. Prendergast," she said.

"With me, I suppose?"

"Well—er—yes."

"Come on," said the determined young woman. "What did she say about me?"

"She said your clothes were a disgrace."

"And you agreed with her?"

"Not at all. I merely said I would speak to you."

The girl would have spoken, but Mrs. Bromley-Jervis held up her well-manicured hand.

"Please don't fly into a rage. No doubt you know your own business best, but if I were you I wouldn't go out of my way to make myself conspicuous. It never pays, you know, in *any* profession. Now I must be getting along. Good-bye for the present."

She rose gracefully, and disappeared down the companion-way. As she had eyes in the back of her head it is probable that she was not unaware of the protruding tongue of Miss Chambers, who, and it must be admitted, under great provocation, had for once forgotten to be ladylike.

THERE was a dance on board. The *Queen of the Mediterranean* had just left Monte Carlo and was steaming south again for Naples and Sicily. The last embers of a fantastic sunset cast a red glow on the polished fittings of the starboard promenade deck. Along the bulwarks and scattered in the rigging were multitudes of little fairy lights. Under an awning the band tuned its instruments, while the diners emerged in twos and threes from the saloon and made their way slowly to the open-air dancing floor. Among them, like an invisible presence, flitted Mrs. Bromley-Jervis. She glided towards the *chef d'orchestre* and pushed a slip of paper into his hand.

"Here's the list of special requests," she cried. "Fortunately most of them want the same thing, so it should be easy."

She glanced approvingly towards the west to see if the sun

was behaving properly ; then rather anxiously at the moon. It was as if even Mrs. Bromley-Jervis could never be quite sure of the moon. But it was there, a slim crescent, punctual to the minute. A strayed fire-fly danced erratically in the deepening shade. She regarded it with proprietary approval, then turned along the deck to watch her flock. The band had struck up by now and couples were already dancing.

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis had made the tour of the promenade deck three times, had descended to the smoking-room to dig out prospective partners, and had regarded a party of four young men playing bridge with such a baleful eye that they hastily finished their game and came on deck.

On her fourth round she noticed a solitary figure leaning over the taffrail gazing at the water. She recognised the tall, elegant young man at once in spite of the comparative darkness. But why was he alone ? Young men on their honeymoon should never be alone.

" You're not dancing, Mr. Farquharson ? "

" Er—hullo ! No ! "

" Where's your charming wife ? "

" That's it. She's not well. She's in her cabin."

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis was well aware that young women on their honeymoon are frequently not well. New experiences, new emotions—and if the brutal truth must be told—champagne every night (" After all, it's our honeymoon. Just half a bottle, dearest "), and the rich food of a floating luxury hotel—these are apt to undermine the strongest feminine constitution. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis knew all this, but her distress was none the less genuine. The happiness of every passenger on board was in her charge, and she was a conscientious woman.

" Leave her to me," she said. " And you, go and dance."

" Oh, I couldn't."

SHE burst into Miss Chambers's cabin like the wrath of the gods. "What are you doing here?" she said

" Nonsense. I'll take the poor little thing a nice hot bouillon. And you, Mr. Farquharson, will you go and twinkle those little toes like a good boy."

The good boy went, and when the angel of mercy reappeared on deck he was dancing, apparently quite happily, with one of Mrs. Prendergast's daughters. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis beamed, but out of the corner of her eye she saw something else that merited her attention.

She side-stepped into the shadow.

" Aren't you going to ask me to dance, Col. Hornblower ? " she asked. " Soldiers weren't so shy when *I* was at Simla."

" Eh, what ? Yes, of course," said the Colonel and rose heavily to his feet.

When the dance was over, they sat down again in deck-chairs, side by side.

" You know," he said, " I haven't danced for years."

In the semi-obscurity his companion permitted a faintly ironical smile to play about her mouth for an instant.

" Are you too hot ? " she asked.

" Phew ! Yes. What about going below for a peg ? After sundown, you know——"

" Why go below ? It's much cooler up here. Steward, a double whisky for the Colonel, and a single for me."

Her sharp eyes had caught the gleam of the white coat. It was almost as if she had attracted the man by hypnotism. She had just seen something which made her quite determined not to go below *yet*, at any rate."

The band was playing a dreamy waltz, and on the illuminated square of the dance floor a dozen couples moved slowly round. Such a spectacle might have given the professional hostess undiluted joy, but in the far corner of the floor she had seen young Farquharson and Miss Chambers dancing together with a degree of voluptuous abandon which fixed her attention. " Why not ? " she thought ; but when the music stopped her eyes followed them to the dim corner where they found a seat.

THE *Queen of the Mediterranean* carried its company faithfully over the advertised course, and punctually to the minute turned them loose for a few hours at Naples, Taormina, Venice and Tangier. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis was responsible for all these expeditions. At least, until she handed over her charges to the guides ashore. She saw that Mrs. Prendergast's sandwiches were filled with cucumber instead of potted meat and that Colonel Hornblower's contained plenty of mustard and chutney. She counted the passengers like sheep as they disembarked and climbed on board again, and it was with a sigh of relief that she saw the African coast (*Continued on page* 104)

More Glimpses at the Seamy Side of India

THE underworld of India has some extraordinary facets. There is, for instance, the criminal middleman, to whom one may go in order to recover stolen property. These middlemen are in touch with the crooks, and for a price they are prepared to recover your cattle or your diamonds.

They do not take the risks of the "fence"; they make no purchases in advance. They are only prepared to act as intermediaries when the victim of crime appears, cash in hand, to recover his property.

In all the larger centres there are also chor-bazaars or thieves' markets. Here stolen goods that their owners have not troubled to reclaim are dumped in large quantities and may be purchased by all and sundry. They form the happy hunting-ground of the entire population, for veritable bargains are repeatedly picked up.

One criminal gang, known as the broody gang, has a unique line of criminality. Members prowl about singly with a wad of golden sovereigns in their belts. Suddenly, espying a wayfarer, the men with the sovereigns will emerge from behind a tree, reveal the gold, declare quite frankly that it has been stolen, and offer to part with it for an inconsiderable sum. The wayfarer tests the gold and finds it genuine. He eagerly falls in with the proposition and hands over a bag of money. But before the gangster parts with the gold there is a gleam of red turbans, the turbans of the police, in the distance. Rapidly they come nearer and nearer, and the gangster, whose eyes have been seeking this signal (for these are other members of his own gang, dressed for the occasion), cries "Police," and is off, taking great care not to part with his wad of gold or the money that has been paid for it. The wretched victim can do nothing, for to complain to the police would be to proclaim his own part in a criminal transaction, and thus earn imprisonment of anything from three to five years.

So cursing and swearing, he wends his way home and sits on the floor, after the fashion of Indians, to bewail his lot.

The next day, to his surprise, who should come in but the very man who has swindled him! Has he come to deliver the gold? Oh, no! He has come to say that the man had better be careful or the police will get him. Thus does the criminal threaten the victim.

The next day he is there again, attended by one or two others of his gang. They are suspicious characters and they

A PUNJABI nautch girl of Delhi

MUMTAZ BEGUM, a dancing girl whose name became world-famous in connection with the Indore abduction case

A PAIR of typical Meenas. They belong to a very low caste and live in the south of India

attract a lot of attention—which is precisely what they want to do. By the fifth day the unfortunate man who has already lost his money, joins the palms of his hands together, goes down on his knees and begs them not to come any more.

But by this time neighbours have seen what was going on. They whisper among themselves. Then one of them says to the victim, " Why do all these people come to see you ? They're crooks, aren't they ? "

The startled man grows pale and trembles a little. " Yes," he nods, " they are ; they want to sell me stolen goods which I think it would be dangerous to buy."

The neighbour rubs his head slyly and thinks he will get on to this himself. He is not such a fool as to miss a good chance.

He gets in touch with one of the gang, and goes through precisely what the other victim has already suffered. In this way the broody gang succeeds in victimising four or five men in the one village. They work it thoroughly before they move on to the next.

The Back Garden of Allah

No. 2

By R. J. Minney

INDIA, as you no doubt know, is riddled with holy men, who roam the country-side in a pious frenzy, performing their various austerities in order to raise their souls one rung further up the ladder. Some of these men are devout ; but quite a large number are just creatures of the underworld. In almost every bazaar there is a yogi, pretending to be engaged in practising his austerities, while he is prepared for a price to deal out magic powders, which are very often merely poisons.

One case I remember concerns a Hindu family of the upper middle class. There were two sons, each, of course, married. The wife of the younger coveted the entire inheritance, and visited the local yogi, to whom she gave her gold bangles and ear-rings in exchange for a pinch of grey powder which he declared (and she believed) contained the spirit of a dead man. This powder, inserted into the food of anyone, would cause that person to be possessed by the spirit—with, it was hoped, disastrous results.

After she came home with the powder there were strange developments in the family. First, her sister-in-law died after a long and painful illness. Then her husband's elder brother also fell ill and began to waste away.

The family knew nothing about the grey powder, but they felt that a spell had been laid upon the sick man—that is the invariable diagnosis in every Indian illness. So they summoned the exorciser of evil spirits, who arrived, much as a plumber would, attended by a mate. Around the dying man stood an expectant group of relatives and friends. The devil doctor began to mutter some incantations, and it was suddenly noticed that his young assistant was throwing a fit. The boy became agitated. His small frame began to heave and hurl itself all over the room. In a solemn voice the exorciser proclaimed that the evil spirit had now left the dying man and was in possession of this boy.

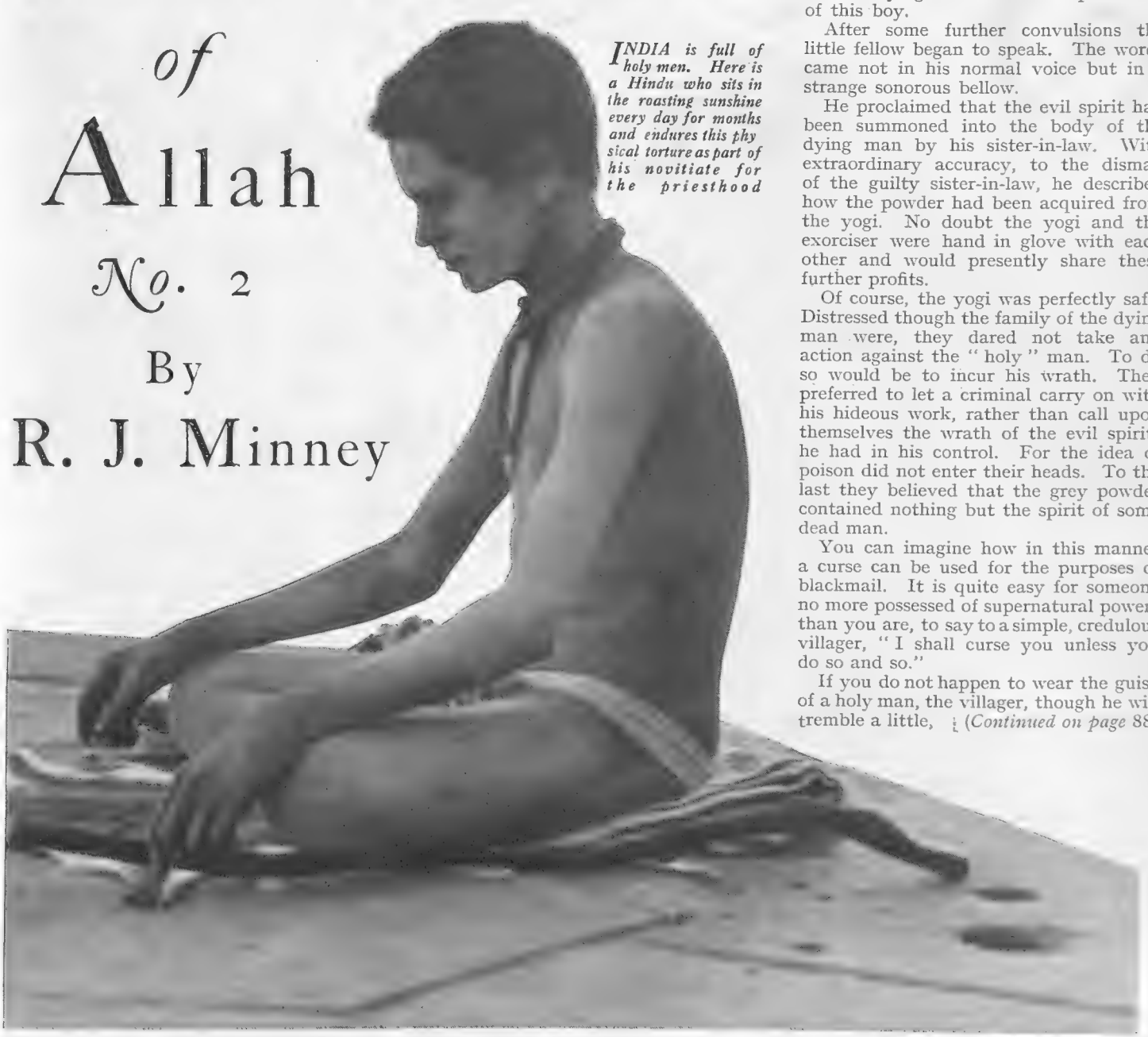
After some further convulsions the little fellow began to speak. The words came not in his normal voice but in a strange sonorous bellow.

He proclaimed that the evil spirit had been summoned into the body of the dying man by his sister-in-law. With extraordinary accuracy, to the dismay of the guilty sister-in-law, he described how the powder had been acquired from the yogi. No doubt the yogi and the exorciser were hand in glove with each other and would presently share these further profits.

Of course, the yogi was perfectly safe. Distressed though the family of the dying man were, they dared not take any action against the " holy " man. To do so would be to incur his wrath. They preferred to let a criminal carry on with his hideous work, rather than call upon themselves the wrath of the evil spirits he had in his control. For the idea of poison did not enter their heads. To the last they believed that the grey powder contained nothing but the spirit of some dead man.

You can imagine how in this manner a curse can be used for the purposes of blackmail. It is quite easy for someone no more possessed of supernatural powers than you are, to say to a simple, credulous villager, " I shall curse you unless you do so and so."

If you do not happen to wear the guise of a holy man, the villager, though he will tremble a little, (*Continued on page* 88)



INDIA is full of holy men. Here is a Hindu who sits in the roasting sunshine every day for months and endures this physical torture as part of his novitiate for the priesthood

Señor Nelson

How *Nemesis*, slow, *but* diabolically sure, staged *the* Finale *to a* Grim Drama *of the* War

By John Reid Byers

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

"I SHALL count to three. *Uno . . . Dos . . . Tres* . . . Slow, like that. Then I pause. And then —I say, *Fuego!*"

General Alvarez spoke in a voice vibrant with happy excitement. He stood with his heavy body lightly poised on his small feet, one carefully tended hand resting on his hip. His slender moustaches quivered as his eager smile widened; his black eyes glistened as they rested on the tense figures of the waiting combatants.

Taylor, standing helplessly back beside the bearded little surgeon, saw everything with a horrible, unreal clarity. The rising sun had just cleared the jagged blue outline of the distant mountains. Its level rays were turning to silver each small whimpering ripple that crept up the beach; were touching with gold the mahogany sides of the trim motor tender, lying with its nose drawn up upon the wet sands; were flashing upon the spotless paint and bright work of the graceful white yacht which waited a quarter of a mile offshore; were playing with cruel brilliance over the set, bloodless faces of the two men who confronted each other upon the dazzlingly white strip of beach.

They stood hardly ten paces apart—the man whom Taylor, even now, knew only as Señor Nelson, and the nameless stranger who had come to Escondido in the white yacht. A heavy, silver-mounted revolver dangled in each man's right hand.

Nelson's tropic-tanned face was an emotionless, dead mask of yellowed ivory. His slender, small-boned figure was very straight and utterly steady. The tall stranger's face had the whiteness of marble. And the stranger seemed nervous. His teeth were locked upon his lower lip; the fingers of his empty hand twitched fitfully; and his shifting feet had made two deep grooves in the wave-packed sands.

"Until I say *Fuego* no one must raise his hand," Alvarez proceeded with meticulous deliberation. "After that, you fire at discretion. Do you understand, Señores?"

The nameless stranger turned his head. A trickle of blood was moving from his bitten lip down his square chin, but his blue eyes were colder than ice. He jerked his head once in wordless assent. Nelson nodded more slowly, without any sign of emotion. Alvarez glanced toward Taylor and the bulky, stern-eyed man who was the marble-faced stranger's companion and second. "I believe, then, Señores, that we are ready," he said formally. There was a guttural word of agreement from the big man. A miserable instant later, almost involuntarily, Taylor inclined his head. His eyes glowing more brightly, Alvarez drew himself up another inch.

"*Atención!*" he cried. His voice had the brassy hardness of a bugle call. To Taylor's tight-strung nerves the silence before the count began was endless. Then Alvarez's voice was hammering metallically, "*Uno! . . . Dos! . . . Tres! . . .*" The white beach and the motionless figures alike were swimming before Taylor's eyes. Sickly, desperately, he closed them.

NO one ever came to Puerto Escondido without a good reason; no one stayed long without a better one. And the man whom the unglamorous little West Coast town knew as Señor Nelson had been there for ten years. When young

Taylor, fleeing the consequences of his own moral shipwreck, had come to Escondido six months earlier, he found Nelson a veteran unit of the little group of expatriates who lounged disconsolately about the white-washed public rooms of the shabby hotel. In a sense Nelson was one of these; in another sense he was a man apart. Others might hug their pitiful secrets for a time; but in months or years some whisper out of the past always crept after them. Nelson's past had never overtaken him; he was Escondido's one perdurable enigma. His reticence was as infinite as his politeness; he never indulged in the boastful reminiscences with which his fellows sometimes attempted to cover their wistful hopelessness. None of his daily associates could claim him for an intimate; even his nationality was still a matter of dispute among them. Nelson's Spanish was as fluent as his English; Lebrun, the dapper little Marseillese defaulter, declared that his French was that of a Parisian; and Taylor, who had learned German from a Munich-born mother, early discovered that Nelson spoke that language, too, like a native.

But if Nelson's geographical origin remained a matter of doubt, his social origin was undisputed. Big Jefferson Carter, who had promoted one Texas oil well too many, once summed up the general opinion for Taylor's benefit. "Back where he comes from, his folks are quality. I was raised up in Virginia myself, and I reckon I know good blood when I see it."

In his youth Nelson must have been singularly handsome, with his slender, erect figure, his finely cut features, his deep blue eyes and his close-cropped russet hair. Even now, in the middle thirties, there was much that was fine in his sombre, deeply lined face. But it was an emotionless, lifeless face; the face, Taylor sometimes thought, of a man who had seen everything that made his life desirable vanish, and had somehow lived on. No one in Escondido had ever heard Nelson laugh, and it was only occasionally that he managed a polite, mechanical smile that had disappeared almost before it had been noticed.

Taylor, unhappy and ill at ease in his new surroundings, had been drawn to Nelson from the first; sensing in the silent man with the haunted, unhappy eyes someone who, like himself, was still less wolf than lamb. There were times when he felt that Nelson returned his undisguised liking; but when six months of daily companionship had passed, the wall of Nelson's reserve still stood between them.

Taylor sat with Nelson and a dozen of their fellow-exiles on the shaded veranda of the hotel, tall glasses in their hands, when the trim white yacht, her ensign hanging limply in the still air, nosed through the evening shadows into the glassy harbour. Her coming was an event in Escondido. Except for the rusty semi-monthly coasting steamer, few ships ever entered the town's small harbour; the appearance of a pleasure yacht was unprecedented. Harkness, the burly, red-faced New Yorker who, after five years of Escondido, still wore sporting tweeds on cool evenings and talked longingly of Saratoga and Havre de Grace, vanished into the hotel and returned with his cherished racing binoculars.

THE younger moved slowly across the room to confront Nelson. His face was impassive, his eyes frigidly emotionless

"Her name's the *Valkyrie*," he announced, after a moment's study in the failing light. "I can't see the stern well enough to make out her home port. But what's she doing here?"

Someone voiced a theory, and there was a flurry of puzzled conversation. The yacht dropped anchor

but there were no further signs of activity upon her deck. In a few moments Harkness raised his glasses for a last look at her through the thickening shadows of the swift tropic twilight. As he stared, the first cat's-paw of the night breeze whipped at the limp folds of the ensign at her taffrail. A startled exclamation broke from Harkness's lips. "Why—that's the old German flag! The Imperial ensign, I mean! You used to see it on battleships, before the war. But what's it doing on a private yacht—and *now*?"

The tinkling crash of a breaking glass drew all eyes from the speaker. Nelson sat staring, a little stupidly, from his empty fingers to the pool of liquor at his feet. His lips were white. An instant later, without speaking, he got to his feet and moved unsteadily into the hotel. The men left on the veranda exchanged meaning glances. General Alvarez, the felinely cheerful soldier of fortune who was the great man in the little world of the hotel, smiled faintly. "*Vaya!* I believe that the mystery of Señor Nelson's nationality has been settled," he murmured.

Nelson seemed to have entirely recovered from his instant of emotion when he joined the others at the long dinner-table half an hour later. He was silent, but hardly more so than usual; and he showed no hesitation in following Taylor into the little billiard room for their customary after-dinner game.

Only enthusiasts played more than once on the hotel's single dilapidated table, but ordinarily the quality of Nelson's game rose superior to the handicap of dead cushions, warped cues and flickering oil lamps. To-night, however, he was missing easy shots. At the end of an hour's play his game had, if anything, grown worse.

TAYLOR was leaning across the faded green cloth and studying his shot when a sudden hissing intake of Nelson's breath caused him to look up sharply. Nelson stood with one hand resting heavily on the table, his blue eyes wide with some emotion which Taylor could not read, as he stared toward the open door of the room. Two men, shoulder to shoulder, had entered. They were tall men, heavily built, but holding themselves with the ingrained erectness of the soldier. Their faces were wooden with carefully restrained emotion as they eyed Nelson. One of them might have been Nelson's age; the other five years his senior. As Taylor watched them questioningly the older man closed the door of the little room and set his back against it. The younger moved slowly across the room to confront Nelson. His face was impassive, his eyes frigidly emotionless; but the knuckles of his tightly-clenched hands were white. Taylor, studying the stranger's immobile face, stifled a startled gasp as he noticed its likeness to Nelson's own. It was not a resemblance so much as a similarity. No one could have suspected a blood relationship between the two men; and no one could have doubted that they came of the same race and the same caste.

"It has taken twelve years to trace you," the stranger said. His voice was as emotionless as his face; and Taylor was hardly conscious of surprise that he spoke in careful, formal German, "To trace you—and to ask you one question." The speaker paused for an instant, his eyes boring into Nelson's. "After the war we learned where and how my brother was found. Tell me—how did my brother die?" The level tonelessness of the question was somehow more horrible than a scream.

Nelson's sick eyes had not left his questioner's face. Now his lips quivered spasmodically, but he did not speak. The other man moved half a step closer. "Answer me, Von Fal——," he began.

Nelson flung up an imploring hand. "No! Not that name!" he cried in a voice shrill with emotion. "Names are not needed between us! That name died twelve years ago. Let it stay dead!"

The tall stranger nodded heavily. "As you will," he said in the same level voice. "But answer my question. *How did my brother die?*"

Nelson's chest rose and fell twice before he spoke. Then his voice was dull and lifeless. "I have no explanation," he said.

There was a long moment of silence—a silence thick and deadly with unuttered words. Then the stranger nodded again, slowly. "So!" he said quietly. "Then — there is but one thing for me to do." He raised his hand deliberately and struck Nelson across the mouth. Nelson stood as motionless under the blow as a statue—or a corpse. The other moved back a careful step. "In such a place as this, even you may find some one to act for you," he said. Only his flaming eyes belied the icy contempt of his tone.

Nelson bowed his head for a moment. When he raised it again his face had regained its habitual composure. "It shall be as you wish," he said. "I make but one condition. Neither your name nor mine can be mentioned. I shall stay—dead." His voice was not quite steady, but strangely resolute.

The stranger hesitated, but only for an instant. "That much I grant you," he said.

Nelson bowed from the hips, formally, as if in acknowledgment of some conventional courtesy. "If you and the Baron von—if you and your friend will be good enough to wait here, I shall find some one to arrange the affair," he said. His voice

IN the dancing flame of the single candle his eyes shone with a feverish brightness. Tightly clutched in both hands he held a long-barrelled military automatic

was dull, but wholly steady now. The tall stranger nodded brusquely and turned toward the far end of the room. The man by the door walked after him, passing Nelson without a glance.

Nelson turned slowly to Taylor, a look of doubtful appeal in his clouded eyes. Then he shook his head and smiled with his old mechanical politeness. "I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse me," he said gently. Racking his cue with deliberate care, he crossed to the door, opened it and disappeared into the noisy outer room. Taylor was left staring, a little unbelievingly, at the two tall Germans talking in low tones at the end of the billiard room. After a few moments of hesitation he laid down his cue and moved slowly after Nelson.

Nelson stood in the most quiet corner of the big public room, talking earnestly with dark-faced General Alvarez. The big soldier of fortune's perpetual smile broadened as he listened. He nodded eagerly down at Nelson as Taylor drew within earshot. "I understand perfectly, Señor Nelson," he said. "And I shall be honoured to serve you. I take it upon myself; and I am not without experience in such affairs. If I may say so, señor, you have chosen well in coming to me." With a final complacent nod, he turned and walked with a horseman's swagger toward the billiard room.

Nelson was moving slowly toward the door which led to the deserted darkness of the veranda. After another moment of hesitation Taylor followed him. Nelson had stopped in the darkest corner of the veranda, one hand clinched about the wrought iron railing as he stared out over the harbour. He turned his head quickly at Taylor's footstep. His face was subtly changed. It was less sombre; it wore an expression of relief, almost of hope. It was, Taylor thought, the face of a man who, after years in hell, has suddenly perceived a chance, however remote, of escape. Taylor had come to argue, to protest against that which he realised was being planned, but that dawning hope in Nelson's lined face left him fumbling for words.

"Surely there's some—some other way," he stammered. "If—if there's anything I can do——"

Nelson smiled gently across at him. It was not his habitual polite smile. "Thank you, my friend," he said softly. "I would have called upon you; but you are an American; there are formalities—things of which you have had no experience."

"But, Nelson—you can't——"

Nelson shook his head, still smiling faintly. "There is no other—way out," he said quietly. "And—I do not think that I am afraid. See?" He extended his hand, its finely moulded fingers held a little apart. They were entirely steady. "No, I am not afraid—now that it has come."

He studied that unshaking hand with half-parted lips. His eyes were shining. Taylor sensed the futility of further protest in the face of Nelson's sudden serenity.

In a moment Nelson dropped his arm to his side and resumed his seaward stare. Taylor stirred uneasily. "If you'd rather be alone——" he muttered.

Nelson shook his head. "I shall be most grateful if you will stay with me," he said simply.

Taylor stood where he was, awkwardly silent, and Nelson resumed his rapt stare into the western sky. In a few minutes' time there was the sharp click of heels on the worn tiles of the veranda, and the two tall Germans left the hotel, walking with heavy, purposeful strides toward the harbour. Nelson's eyes followed them without emotion as they disappeared into the soft darkness. He turned slowly at Alvarez's approach.

Alvarez smiled complacently as he came to a stop before Nelson. "The affair has been arranged, Señor," he murmured, a purring note of pleasure in his low-pitched voice. "And, if I may be permitted to say so, well arranged. In obedience to your instructions, I have made no inquiry as to the name of your adversary or the reasons for this meeting; and I have allowed his second to dictate its terms, confining myself to suggesting a suitable place." Alvarez shrugged his thick shoulders. "Highly irregular, perhaps, under the terms of the code of honour; but there have been irregular affairs before now; and it is easy to see that we have to do with *caballeros*.

"The terms to which I have agreed are—severe; as much so as in any affair of which I have had experience. The weapons, revolvers, fully loaded; the distance, ten paces; the place, the level beach of the little cove three miles to the south; the time, sunrise to-morrow. The weapons, which must, of course, be unfamiliar to either principal, I have engaged to supply. I possess a most excellent pair of American revolvers.

"Those other gentlemen are returning to their white yacht. They will leave the harbour at once, lie offshore all night, and steam into the cove at daybreak. Your opponent and his second will come ashore alone in their tender. We shall leave

here an hour before dawn and walk over the hill to meet them on the beach."

Nelson nodded gravely. "I thank you, General," he said. "You have managed most excellently."

Alvarez smiled with the satisfaction of one who receives deserved praise. "Yes, it is well arranged," he agreed complacently. "There is but one thing more. I have promised to act as judge of the field, and to give the word. Under the terms of the code there should be someone to act as your proper second. A mere formality, perhaps; but I should like to show these foreign gentlemen that even here an affair of this nature can be managed with distinction. Perhaps Señor Taylor——"

Taylor raised a startled face. Words

AND then, as abruptly as though she had stepped through the folds of a curtain, a girl stood beside the dog

of angry refusal trembled on his lips; but they went unsaid as Nelson touched his arm. "If you will be so kind," Nelson said, a note of appeal deepening his soft voice. "As the General says, there should be someone. And—I should greatly prefer you to any of these others." He gestured toward the noisy interior of the hotel. His eyes met Taylor's almost imploringly

Taylor did not have it in his power to refuse that look. "If—if there's no one else——" he murmured unhappily.

"Well, then, that too is arranged," Alvarez said cheerfully. "And now, Señor Nelson, permit me to suggest that you seek your bed. A good night's sleep is an essential for such a meeting as this promises to be." Nelson's lips quivered in a faint smile; but he turned obediently toward the door of the hotel. He walked slowly and steadily, his head held high. Alvarez looked after him approvingly.

"Our friend will, I believe, bear himself well," he said to Taylor.

Taylor turned suddenly toward the big soldier of fortune. "Do you think that—that either of them will be—killed?" he demanded.

Alvarez shrugged cheerfully. "*¿Quien sabe?* These affairs are on the knees of the gods, Señor. I shall be surprised at

nothing to-morrow. The weapons and the distance alike are—murderous." His smile widened as he watched the lines of Taylor's sick face. "Your first experience of this kind, is it not, Señor Taylor?" he asked. Taylor nodded dumbly. Alvarez shook his head pityingly. "*Vaya*, but you *Americanos del Norte* must lead dull lives!" he exclaimed. "I, now—I had fought three times—twice with *pistolas*, once with the *espada*—before I was eighteen. Since then, perhaps twenty times; and upon the ground with friends another twenty. Not only out here—in Madrid, in Paris, even! Oh, I know well how such an affair should be arranged!" He caressed his slender moustache proudly. "But you, too, Señor Taylor, should go to your room. Even a second needs a clear head on such a morning as to-morrow's promises to be. For myself, I must be about my duties. There are my revolvers to be cleaned and loaded; the attendance of a discreet surgeon to be procured; a word to be dropped in the ear of my friend the *alcalde*—a dozen things to be done. *¡Hasta mañana, Señor!*"

TAYLOR was on his way to his room almost before Alvarez's broad back had vanished into the darkness. He had no desire for sleep; but still less did he desire the company of his hard-drinking fellow exiles. As he had expected, sleep persistently evaded him. Some time after midnight he rose, dressed and walked slowly along the darkened corridor of the hotel. He wondered if Nelson were sleeping. He was wholly sure that General Alvarez slept, and soundly.

There was a thread of light under Nelson's door. Hesitantly, Taylor raised his hand and knocked lightly on the heavy oaken panel. For several moments his knock went unanswered, and he was about to retreat as softly as he had come when he heard a low-voiced "*Entra!*" Still hesitantly, Taylor lifted the heavy hand-made latch and swung open the door.

Nelson stood in the centre of the floor, fully dressed except for his coat. His hair was in disorder, his face colourless. In the dancing flame of the single candle his eyes shone with a feverish brightness. Tightly clutched in both hands he held a long-barrelled military automatic.

A sudden look of relief swept over his distraught face as his eyes met Taylor's. "I am—glad that you came," he said unevenly. "I—I wanted somebody. Here! Please take this!" He thrust out the heavy pistol with both hands. Taylor took it awkwardly. Nelson stepped back. "I couldn't do that when I should have," he said in a low voice. "And now, of course, I mustn't." His chest rose and fell in a long sigh, and he half turned away from Taylor.

Taylor sensed a desperate need for words. "I thought—if you had any letters—anyone for me to notify," he stammered. Then, hurriedly, "I mean—just in case——"

The febrile glitter in Nelson's eyes was softening, and the lines of his face began to regain some of their earlier composure. "Thank you, Taylor," he said; and now his voice was steadier. "But there is nothing—there is no one." He motioned to a chair. "But sit down—please," he said.

Taylor slipped the long-barrelled pistol into his pocket as he sank into the chair. Nelson paced the width of the room twice, silently, moving with quick, nervous strides. Then he dropped abruptly into the opposite chair. "One can't run away forever," he said suddenly. His tone was that of one who states a fact and expects no reply. "It's almost a relief that they've—come. I knew they must, some day."

There was a long silence. Taylor groped for words with which to end its unpleasant tenseness; but before he could find them Nelson was speaking again. "I could tell you about it," he was saying thoughtfully. "I would like to tell someone. And after what you have agreed to do for me you have, in a way, a right to know. You are not like these others here. We might have been friends—if I could still have friends. Perhaps you would understand."

Nelson paused for a moment, but more as if to make his own decision than as if waiting for a reply. He leaned forward (*Continued on page* 101)

"ONE of my groping hands closed about a spanner. I struck upward, blindly. And Karl's hand at my throat relaxed as he rolled off my prone body"

A Gallery of Women

By James W. Drawbell

GRETA GARBO enjoying a holiday on the island of Capri

SHE crosses one bare leg, tanned brown by the sun, over the other. Her smoky-grey eyes cloud with thought.

She says suddenly:

"I took a sleeping draught last night. I could not rest. I was so excited at the thought of meeting my family again. It is always like that when anything exciting happens to me. I get so nervous. Then I have to take one of my draughts to calm me."

Thus la Garbo. Thus Greta Gustafsson, the girl from the department store in Stockholm who has become the greatest film star in the world. Thus—to her intimate friends—"Gee Bo." The most provocative figure of the last decade of films sits in the cabin of the liner that has brought her home from America to Sweden . . . and talks.

Her voice is perhaps the biggest surprise about her. She does not talk in the husky, vibrant tone that has whispered "I lauf you" to countless millions of talkie fans throughout the world. She speaks melodiously and quietly. Her English is perfect. Only a very few people know with what effort and unremitting study it has been made so.

You look at Greta Garbo for the first time in real life and the first illusion that goes overboard is that she is tall and lanky. You have always imagined, from her screen appearance, that she is at least a six-footer. Your eye measures her from your own height and you know her to be no more than 5 ft. 5 in. in her flat-heeled shoes.

You make a swift mental catalogue of the other features of her physical make-up while the cloudy eyes turn away. It runs something like this:

Contemporary Portraits.

No. 4 Greta Garbo

She is very slim. She has a transparent skin. She has the slenderest fingers you have ever seen.

Her calves are shapely. Her feet are much smaller than they appear on the screen. She walks with a long, free stride.

Her hair is pale yellow and she wears it almost down to her shoulders, where it curls up.

Her waist is small. Her breasts are firm and pear shaped.

She doesn't use powder. Her cheeks seem to be free from rouge. Her lips are innocent of lipstick.

Her famous eyelashes do not come off. They are real. Every single fringe of them is tipped with tiny beads of kohl. They stick out at least half an inch.

She sighs. Her cultured English voice says—a little wearily:

"You know I am really very tired. I have been working so very hard in Hollywood. Picture after picture. It is a great strain. I feel I want to rest and not do anything at all.

"I often wonder if there is such a thing as rest for a woman like me. Sometimes I doubt it. Sometimes I think I shall have to go on and on never being myself, never getting away from people and crowds. I am a restless soul seeking peace.

"That is why I remain aloof and elusive. People say: 'That is just the Garbo pose. She must always act like that to keep up the mystery.' But you know that is not true. I just want to be alone. I don't want to be mysterious at all."

She leans forward impulsively in her chair.

"Don't you think a film star is entitled to her own private life? I can never understand why people seem so interested in what we do, and eat and say. I do my work in the studio as efficiently as I can and I believe that when I am finished I have the right to do as I like with my own time. There is no mystery about me. The public and the newspapers make all the mystery. I am a very simple person. I do not ask for much out of life. I only wish like everyone else to be allowed to live in my own way when I have left the studio."

Garbo's moods are kaleidoscopic in their diversity. She can be a tomboy. She can act like a laughing girl. And then, in a flash, she is steeped in gloom.

She can look gay, wistful and tragic all in five minutes.

IF you know something of her early life and her family's struggles you mention Paul Bergstrom's store in Stockholm where, as a girl of fifteen, she began work as an improver and later became a model for hats. Her smoky eyes grow moody at the memory.

Edith Hultgren, Greta Garbo's great friend, with whom she used to go to dances, is still employed at the cash desk in the hats department.

After business hours the two girls would put on their best frocks and go off to the Bella Napoli, the modern dancing pavilion out at Skansen, one of the open-air "lungs" of Stockholm. Sometimes they would go to Kastenhof and Rosenbad, two other well-known resorts.

Greta and her friend had no money; their little jaunts used to make a considerable hole in their salaries.

Two other girls, Marta Lundhal and Ruth Holm, who stood at the same counter with her years ago, are now in the dress division of the store. Garbo, when she was little, unknown Greta Gustafsson, used sometimes to go out with them as well.

She must sometimes ponder on the fate which has made her Greta Garbo and kept Edith Hultgren at her cash desk totting up cash accounts, working from nine to six.

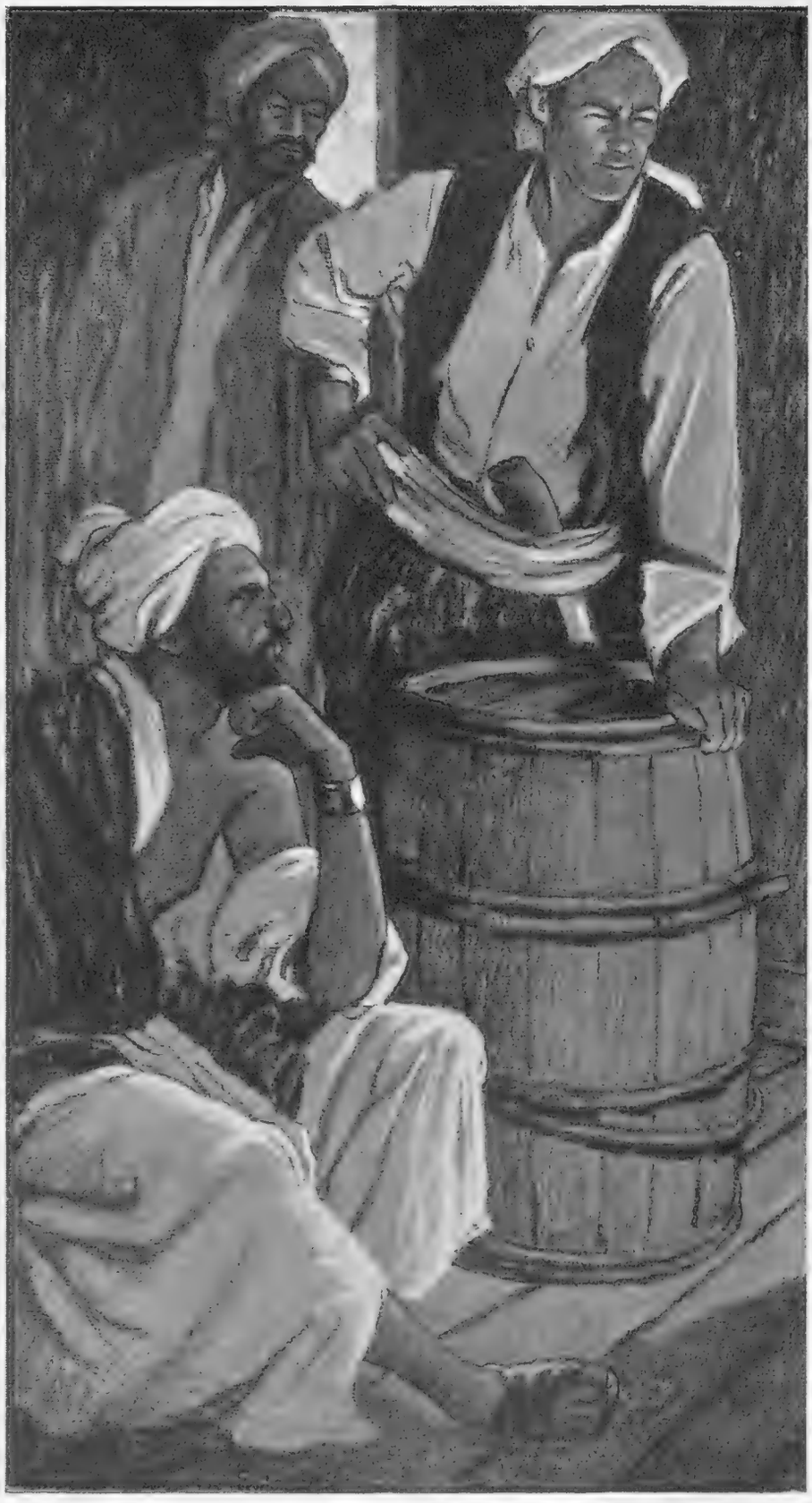
Greta Garbo's family life is as elusive as her own personality. Everyone knows she has a mother somewhere in the background. But the mother has always remained a shadowy, insubstantial figure.

Her father, Carl Gustafsson, is even more shadowy than her mother as far as the public is concerned. (*Continued on page* 98)

The MAN *from* Poonch

Dusky Interlude on the Frontier

By Talbot Mundy



"IF you can't shoot any must be anybody's.

IT was chilly and dark at the back of Daldeen Lal's place. The distant lights of Simla, glimpsed now and then through a fluke in the mist, served to emphasise the loneliness and darkness. Nine men, scarcely visible to one another, squatted on the creaking balcony. Yussuf Aroun raised a floorboard, using his toe for the purpose, and spat into eight hundred feet of dark nothing beneath him ; it was less trouble than raising his head above the sheet of corrugated iron which broke the cold wind from the Himalayas. He spat with the full-stop emphasis of a Pathan who has made up his mind :

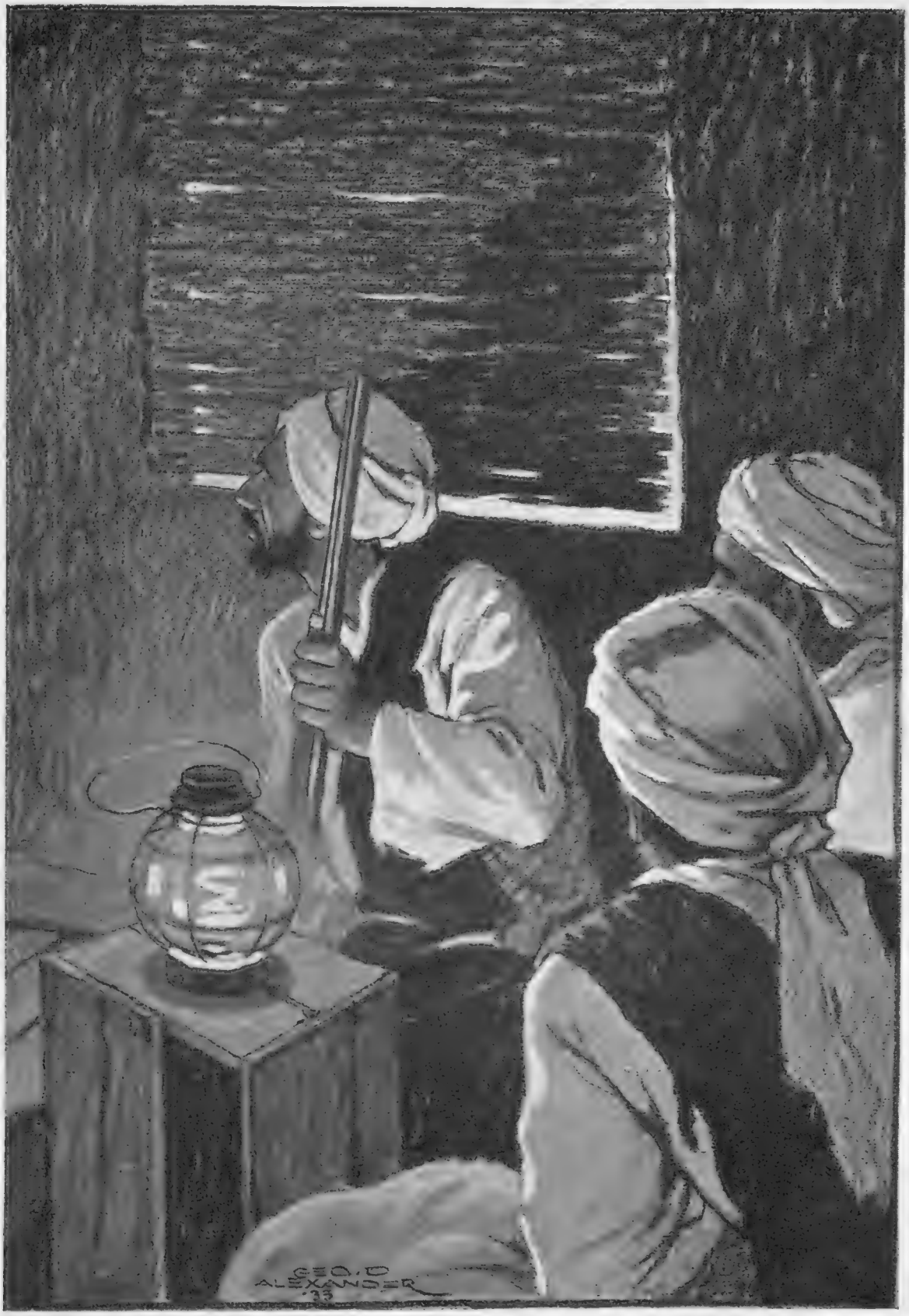
" By Allah and by my beard, all men from Poonch," he said, " are sons of impudently unchaste mothers."

But the man from Poonch said nothing. He was at the end of the balcony, with his back toward Simla. The solitary lantern cast a red glow on as much of his face as was not hidden in the horse-blanket that draped his head and shoulders. It touched, too, the silvery hilt of his long knife. His eyes held the smouldering wrath of a panther's. When he rolled himself a cigarette his tongue licked the edges of the paper as if foretasting difficulties that he knew how to enjoy. The most exciting challenge in the world is silence, and the man from Poonch seemed made of the intolerable stuff. Seven shadows that were men of seven unrelated blood-strains, but with a language, a creed and some hatreds in common, stirred a little. Water splashed in the darkness beneath. The wooden balcony squeaked as it swayed to the wind and the weight of Daldeen Lal's catlike footsteps, careful not to touch men as he passed them. He opened the house-door, entered, and shut it behind him swiftly ; the light from it shone on only three men's faces, for a moment. They were hook-nosed men in stinking sheepskin jackets —black-bearded, with oily love-locks. One laughed with a nervous high pitch :

" By Allah, men from Poonch can take a dive into the mist beneath us just as easily as men from better places ! What say you, brothers ? "

Yussuf Aroun answered, deep-throated, deliberate :

" Nay ! If he is false, I slay him, because it is I who first suspected him and said so. By my beard, he shall die as many deaths in that case as he can draw breaths between a midnight and a midnight. He shall beg for the edge



Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

straighter than that" he remarked, "your women Or are they too ill-favoured to tempt your betters?"

of a knife to cut him free from torment." But the man from Poonch continued to say nothing. The door opened again and Daldeen Lal squirmed himself through like a cat.

"A fool wanted the loan of a bicycle pump," he said. "I told him he could push his bicycle." He sat down. "Now about this man from Poonch——"

When Daldeen Lal spoke Pushtu he abominably mispronounced it, and he knew the mispronunciation irritated those intolerant Hillmen, who despised him and his Hindu religion. That he made a point of not being religious merely increased their contempt. It was much more difficult for them to treat him civilly than for him to endure their arrogance. But they shared his secret; and the secret gave him an authority that he did not choose to hazard by talking more than necessary. So he paused in his speech.

"Who believes such a tale as he tells?" asked Yussuf Aroun. "Taught him to fly in Ameliki, did they—he having made the Amelikins think he was one of themselves? Eh? Allah! I saw an Amelikin; he wore spectacles; he had a fat wife who found fault. He was less like this man than a horse is like a camel. Saucy and abominable beasts are the men from Poonch, and I say this one is a liar. How do we know he can fly an air-ee-o-per-lane? Why won't he tell us his name?"

The moon rose, revealing the tops of deodars in the ghostly white mist that streamed in the valley beneath. It silvered a wet crag that projected from the side of the ravine a hundred yards away.

"But somebody must fly for us," said Daldeen Lal. "His is a probable story. Many besides he have been imprisoned for being suspected persons possessing pistol and no licence. While he was in prison his family died of neglect and want, because the money-lender foreclosed. Is there anything unlikely about that? Why should he not seek vengeance on the British? And besides, he can be slain if he lets us even doubt him."

"Allah! I doubt him," said Yussuf Aroun.

The man from Poonch spoke then, rather gutturally, in a strong voice that suggested self-imposed calm, rising slowly to his feet and revealing contempt with unexaggerated gesture:

"I have heard women who talked more manfully." He took a stride towards the door. "Whoever craves a fight with me may have it." He met each gaze in turn. None flinched. His eyes lingered on Yussuf Aroun's and he touched his knife-hilt, but not even Yussuf Aroun made an answering move. With a sideways jerk of his head he indicated the moonlit crag that glistened over the ravine. "I will sit yonder and think thoughts while ye belch fears in each other's faces."

He opened the door slowly, stood framed in the glow from within—a rather tall man with the loose-limbed stance and insolently careless poise of an experienced fighter—and then stepped suddenly into the passage, shut the door firmly, and listened, with his hand on the latch. Not a man on the balcony spoke, but he felt pressure on the latch. He removed his hand. As the latch yielded he kicked the door. It slammed in Daldeen Lal's face, hurling him backward. The teeth of the

other men gleamed in the sudden light like wolves' fangs, but no word was spoken. He shut the door again and strode along the lamp-lit passage, tossing two pice slipper-money to the lame Kashmiri at the outer door.

OUTSIDE in the garden he listened again, but no sound followed him. There were dense streams of blown mist, but the moonlight shone in broken streams of silver that revealed the pathway leading from the ramshackle house. He followed it through a gate amid shadowy trees, and where it forked towards the road that leads to Simla he took the right-hand track and squatted, in the full light of the moon, on the wet crag that overhung the ravine. Torn shreds of fluffy mist blew past him, but he could see and be seen from Daldeen Lal's balcony; and he could see the shadowy road to Simla, where it curved to avoid the rising ground, some fifty feet away, and a shadowy man with an upturned bicycle appeared to be examining a punctured tyre. The man with the bicycle called to him in Hindustani:

"Oh, you! Where can I borrow a pump to put air in my leaking tyre?"

"I don't know."

"Also my lamp has gone out. Where can I get oil and matches?"

"I don't know."

"Will you watch my bicycle if I leave it while I go to find a pump?"

"No."

"I would come back quickly."

He from Poonch turned away and stared at the ravine, not answering. So the man with the bicycle set his machine upright and began pushing it along the road towards Simla. But very soon the sound of his footsteps ceased. He appeared to be riding the thing. His bell rang—one, two—one, two, three—one, two, as if it might be a signal. The man from Poonch appeared not to notice that. He sat still, staring downward at the mist that flowed like frosted cotton through the tops of deodars, until at last the lame Kashmiri came from the house and said hoarsely that Daldeen Lal would like to speak to him.

"Tell him I sicken of too much speech," he answered.

Ten minutes later Daldeen Lal, in a thick shawl and a belted khaki overcoat, came, carefully avoiding moonlight, and stood waist-deep in mist in the shadow beneath the crag between it and the road.

"Is it true, then, that all the men from Poonch are mules?" he demanded. "Pray be reasonable. Who would admit you to such a secret as ours without proof of your trustworthiness? They are ready to kill you now unless you give proof, since you already know too much. Had it not been for me, Yussuf Aroun would already have shot you as you sit here. You offended him. His finger itches for the trigger."

The man from Poonch smiled. "It is I who lack proof," he retorted. "A life is not much. But shall I risk mine for perched hens who scratch lice and cackle?"

"Tell me truly who you are," said Daldeen Lal. "If you will give me references——"

"God knows who I am. God knows who you are. And that is enough."

"If I thought you were a spy," said Daldeen Lal, "there would already be no flesh on your bones. Your skeleton would be rotting among rats in a dark hole."

The man from Poonch answered with an air of indifference: "I am a spy. I spy for deeds, and a chance to do them. Therefore I will get hence. When I die, it shall be well, and not of too much talking."

"It is true," said Daldeen Lal, "that speech is sometimes valueless. And you impress me as a man of strong resolution. But I have to convince those others. They will not consent to telling you our secret unless you first give a pledge."

"I have nothing."

"Your life?"

"It is worth nothing."

"Put it then into our hands, and we will tell you our secret. We will not trust you otherwise. At the moment, Yussuf Aroun has you covered with his rifle, and if I should signal to him——"

The man from Poonch dropped as if shot, and as he fell near Daldeen Lal's feet there came the sharp, dead smack of a rifle in mist. A bullet whizzed overhead, but there was so much spacious silence that the sound died swallowed in a moment. The man from Poonch stood up with his back to the rock and spoke calmly:

"I saw you make that signal. Now I will kill you as well as Yussuf Aroun! Or will you tell me your secret?"

"In the others' presence I will tell it." Daldeen Lal turned up the path to the house in a hurry, plainly disliking that talk about death. The man from Poonch removed an iron bracelet from his wrist and tossed it to the road. It fell in dust in moonlight. The man on a bicycle, pedalling back from the direction of Simla, got off his machine and called out:

"Have you seen my spanner? I believe I dropped it where I tried to mend a puncture just now. Ah! Ah! I see it!" He picked up something, mounted and returned by the way he had come.

"May your luck be as flat as your tyre, you voice out of a sepulchre!" Daldeen Lal called after him, hurrying towards the dim lamplight at the front door. The man from Poonch followed him into the house and through it, out on to the balcony, where he met the gaze of Yussuf Aroun. "If you can't shoot any straighter than that," he remarked, "your women must be anybody's. Or are they too ill-favoured to tempt your betters?"

"I will eat your liver," Yussuf Aroun answered, showing splendid yellow teeth.

"No spy would dare to speak as he does," said Daldeen Lal. "Would a spy return here, after being shot at? I intend to tell him our secret in the presence of you all. But you are not to trust him. Mind that. Two of you—better yet, three—must watch him day and night, one sleeping and two waking."

"Let him give us his knife," said Yussuf Aroun.

The man from Poonch looked calmly at him. "You may have it in your belly," he answered.

"Allah!" Yussuf Aroun's hand went to his own knife.

"Peace!" exclaimed Daldeen Lal. "Of what use would a coward be to us? He is good. Shall I tell him now?"

The man from Poonch laughed curtly. "I will say what I know already. There is haste, and you need an airman, but there is none unless you accept me. You are afraid. And now what?"

"That proves it. He has spied on us," said Yussuf Aroun.

The man from Poonch looked sideways at him. "I mistook this," he said, "for a women's jirga, not believing men

CRACK! The left fist of the man from Poonch shot a half-hook upward at the peak of Yussuf Aroun's jaw

could be such chatterers. Allah! Who needs more than one eye to read fear on a Pathan's face?"

"Tell him," said Yussuf Aroun. "Let him learn what fear is. If he fails us or betrays us, I will answer for it. He shall not be out of my sight until all is finished. And then he and I, insh'allah, will decide the matter of our izzat!"

The man from Poonch went and sat beside Yussuf Aroun insolently. Hands on knives, they eyed each other sideways. Daldeen Lal shifted the lantern and sat with his back to the mountains. He cleared his throat importantly.

"This is no hysterical conspiracy of students," he began. "We intend to break the English this time, all or nothing. A major calamity at this opportune moment ought to stagger them and stiffen revolutionists of all types. But it must be astonishing—staggering. It must be the impossible thing that nevertheless happens. Otherwise the English will rally as usual and in some way survive it because of their organisation. We must destroy the English system, as the Bolsheviki first destroyed the system of the Czar. And in the anarchy that follows we will reap our harvest."

"There will be loot," said Yussuf Aroun. "Wallahi! There will be Zan and Zar and Zamin!"

A cloud of mist shut down on them, so dense that it shut off the moonlight and blanketed sound. It was like being at sea on a swaying deck. The lantern in the midst only made a dim blur. Daldeen Lal coughed and raised his voice:

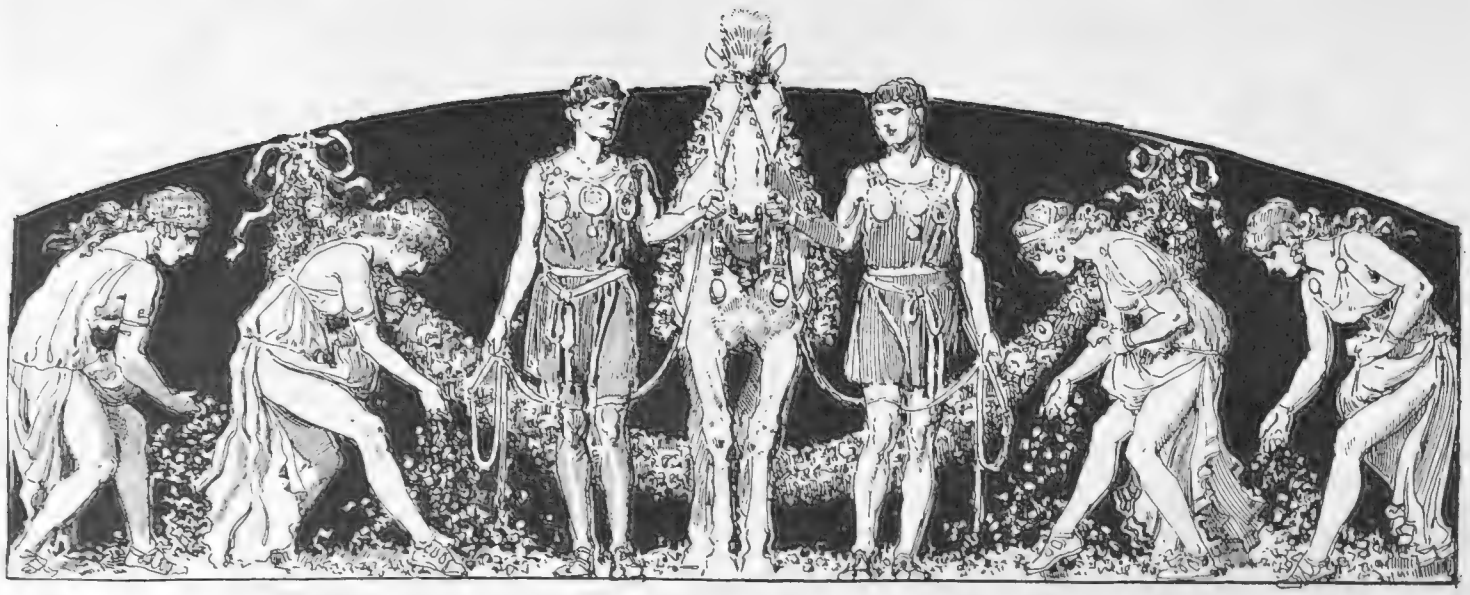
"The Viceroy and all the members of his council are to meet at Delhi, three days from now. The Governors of five Provinces will be there, along with eleven ruling princes, to say nothing of innumerable subordinates. A bomb——"

"A poison-gas bomb!" Yussuf Aroun interrupted. "Allah!"

"Such a bomb," said Daldeen Lal, "as will infalliby kill all of them." He rubbed the palms of his hands together.

"As infallibly, by God, as I will kill you if you fail!" said Yussuf Aroun.

All the other men on the balcony moved like (*Continued on page* 90)



Strange Chapters *in* History:

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by

F. Matania, R I.

No. 13.—*Caligula's Equine Consul*

THOUGH the tales told by historians seem literally incredible, yet if we were to lose faith and disbelieve such writers as Tacitus, Plutarch, and Cassius, the whole fabric of history would collapse like a house of cards.

How can one explain that phenomenon of collective panic that permitted the Roman Senate to sink so low that it accepted support and ratified the suggestion the highest authority of the State should lie in the hands of such criminal lunatics as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero ?

It was easier to kill such men, it seems to us to-day, than to disobey them. The scholars of many centuries have wondered what was the secret of the *imperium* of the *imperatores*, and they will continue to wonder till eternity.

I will relate a little episode, completely unimportant as an event, but quite typical of the people and time.

It concerns Caligula, a man false and elusive in every expression of his life, wildly exaggerative in his conceptions, and madly fond of doing things that were against any rule of logic, morality or any other law followed by the rest of humanity.

This strange mentality, encouraged by the possession of supreme power, was the chief responsible factor for the majority of Caligula's crimes. It was the craving to break the law that made him marry his sisters, the vanity to, as D'Annunzio says, *osare l'inosabile*, literally translated, " dare the undarable."

One day Caligula was expecting a new guest at dinner. Special orders had been given and, as usual, they were executed without question, despite their unreason.

Everything was ready according to instructions, when the principal door was flung open. Four girls appeared walking backwards, facing the Emperor, and scattered rose leaves in his path. Slowly they reached the table, stepped to one side while another four repeated the same performance. Then Caligula appeared in his immaculate white garment. He looked happy and smiling. Beside him came Vitellius, who, though now sunning himself in the imperial favour, was still mindful of the time when he had through the most unexpected turn of circumstances escaped with his life from the Emperor's displeasure.

Others followed and took their places. Behind the service door, gorgeously attired slaves were waiting with dishes, ready to come out as soon as they received the order from the Master of Ceremonies.

When the music started, everyone's attention was focused on the door which had been decorated with festoons, purple ribbons, and glittering medallions.

A second later the guest appeared, a little uncertain in his procedure, but firmly held by two slaves.

Everyone rose respectfully as a beautiful white horse was ushered forward to the table and submitted to the ceremonial preceding the dinner.

The girls went round with bowls of water in which were floating slices of lemon for the guests to wash their hands.

In the meantime one of the girls approached the horse and washed his nose. A wreath of white roses was placed on the head of each one, the horse included.

In a flash slaves surrounded the *triclinium* from every side, bearing food, while a special golden bowl filled with oats was put in front of the animal.

Caligula watched everything very attentively, and he asked " Have you given him golden oats ? "

The Master of the Ceremonies took a handful of the cereal and poured it from one hand to the other. It was yellow and shining. So the Emperor was satisfied.

It had been a problem how to comply with the order for golden oats. If the oats had been gilded with ordinary gold powder, God knows what would have happened to the horse. But after several experiments the effect was obtained with saffron.

Everyone remarked on the beauty of

IN a flash slaves surrounded the Triclinium from every side, bearing food, while a special golden bowl filled with oats was put in front of the animal

the animal. Pegasus of Bellerophon and Bucephalus of Alexander were mentioned in the panegyric composed extemporaneously to the favourite; and, when they seemed to have reached the highest form of praise, the Emperor surpassed all of them with a startling declaration, "I shall confer upon him the consular dignity."

The subject lent itself to no end of witty remarks, but it was not wise to joke about anything that the Emperor decided *pro bono publico reique publicae.*

In spite of that, a beautiful woman who had been pestered with sweet words, whispered in her ear by an old man at her side, pluckily told Caius to abstain himself from choosing her aged suitor as a companion to that consul, otherwise he would join a horse with an ass!

The general merriment, so happily provoked, relieved the uneasy suspense, and the conversation went on in the style of that immortalised by Petronius in the *Satyricon.*

Every time the horse shook his head, scattering the petals of the roses, a new wreath was put on him. Caius turned to Vitellius and asked him, "Have you ever seen me making love to the moon?"

The question had been put most seriously. Vitellius knew only too well that if he answered in the affirmative Caius might consider him too impertinent to witness such an intimate intercourse with a Celestial Body. On the other hand, a negative answer would be regarded as an indirect contradiction of the wonder.

Vitellius, his brain in a whirl, swallowed twice, but he did not swallow food! Luckily for him he had the presence of mind to answer, "O Caius, why do you put such a question to me? Have you forgotten that my eyes are only mortal's eyes? It is only a privilege of Divinity—yourself and the Phœbe, Selene, Artemis, Diana, to gaze upon one another—the glorious effulgence that would blind all but a god."

So wagged, with courtly jest and euphemistic compliment, the tongues that ruled the Mediterranean world.

No. 14. The Vengeance of Nitocris

ALL through history we find that those races whose life has been a continuous storm of romance and passion, have invariably proved to possess the most amazing power both in love and hatred. Ancient Egypt is a country where political vicissitudes have often caused private tragedies of an astonishing magnitude, and whenever the supreme power has been in the hands of a woman, in almost every instance a new tragic romance must be recorded by History.

Nitocris, the last Queen of the Sixth Dynasty, owes her notoriety to many glorious deeds, and to the completion of the Third Pyramid. But it was the last episode of her life which made of her a true heroine of legend. She was joint ruler with her brother, Menthesuphis II., when a plot was organised against him and successfully carried out. The king was assassinated, and Nitocris had to shoulder alone the responsibilities of the throne. In almost every other similar case, the cupidity of the survivor proved stronger than any other feeling. But

Nitocris conceived such a hatred for the murderers of her brother that vengeance became for her the sole purpose of her life.

She prepared the most diabolical scheme. Without revealing to anyone its ultimate scope, she ordered the building of a subterranean hall. Architects, engineers, and hundreds of labourers were engaged for the work and no one detected anything unusual or suspicious even in the excavation of a wide channel whereby the waters of the Nile were to be diverted to the new hall.

When it was completed and gorgeously decorated, Nitocris gave orders for a huge banquet to take place therein. To it she invited all those who were, directly or indirectly, responsible for the murder of her brother. Under a guise of hospitality and friendliness, she hid the real reason for which she had bidden them to her board.

It was a great event, and the gorgeous pomp of the Egyptian Court was displayed in all its splendour. With the most charming affability, Nitocris received all the guests who paid homage to her, and expressed their delight and admiration for the beauty of the place. The merriment—and the effects of wine—had already reached their zenith, when her Majesty made a pretext to leave the table. No need to say that the absence of the Queen loosened the last restraints of convention, and the fumes of the ever more-freely-poured libations to life and love produced

NO one saw that from a watching. At last her

balcony high up Nitocris was dream was an accomplished fact

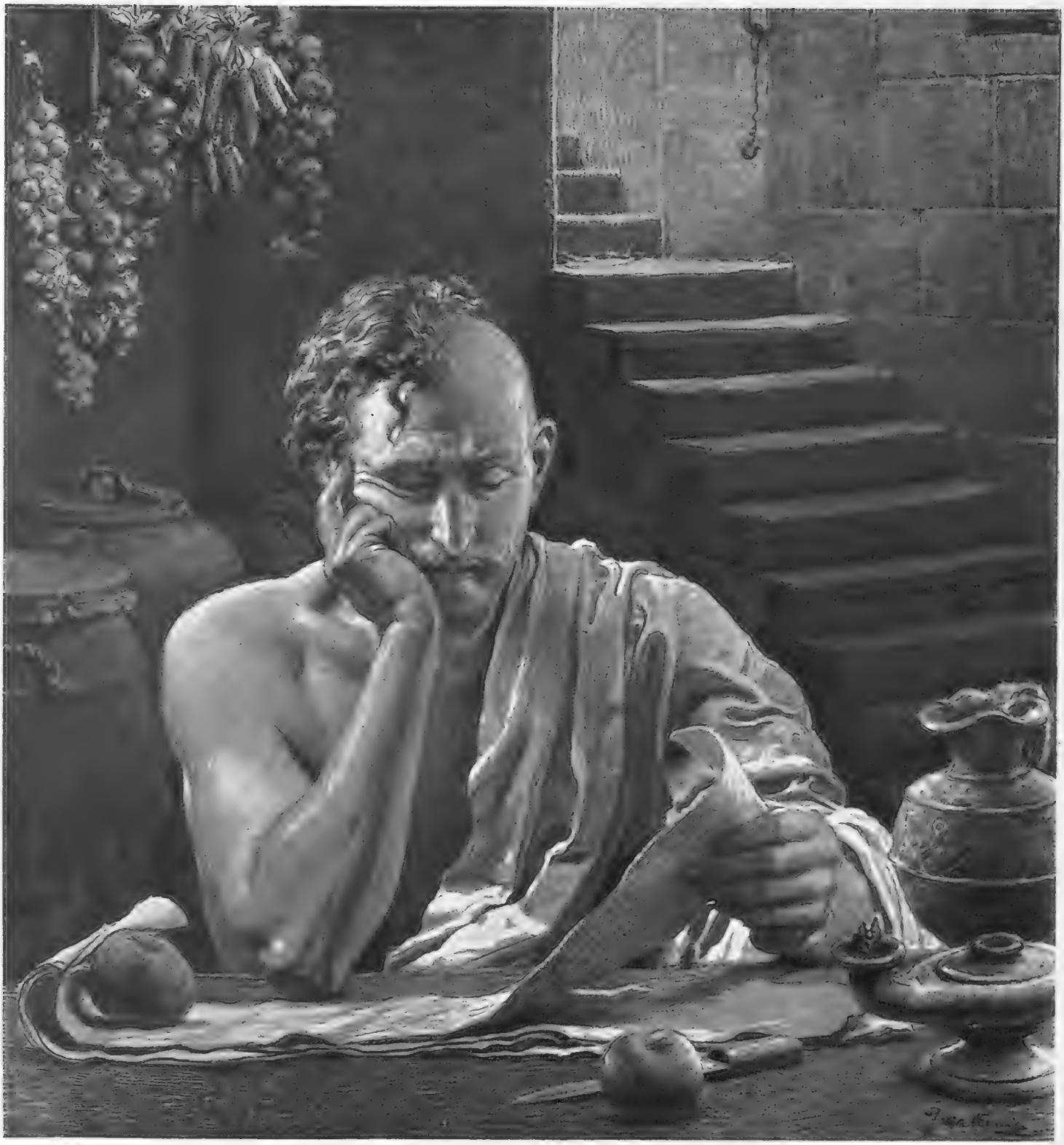
an additional fog in the brains of the crowd, drowsy with drink and passion. At a certain moment a strange noise behind the wall attracted the attention of everyone. Some of the tapestries on the wall were almost torn away by a sudden inrush of air, disclosing to the astonished guests huge, dark cavities of mystery.

They had not even the time to think. From the holes poured in torrential precipitation enormous cataracts of water, overturning, invading and crushing everything and everybody in the hall.

The rapidity of the flood and the turmoil caused by the violence of the water gave no chance for anything to float. There was only the frightful, unearthly shuffle of human bodies, dismembered furniture, and torrents of water whose level was rising with hideous rapidity.

No one saw that from a balcony high up Nitocris was watching. At last her dream was an accomplished fact. With feline joy she stayed until she saw them all drowned. Later, we read, the beautiful Nitocris, before anyone could lay hands on her, threw herself into a room full of ashes.

This was another example where the unconquerable necessity of destroying had the upper hand on the instinct of self-preservation, ending in a tragedy of the most purely classical style. Read Aeschylus, Euripides, Shakespeare, down to Alfieri, and what are their wildest imaginings but the translation into terms of art, not of legend, but of the raw materials of real life?



DEMOSTHENES had an original idea. He took all his books and the orations of Theocritus in a basement, where he secluded himself; and in order to compel himself to remain in the place for a long time, he shaved half of his head.

No. 15. A Razor Creates an Orator

LIKE David Copperfield, poor little Demosthenes was left, at the age of seven, to fight his own battles against the hideous world.

His father had accumulated a considerable fortune with his factory of weapons. History does not tell us much about his mother, but it is quite clear that she must have been powerless against the rapacity of the trustees appointed by her husband.

The wealth, instead of being devoted to the education of the bright and pensive little boy, was legally stolen by those clever lawyers who knew so well the "Inns and outs" of the law—especially, from their client's viewpoint, the "outs."

He was one of those delicate little boys; rich of brain, poor of body. His anxious mother knew very well that exercise in the open air was a much healthier occupation than concentrated study, but this meant sports with all the other boys, and in an epoch when strength and beauty were—*corpus sanum* rather than *mens sana*—the ideal of the nation, the frail little Demosthenes was ridiculed by the other boys, with the result that, owing to the superiority of his brain and the inferiority of his body, he was cheated of his childhood.

Each fights with the weapons that Nature provides, and the vitriol of Demosthenes' remarks earned for him the nickname "Argas," which was the poetic word for a snake.

It was an oration of Callistratus that was responsible for the brilliant career

of Demosthenes. Athens was agog to hear the defence that Callistratus had prepared to plead in open court for Oropus. Demosthenes' teachers and tutors were all going and one of them succeeded in securing a hidden place in court for the boy who longed to hear the flight of eloquence.

Henceforward, the enthusiasm of the young Demosthenes for the art of oratory knew no limits, but it was not an easy task to obtain a proper education with his means.

Isocrates, then the greatest rhetorician in Greece, demanded ten *minæ* for a complete course of lessons. Eventually he succeeded in studying under the tuition of Isasus.

Oratory at that time was an extremely difficult matter. Power of argument and purity of style were not the only requisites. The production of the voice and the distribution of breath alone were no less complicated than is involved in a complete course of singing lessons to-day. Sobriety and elegance of gesture, even the ability to control the folds of the dress, were among essentials for the successful orator.

AS soon as he was grown to man's estate, Demosthenes took proceedings against the vampires who had absorbed his fortune while he was a child, only to gain a moral victory in winning the case, for the money had all gone and Demosthenes was unable to recover even a fraction of his patrimony.

In spite of this disillusion, the whole business had been a great experience. He had acquired the courage of facing the public, pleading before magistrates, and boldly he entered into public business.

But the severity of public opinion caused him many unhappy days. It seemed that everyone found fault with his diction, his tendency towards length of sentence, an utterance disjointed owing to shortness of breath: all combined to make him the target of unfavourable, disheartening, and destructive criticism.

One day as he was leaving the court, scarcely able to repress his sobs for the unfriendliness of humanity, he met Satyrus, a very well-known actor, in whose heart he poured all the bitterness of his sorrow.

Satyrus, in a brotherly way, demonstrated to him how words repeated with the proper inflection and gesture could appear totally different from the unskilful rendering of the same thing.

That convinced him that he had still to go through a process of perfecting and hard studying. He had to fight against himself, against the technical difficulty, and last but not least against the attractions that the brilliant life of Athens offered to every young man.

The enchanted gardens and the beautiful villas of the *hetæræ* were the centre of the social life, the *rendezvous* of the cleverest men and women of the time. The astounding beauty of some of the hostesses, their name and reputation has survived history and time. Who could have the moral strength to stay away?

Yet it was imperative to give up heaven itself in order to concentrate and be able to reappear in public as he felt he had the power to be . . . as a conqueror.

Demosthenes had an original idea. He took all his books and the orations of Theocritus in a basement where he secluded himself; and, in order to compel himself to remain in the place for a long time, he shaved half of his head!

Poor Demosthenes, already one of those human beings who, at his best, could not afford to look anything but his best, was positively unable with this drastic and self-imposed disfigurement to reappear in public until the hair had grown again.

We are not certain if these heroic and Spartan measures were a common practice (in Athens!), but it is a fact that during these months, under the ridiculous appearance of that crazy quilt of scalp, grew to maturity one of the greatest brains that the world has ever produced.

No. 16 When Courage *Fails*

IN the year 6 B.C. there ruled a Chinese Emperor called Han-ngai-ti.

In accordance with the "Li-ki," the fourth of the canonic books, the Emperor had the right to possess one hundred and thirty concubines. Three of these had the title of "Fou-gin." They were considered real wives, but always below the Empress. Nine had the title of "Pin," these were princesses and were distinguished by their yellow dress. Thirty-seven women constituted the third rank which was called "Chi-fou." The remaining eighty-one had the name of "Yu-tsi."

One day, accompanied by some of his women, he was strolling in the Imperial garden, one part of which was devoted to a rich zoological collection. Suddenly a huge Russian bear escaped from its cage and made straight for the Emperor. The terrified girls ran in every direction, but one of the "Chi-fou" remained loyally by his side. This girl, without any hesitation, threw herself between the Emperor and the bear. The huge beast was already reared up on its hind legs and was about to crush the monarch in its powerful embrace. But the unexpected obstacle checked the onslaught of the bear, and, as though mesmerised by the sudden movement, refrained from charging. It balanced itself comically, then, backing slowly, vanished. With the beast disappeared the horrible vision that, one second before, had been all but a reality.

The Emperor taking the hands of the smiling girl, still trembling with emotion, congratulated her on her courage.

She replied with that ultra-respectful style of the Chinese, so difficult to translate at once literally and idiomatically: "My Lord, the fortune of the Empire is all in thy sacred person. If, therefore, the life of the most humble of thy women had been given in exchange for thine, it would have been the most glorious tribute of gratitude for the great honour thou hast conferred upon me in naming me thy servant."

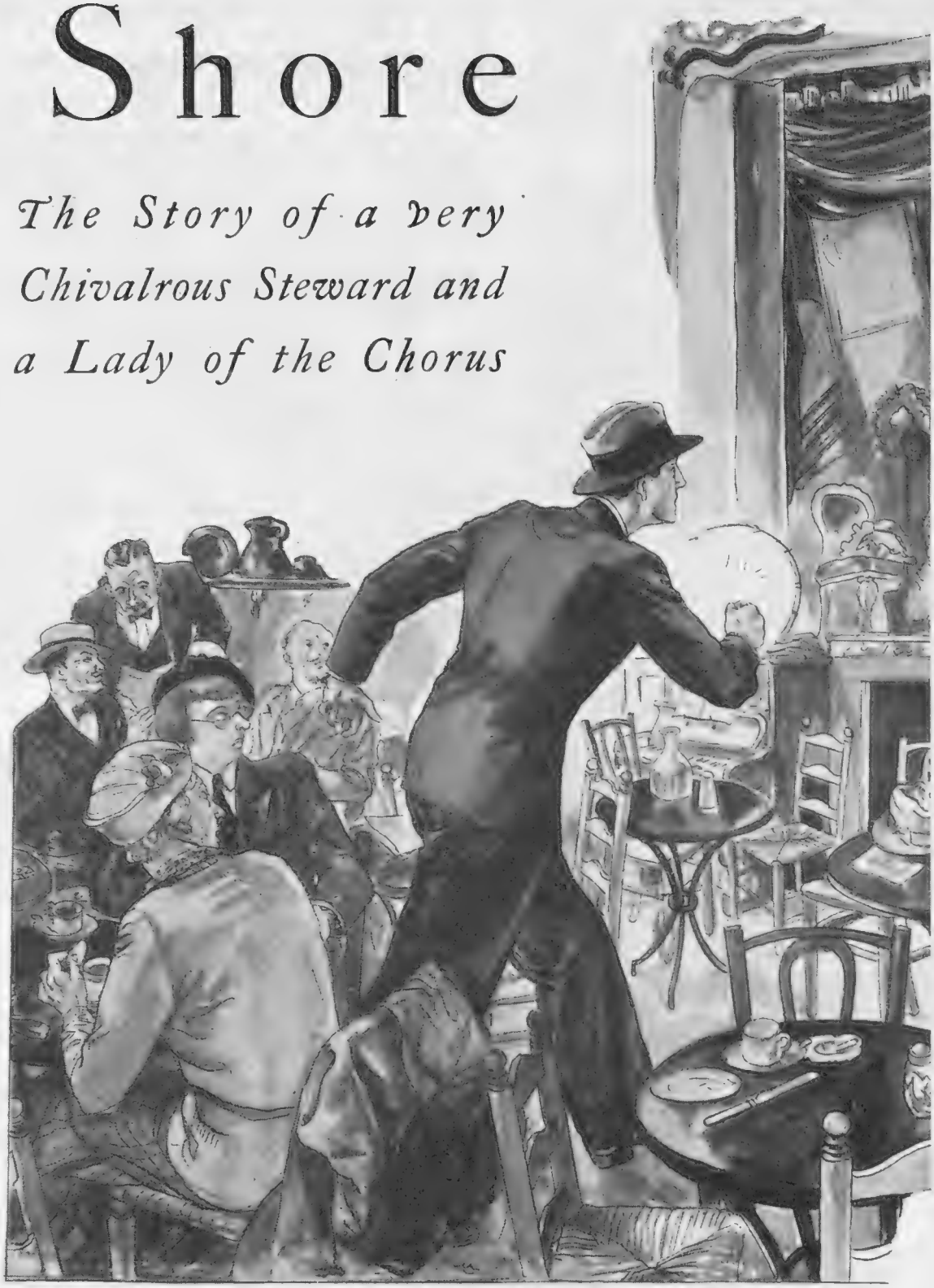
WITHOUT any hesitation the girl threw herself between the Emperor and the bear

THIS proof of devotion carried so much weight with the Emperor that he placed her above all the other women, at the same time unwittingly causing her to become the target of their envy and jealousy.

It was one of the "Fou-gin" who was the most relentless in persecuting the favourite with quintessentially Chinese ingenuity; she pursued her course until the little "Chi-fou" was driven to suicide. Life is a strange thing. She who had the courage to face a ferocious brute did not have the courage to resist the crafty malignity of a rival, and the omnipotent autocrat whose life was saved by the devotion of a frail little girl was yet not powerful enough to protect her against the cruelty of human beings.

Shore

The Story of a very Chivalrous Steward and a Lady of the Chorus



THE sky was very blue, and the sea was very blue, and the ship was like a large, derelict hotel on an azure plain. The stewardesses sat and knitted in empty alleyways surrounded by stacks of empty cabins like egg boxes.

Cook's tours had swept the cruisers off to Algeciras almost in a body.

Barney Chumm paused in his white coat to grouse to the Stewardess.

"Feels as if a body's upstairs! They might let us have shore leave. My! the old man's a Mussolini, and a Hitler, and a schoolmaster rolled into one! Sweat, sweat, sweat! Work, work, work!

A steward came rushing down the alleyway.

"Shore leave," he said. "Report to Head Steward."

"There you are," said the Stewardess.

"I know Gibraltar like I know the kitchen at home."

"There you are," said the Stewardess. "Have what you want, and you don't want it! Men all over!"

Barney Chumm chucked her under the chin gaily, laughingly, and ran up the alleyway.

THERE was no thrill to the steward in going on shore. Foreign places are merely tiresome halts on the way back to Liverpool or Southampton. Work lifts the glamour all right.

Barney Chumm loved the sun. He had a theory that it made his hair grow. Bare-headed, in a neat blue suit, he trod the familiar streets of Gibraltar.

Cook's tourists, poor devils, would be sweating up the galleries, staring down through the gun emplacements at the toy town, at the glittering silver flicker of bayonets on the brown plains, and the wilting louse-like figures of the Tommies in khaki.

They would stare out, gawping, at the end of the guide's finger, to the place where the Queen, Isabella, waited to see the Spaniards retake Gibraltar. They would laugh that foolish tourist laughter he had heard so many times, when the guide added his inevitable wise-crack, "Some people say she waits there still."

More of the poor devils would be driving to Algeciras, visiting San Roque, the bull ring, the church. What a game!!

He wandered into the Alameda Gardens, hot and lovely, scented with the richness of cherry pie and geranium, aromatic in the heat.

A bunch of merchants trying to sell him little bundles of charms, amber necklaces, postcards, necklaces of white ivory elephants. He pushed them on one side.

He had exactly the feeling for the small vendors of the East that the Army had for the lice in war-time.

He stared, with lazy satisfaction, at the blazing, brilliantly enamelled purple morning glories, at bougainvillæa rioting like spilt wine.

He took one of the funny little mule carts and drove back to Main Street. He knew it all by heart. He had done it so many times. But he was glad to be off the ship.

In the centre of the town he suddenly discovered he was thirsty and went into a big café for coffee. The walls were scarlet, and there was a lot of crude, black crockery on black shelves against it. There were black tables. There were rusty black curtains to a little stage at the far end.

There were a couple of English women tourists, a nigger, an Armenian and a couple of Frenchmen dotted about the room, drinking sirops and coffee. He tried for some of the sweet potato crisps, but they were sold out.

He sat down, and, suddenly, the curtains of the little stage rolled up, and there were three girls there.

One wore a scarlet bathing suit, one short green tights and a kind of jerkin, and one a full blue chiffon crinoline weighted at the bottom with masses of absurd mauve roses.

They began to dance and posture and rehearse with no music and the glare of the morning sunlight on them.

The negro turned his kinky head and stared. The Armenian nodded. The Frenchmen giggled. The two English women tourists stared away politely.

Barney Chumm watched them idly. There had been a lot in the papers lately

Excursion

By Christine Jope-Slade

Illustrated by Grace Golden

UNHEEDING the people near, he swash-buckled to the foot of the stage and looked up

about Malta, and the need for care in signing theatrical contracts there.

He tried to remember what he had read —something about the White Slave Traffic.

Must be a pretty awful life for a woman, even if it wasn't that. Dancing night after night in a hot room full of men and women and smoke. Perhaps having to come down and thread a friendly way among the racial mixtures there, and take a friendly drink and joke.

A manager or producer, a little Viennese Jew probably, and his obese wife came through a door under the stage and perched themselves on the table, looking up at the three girls. From there they proceeded to order them about and clap time and pantomime and gesture.

The girl in the middle, the dark one, turned cart-wheels, but she could not turn them to satisfy the little man. He climbed up on the stage and proceeded to turn her quickly over and over, obviously abusing and coaxing simultaneously.

His wife shouted "*Voyons! Voyons!*" like a railway porter in a foreign town.

He grew mad with the girl. She was not supple enough, or quick enough, or neat enough, or something.

Barney Chumm saw him pantomiming and abusing and then, suddenly, as if it had been a whisper in his ear, and flashed before his amazed eyes, he realised who the little horror was bullying.

It was Gladys Heron!!

Something in him turned cold and sick and angry, and then red and sticky and pleasantly furious. Unheeding the people near, he swashbuckled to the foot of the stage and looked up.

"Hullo, Gladys Heron," he said, "and what the —— are you doing in this —— spot?"

The girl caught her breath, her eyes widened. They were absurd, like a doll's blue eyes in her silly little china-white face. Her mouth dropped open, adding to her air of idiocy.

"Barney!!"

The other girl said in a broken accent "Holy Mack-er-el!" and began to laugh.

The woman shouted "*Voyons! Voyons!*" and tried to elbow him impatiently on one side.

He stood his ground. He had played with Gladys Heron as a baby, as a little girl—gone to school with her.

He didn't know her very well, he wasn't very interested in her. He definitely wasn't in love with her; but when he saw her there, in the hands of those foreigners, in that atmosphere—an English girl—something twanged in his imagination and split.

The girl looked down.

"I only came the day before yesterday," she said. "How funny to see you here!"

"I came in on the *Saffira*—cruising."

"Oh, the *Saffira*!"

"I've got to talk to you, Gladys. I've got to go back. I've only got shore leave—morning excursion."

The little Frenchman had bustled up to him. He was looking at him and bleating and squeaking like a seagull, uncouth, angry noises.

Barney Chumm spoke in English.

"I've known this girl since she was a baby. Savvy? I'm going to talk to her for a few minutes. Savvy?"

He was muscular. He reached up and plucked her down from the platform. His arm and his imagination felt no thrill at the contact.

"Coffee," he explained. "Going to give her some coffee and talk. Come on!" He said: "You've got to get out of this."

"Yes, I think you're right. I didn't know what it was; they told us the stage."

Her pretty, foolish eyes, lovely in colour, and expressionless, rested on him.

"We're in vile lodgings, dirty; and that man's foul. So's his wife. He's our manager. We shall do the round of the cafés here, so far as I can make out. He takes 40 per cent. commission."

"Good heavens! You've got to snap out of it."

"I know, Barney, but I've signed a contract, and they watch us like a cat watches a mouse. Madame's always with us, snooping about."

"This is only a morning excursion; we're off again at four. Now listen, no hanky-panky. You've got to get down to the *Saffira* by four, by hook or by crook, and come back with me."

"Back where?"

"Casablanca, Las Palmas, Tangier, Madeira, home."

A smile rippled over her foolish, insipid

little face, as pretty as sunlight over a flower garden. She was incredibly pretty—and so stupid. He remembered her stupidity, almost bovine, and yet cunning in a way.

"I haven't got any money, Barney. I haven't got a red cent."

"I'll see to that. I will book you a 'D' deck cabin. It'll be dark and small, but it is all I can afford. I've got the money with me. Perhaps I'll get a reduction as you came on at Gib. You've got to make it, kid. I don't know what will happen to you here."

"I never did ought to have come."

Huh! There was the old Gladys he knew, suddenly going all helpless, sheer wet macaroni. She had been like that as a baby and a kid. No spine, no guts.

"I shan't be able to get my box away, not that there is much in it. I haven't many clothes."

"Well, you must leave what you've got to, but make the boat. You can't stay here. I could tell you things."

"I've been told things."

"Well, believe 'em. You've got to come along with me. Why, I couldn't leave you here alone with them—those fellows—that little——"

"I'll try and get away."

"You've got to get away. I shall be looking out for you, and listen, Gladys, you had better not know me. Here's the money. I carry it on me. Never leave anything on the ship."

"But I've no clothes."

"You must manage how you can. You've got to get away."

"I'll try, Barney."

"You can tell your own story, say you've been kidnapped. Anything. Any excuse! But you have got to get away, I tell you I know it."

"I'll be there if it is possible."

A solitary saxophone, blown by a nigger, had appeared, its ugly blast, animal and raucous, went wailing through the café.

"I've got to go, they're glaring at me, and it's team work. I've got to work with the other two."

"Four o'clock," he said, "we leave—and don't forget it."

"What are you on the ship, now, Barney?"

"Table steward. I'll try and get you put at my table. Look, here's the money. Pay it when you come on board. There are seven or eight cabins on 'D' deck empty."

"It must be five years since I've seen you, Barney."

"I know. I didn't recognise you at first, but I wouldn't leave a kitten in the hands of those people. Come on, snap out of it. Four o'clock."

FIFTEEN pounds was a lot of money. It was a nuisance. He was annoyed with himself. It didn't give him much pleasure, this salvage of a pretty fool. He couldn't see himself as a hero. Fifteen pounds was fifteen pounds, look at it how you would.

He stood by the porthole in the dining saloon within a few feet of the companion-way.

There was no sign of Gladys Heron.

They had put the ship's personnel in white duck.

Barney Chumm stood by that open porthole, inscrutable and immaculate, and tapped his feet. Perhaps they'd keep her by force. Well, if they did, that was that. She'd never had much of a chance

—just a pretty fool without background or education.

The ship blew three deafening blasts of the siren. The last launch, conveying the last passenger, was already turning back.

They began to hoist up the companion-way.

Suddenly a motor boat with a woman standing up in it and waving like a maniac dashed for the already moving *Saffira*.

It was followed by another motor boat, obviously in pursuit, but some distance away. As it gained on them he could see that the gesticulating passenger was none other than Gladys Heron.

He had a mental vision of the promenade deck and the boat deck thick with staring, gawping, intrigued passengers. What an entry! Sheer drama!

As the motor boat gained the companion-way and Gladys Heron sprang out, the launch in pursuit turned back.

He darted out of the dining-room up to the "C" deck, where the passengers entered from the companion-way. He had to force himself through a jibbering crowd of pleasure cruisers, but he saw Gladys Heron throw up her hands, falter, say, "Thank God I've escaped!"—and faint. He was quite thrilled himself.

SHE had no luggage with her, not a single thing. She had no money. No shipwrecked mariner or destitute orphan of the storm was as starkly devoid of all possessions as Gladys Heron.

Quite two hundred of the passengers the *Saffira* carried had never been out of their own country. They were already exhilarated and thrilled by the strangeness of what they had seen. And this mysterious damsel, dashing out of the unknown with people in pursuit, was the thrill of their lives.

He didn't know that Gladys Heron had gone to the Chief Purser's office, put the fifteen pounds he had given her on the counter and said, with an audience, "This is all I have in the world. Will you give me shelter and safety for it."

What he did eventually discover was that she had the best suite with private bathroom on "A" deck, and that it had been subscribed for by the passengers.

Had she escaped from a harem? Had she been abducted by a sheikh? Had she been kidnapped by a caliph?

What had happened to her?

You could find your own intriguing answer in the frightened stare of her divine blue eyes, in her piteous little jumps when anyone spoke to her. Her long, frightened far-away stare, a little half-sobbing catch of the breath, a sudden haunted quiver. A tender white doe escaped from its persecutors.

That was the close-up of Gladys Heron the fascinated, unworldly, unsophisticated, golden-hearted, middle-class passengers of the *Saffira* obtained.

She came to dinner at the doctor's table that night in white georgette, given to her by the fascinated debutante daughter of a Hull boot manufacturer. This girl, whose life had contained nothing more thrilling than her twenty-first birthday, and a few promiscuous kisses, came to Gladys Heron's cabin with her mother's permission and her sartorial offering.

She said, "I expect you've had a dreadful time?"

Gladys Heron shuddered and covered her charming face.

"It must have been awful!"

Gladys Heron bent lower and lower, until she looked like the picture of a penitent.

"Poor darling!" said the daughter of

HE succumbed, against his better judgment, and his own sense of prudence. He took out his pocket-book

the boot manufacturer. "Do you think you'll ever forget? Would it help you at all to talk about it?"

Her eyes glistened and she could hardly restrain her eagerness.

"If I told anyone in the world—anyone," said Gladys Heron, "it would be you; but you must promise never, never to repeat a word of it as long as you live."

"On my word of honour," said the child.

"Some day," said Gladys Heron, "I will tell you," and lifted her benefactress's pudgy little hand to her suddenly wet eye.

SHE was placed at the table which was in Barney Chumm's care. There were seven good men and true at that table. It was quite pathetic to see them try to make the poor, tragic little creature eat, laugh and forget.

Her blue, blue eyes flickered a casual glance at Barney.

"And what will you do when you get back to England, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't thought about that . . . I haven't thought about anything."

"Have you anywhere to go?"

"No."

"No people?"

"No."

"No friends?"

"No."

"Don't worry her now," said one of the women, and with tears in her eyes. "Just let her eat and get her strength up."

A manufacturer of indelible pencils ordered champagne for Gladys Heron. She drank it. Suddenly she looked at them over the glittering little vessel of pale light, in her hand. Her eyes filled with slow horror—those childish blue eyes.

"I remember," she said faintly, "they tried to make me drink it. But I wouldn't! I wouldn't!!"

She drank that lot, however.

The *Saffira* was run as they run the Navy. It was impossible for Barney Chumm to visit either Gladys in her cabin or speak to her on deck.

The passengers had got up a crusade, its motto was, "Helping the little girl to forget." It seemed a religion with several of the men. The women were as bad.

Each one of them longed to have her confidence, the saga of her experiences and what she had escaped. They were adorable to her in their eagerness to be the chosen confidant.

To the gift of the white georgette frock she had added, from other quarters, a really charming cornflower-blue lace model, jumpers, skirts—a real cruise outfit. One of the men had bought her the prettiest bathing suit in the barber's shop, and she had won the three-foot doll in a raffle. She had also, by a miracle, won the daily tote for five consecutive days. This was not really so unusual because she had had every figure bought by someone over and over again.

At the deck races, too, in the afternoons she held whole handfuls of tickets for the various horses. By all of this she had made thirty-five pounds.

Barney heard this, with great satisfaction, recounted at the table. At least he would get his fifteen pounds initial outlay back.

BARNEY CHUMM did not know much about women. He knew a lot about women passengers, but that is a totally different point of view. Ships' stewards are concerned only with women's actions as passengers, and not with their reactions.

It was the reactions of Gladys Heron that bewildered him on this trip.

At Tangier someone bought her a marvellous silk dressing-gown. It must have cost at least ten pounds. Someone else bought her the loveliest silk pyjamas—a dozen pairs.

At Casablanca someone bought her a suit, a little diamond watch, a great many French shoes and a trunk and a hat-box.

At Madeira someone bought her a native costume for fancy dress.

The pencil (*Continued on page* 108)

Enter the "Unit"

A simplification for the house-owner which admits of greater variation than one would suppose

A SIDEBOARD composed of two standardised sections. The upper section is fitted with sliding glass doors

THE idea of unit houses and unit furnishing is a simple one and is the application to domestic life of what has long been accepted in the factory or the office. It is partly a matter of economy, because it is always easier to machine things which conform to a definite unit of size, and partly a matter of convenience, because it is easier to add, subtract or substitute when a unit is standard. Certain building units are, of course, standard already—a brick, for instance; and there are standard windows and doors. But the principle has never been carried far in the building trade, which is conservative by nature. It was assumed that human beings

THE living-room in a country bungalow designed by Serge Chermayeff. The entire house and the furniture are composed of standard unit "Plan" pieces, and can be expanded at will

ANOTHER view of the living-room showing the dining recess. The walls are of unvarnished wood, and the floor coverings and hangings are in neutral tones

exacted such different requirements of accommodation that each house or terrace was a problem *de novo*. But in point of fact Mr. A leads very much the same life as Mr. B, and the unit system is quite flexible enough to allow Mr. B to "enjoy" a larger family if he so requires. At the Building Centre in Berlin I saw a model of a unit house which had some hundred variations, and the visitor might decide in plan just what accommodation he required and, moreover, see just what each variation would cost. That is one of the great advantages of the unit system—exact and easy costing, eliminating that gap between estimate and bill which is the bane of house building as we know it. In Germany unit building has been thoroughly explored, and if we have failed to grasp its advantages in this country it is largely because we have not felt the pinch of poverty as the Germans have since the war, and also, perhaps, because of our native individualism. Indeed, I quite see the average Englishwoman resisting the

By Noel Carrington

House

ANOTHER sideboard, this time composed of four unit pieces made of well-finished unvarnished wood. These can be rearranged as desired

idea as being too mechanical and uninteresting: but what could be more beehive-like than our Undergrounds, our offices and our flats? Industrialism means repetition, and the more we demand of life in quantity, the more we must accept these conditions. The only example of a unit house yet seen in England (apart, of course, from "collapsible" bungalows) is that designed by Serge Chermayeff and exhibited at Dorland Hall in June. It ought to have done a good deal to convince people that this type of building will be both economical and pleasant to the eye.

AS a logical corollary of the unit house comes unit furniture. This idea has actually been introduced into England independently of the unit house, and there are several makes on the market to-day in which the idea is exploited. In most makes the construction is faulty and there is a distinct tendency to multiply instead of to reduce the basic units. Nevertheless the best of it has acquired considerable popularity and is distinctly better in appearance than much of the cheap "reproduction" furniture. Its construction is favoured by the invention of plywood and laminboard, which together are revolutionising modern furniture.

In the long run the whole business of making a home and running a home will be considerably simplified, and the cost of the former will be enormously reduced. It will not come about without a struggle; women will have to fight for it. If I am not mistaken, the architectural profession will by no means like the idea, because it spells the end of architecture as a matter of scholarship, style and expensive consultancy. It means architecture and building will have to become one trade again; but that is nothing to weep over, for they never should have been divorced. But that is a digression which would take us a long way from our subject. I will only suggest now that men and women who are going to build themselves homes in the next few years should examine the unit principle, especially if a growing family is not an unlikely (*Continued on page* 106)

THIS bedroom, furnished with three unit pieces, shows the variations which may be achieved with standardised parts

A New HOME

MODERNISING an out-of-date house may be simple or otherwise, according to the pocket. Here is an attic room which was modernised by the occupant. A simple modern background and the ingenious encasement of an unsightly fireplace with plywood contribute to the success of the undertaking

OUT-OF-DATE fireplaces are not always easy to disguise, but in the lounge pictured above the problem is solved by a surround of black tiles and the replacement of the old overmantel by a glass panel which reflects the simple beauty of a rejuvenated room. Illuminated plaques of moulded glass provide light by night and decoration by day in a scheme of black, silver and scarlet

SIMPLE, but effective and copyable is this small entrance hall in an old London house. The walls of glossy cream paint reflect a black and scarlet scheme in their mirror-like surface, and all extraneous fittings are removed. The carved balustrade is replaced by cream slats with an ebonised hand-rail, and modern lighting ensures the proper illumination of this once dark hall

FOR various reasons, either of choice or necessity, many people find themselves in occupation of the type of house which is neither new nor emphatically old, but which falls between into that awkward category just merely out-of-date. London teems with houses of the species—constructionally sound, but artistically nondescript—and the problem of bringing these places into line with the most modern conception of decoration and efficiency is one which leads to anxious speculation on the part of those who are without the means to seek the most expert advice.

On these pages we reproduce photographs of some successful experiments which have been carried out in houses of this familiar type, and though the changes wrought here are, in many cases, drastic to the point of costliness, they are of vital interest as a general guide to the approachment of this problem.

It can be plainly seen from these examples that the simplest expedients are the most effective in introducing the coveted air of modernism, and that much which appears at first to be ambitious beyond one's means could be adopted in general principle and simplified to suit modest resources.

Simple backgrounds are the first essential and can be achieved with paper, paint or distemper, and woodwork

EFFICIENCY and simplicity replace the former Victorianism of this man's bedroom, which has been entirely modernised. A background of pale yellow gives an immaculate setting to furniture of masculine design. A further note of modernism is introduced by encasing the panelled doors with plywood flush to the walls. Curtains and carpet are in shades of nigger and yellow

at the Old Address

Shows how *the* fading *of an* out-of-date *house* can *be* successfully *and*, sometimes, *simply* disguised

By Winifred Lewis

BASEMENTS are the bane of our older houses, though this lounge which was adapted in a London basement conceals its origin with commendable grace. The walls are a warm cream, the upholstery pale apricot, and the rug is black and cream. The old moulded cornice has been replaced by a simple cove and a short flight of steps flanked by a stepped balustrade boxed in with plywood. Modern lighting now makes this basement room as cheerful as any upper one

THIS is a very much modernised dining-room. A portion of the window shows the old panelled shutters replaced by a section of black fluted pillar. The window itself, which looks on to an unsightly area, is fitted with frosted glass with an etched design filled in with gold. The table and sideboard are in ebonised black piano finish, and fluted chromium is used for the table support

coloured to match. Miracles can be wrought upon the ponderous architecture of out-of-date rooms by the use of plywood for purposes of camouflage. This, moreover, is an inexpensive medium and can be successfully handled by the humblest craftsman with imagination.

In the attic sitting-room shown at the top of the opposite page the tenant has modernised the room entirely himself. A camouflage for the old fireplace is made from plywood in a modern shape and is a decorative asset to the room as well as a practical item of furniture and a setting for the electric fire which replaces the old grate now concealed.

Modern fabrics and colour combinations, as well as modern furniture, assist in wiping out the original character of an old house, but where it is found impracticable to refurnish, much can be done by introducing modern upholstery, rugs and curtains, by eliminating extraneous decoration and concentrating upon the sharply vivid colourings of the typically modern taste.

The White House—

ONCE Whistler's dining-room, the sitting-room retains the intimate atmosphere of pre-Raphaelite discussions. The walls and ceiling are painted a deep cream and the Victorian settee gives an air of comfort to this charming room, around whose walls low bookcases are arranged

THIS view of the drawing-room shows the immense pillars which divide it. On the polished floor lie priceless Samarkand and Persian rugs, and the curtains and wall coverings are of dark red silk brocade

NOTHING has been changed in the dining-room—once Whistler's studio—except the ceiling, when the present owner put in the panelling. The vast windows looking on to the spacious courtyard are framed in red silk brocade curtains. The lovely old walnut table is a seventeenth-century Italian piece

Right:

BLUE and deep mauve, an uncommon combination, are subtly blended in the bedroom. Dark blue brocade curtains form a background to the hand-painted seventeenth-century Italian bed and bureau at its foot. A heavy gold mirror hangs above the glass-topped dressing-table, which is draped with deep mauve tulle

Whistler's Old Chelsea Home

The haunt of Rossetti, Carlyle, Henry James and other eminent Victorians, now in the possession of Miss Anabel Douglas

TWO patches of grass and tubs of brilliant fuchsias and other old-fashioned flowers give colour to this paved garden, complete with pool, fountain and temple, which is surely one of the most delightful to be found in London

THE left-hand corner of the drawing-room shows the beauty of the elaborately carved antique Venetian fireplace, in front of which stand two Tudor andirons. A pair of hand-wrought Chinese pottery vases adorn the mantelpiece, above which hangs a painting of the Madonna and Child

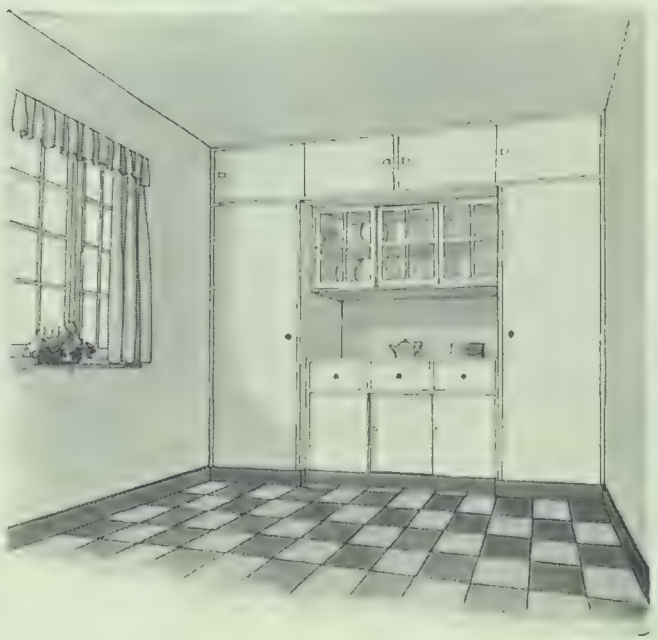
Right:
A MODERN note is introduced to this exquisite old house by the stairway and entrance hall, with its cream balustrade and central heating. The delicate tracery of the mirror balances the fine old grandfather clock which stands at the head of the stairs

Fresh Fields *and* Places New

WHY house-hunting should be looked upon as one of the milder forms of purgatory I could never see. Its very unexpectedness is a thrill, and it becomes the grim task it is sometimes made out to be only when the expeditioners set forth without a clear conception of what they want, where they want it, and how much they can afford to pay.

Like the shopper who vacillates between this and that and finally purchases in a panic of indecision that which is least approximate to her needs, some house-hunters begin their task in a frame of mind that embraces a vague leaning towards the country, an equally indecisive fancy for town, and a strong conviction that the whole business is tiresome and expensive, and that a "shut your eyes and set your teeth" policy is the most painless form of approach.

Whereas this person wanders aimlessly from district to district, the systematic house-searcher



If it is *your* turn to *move* house take *warning* from *these* pages —it *may* save *you some* trouble

By Winifred Lewis

(*Above*)

BE relentless in scrutinising kitchens and unless cupboard space is ample and intelligently planned, reject the house. The cupboard system illustrated sets a good standard and gives a hint of what a kitchen should be

(*Top*)

MUCH of the alleged discomfort of searching for a house is saved by a clear conception of one's requirements at the start. If your fancy is for the old-world, don't be diverted on the tour to inspect the frankly modern, and if you are wedded to the town resist plausible offers of property in the country. It saves a great deal

has threshed out the question of locality before she ever leaves home. It saves so much effort if you do this. If your leanings are towards the country, investigate the possibilities of country life before you advance a step. Be frank and, above all, be thorough. Dismiss from the mind pictures of yourself under the apple blossom in your own orchard and think of the times when the orchard is only negotiable in gum boots. Confess to yourself that a mile or two of scented country between you and the station *may* become a dozen miles of reeking melancholy on a winter afternoon. Ask yourself a lot of things like this, and if the gum boots still fall into the same soothing category as the apple blossom, start searching for a house in the country without a qualm.

BE thorough in your investigations about any locality which comes under consideration. A passing acquaintance with a place is no justification for living there. The best way is to put up there for a few days before finally deciding. A few days' residence in a new district brings to light all kinds of unexpected disadvantages as, indeed, it may reveal a host of charms. The expense is worth while when the comfort and happiness of the future are at stake.

Before you buy a house or even lease it, be reasonably assured that the vicinity of your property is safe from the rising tide of "development." A sprouting garage on the woodland site opposite or the unexpected demolition of the pleasant old houses around to make room for shops are as disconcerting to the house-owner as they are devaluating to his property.

Other things to avoid are these: Don't take a house that will be too small in a year or two, and beware of the house that is too big even if it is cheap. In the first case it is not economical to take a small house if you are obliged to move again in a year or two for reasons of expansion; and in the second, however cheap the big house may seem, you will regret it if your furniture won't fit into the spacious rooms and your income won't stretch to the maintenance of the tempting garden.

Choose a house for the practicability of its design from within rather than its sensational appearance from the street. Remember you live *inside*. Look for adequate cupboards and a well-balanced kitchen, and don't be led away by luxurious heating and lighting fittings unless you are assured that their maintenance is within your capacity.

Houses are to be found fitted with every modern electrical device for heating and cooking as well as labour-saving, but their attraction fades when the unfortunate tenant discovers—too late—that the cost of current renders their maintenance prohibitive.

Leases should be carefully investigated and contracts understood before decisions are made.

Finally, choose a house on the sunny side, and visualise your possessions installed there before you decide. If you remember all these things you *may* achieve the ideal home.

CHOOSE the well-balanced house, the house that is well lit and spacious, even though small, and refuse all but the house with a kitchen that is easy to work in, as this is. Scrutinise cooking and heating apparatus as much for the economy of their maintenance as for their general efficiency

AND if you fall in love with a house like this . . .

AND your furniture is like this . . . look for another!

Studies in Psychology:

The MIRAGE

A Challenge to All ye that Pass by...

Decorations by Eric Fraser

I SAW him first in the Chapel of the Ascension, on the Mount of Olives. I was alone. He was going round with a small party.

I noticed that when the guide accompanying him and his small group of tourists pointed to a rock, his face expressed cynicism, even contempt. That was why I noticed him.

"That mark is the footprint of Christ," said the guide.

One or two of the party sniggered. Some of them looked almost with awe. But he openly sneered.

I thought I did no more than just notice it. His opinion, more or less, was mine. I may have shown it.

I had come from Cairo, where, in one of the big mosques, a Christian guide had pointed out to me a piece of black rock on which a very large footprint could be seen.

"They say that is the footprint of Mahomet," he said. "Of course, we know that it is not. In Jerusalem there is the footprint of Christ. And we know that is genuine. But this is not."

This Christian guide was almost contemptuous when he saw Moslem women rubbing their children's faces against the Mahomet foot.

I had gone to Jerusalem on business. But being there, I went to see the sights. You do . . . Besides, you may never be there again.

That night, in the King David Hotel, the man came up to me.

"I saw you smiling to-day when I sneered," he said. "This place is a joke. I've been laughing for two days now."

Then he told me quite a lot about himself. He objected because there was no jazz band in the town . . . Jerusalem wanted a night club . . . There was nothing to do after dark . . . His name was Mitchell . . . He was on the board of several companies . . . He wanted a holiday and his mother had suggested Palestine . . .

"She's a bit religious," he said. "I didn't mind where I went. But I'm getting fed up with this place."

WE talked about Jerusalem for an hour. We had seen a good many of the same things, yes, and with the same eyes.

When you stand on the wall of the City of Jerusalem, and they point out three different Gardens of Gethsemane, each reverenced by a different Church, and when, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, you see three different religions quarrelling as to which has certain rights over the Tomb of Christ, you are apt to become cynical.

If you go as a member of an orthodox Church, people belonging to your own sect show you around, and you are guided aright in the strict way of Convention. But when you go, as I went, with the eyes of a man of the world, and you hear them all quarrelling, and you see them all selling you something, you get cynical.

Well, Mitchell suggested that I should join him next day. And so, in the morning, we went together out to Bethlehem.

It was hard to realise that, only a few years before, pilgrims had gone along that road guarded by Turkish soldiers to keep the robbers away, almost funny to remember that there were then few places for them to sleep.

Now, motor cars dash everywhere and there are motor omnibuses and it was all as safe as walking along the Strand.

I was to see a lot of Mitchell, and to hear a lot. All the way he talked to me of his businesses, and the dividends paid that year. He blamed the rates of exchange. He found fault with tariffs. Half the governments of the world were wrong. He did not trade with the countries run by the others.

"Why are you going to Bethlehem to-day?" I said. I thought he might be more profitably employed trying to sell something. It was a growing country. Indeed, it had had a surplus Budget that year. There was no unemployment.

You might laugh at the Jews. You did. But they seemed to be doing something.

"Surely there is something you can sell them?" I said, laughing.

"The truth is, I am on a holiday," he replied. "And why not Bethlehem? At least we have heard of it."

And he grinned.

Then I want to tell what happened in the words he used some days later.

On our way to Bethlehem we looked down on the Valley of the Shepherds. It was bathed in a golden glow of a wondrous evening.

It looked just as it might have looked on the day when, centuries ago, they told us, some shepherds looked up and saw a star.

I did not believe it. But millions of people did. And it was at least interesting to look down on a valley to which,

every Christmas Eve, the eyes of all Christendom turn, and to think of the hymn which I remembered singing at school, " While Shepherds Watch."

Any place associated with history or legend or romance is of interest. I take them as they come . . .

Then, as we turned a corner of the road, I noticed that he started. I may have started, too. I do not know. But we talked of it later.

He seemed silent for a time. Then he soon began talking business again, cursing politicians, finding fault with the obstinacy of working-men, blaming trade unions, discussing things, just as, all over the world, business men do most days, in clubs and restaurants, and when they meet on trains.

He laughed again in the Church of the Holy Nativity. In one part of it Catholics were holding a service. In another part there were the Greeks, or the Russians.

And downstairs, where the guide told us Christ was born, we laughed when we saw the silver star which marked the place. I had heard how two different churches had quarrelled about that star, how someone had stolen a silver nail and how, for weeks, two great Churches argued as to which had the right to buy a new one—and how, one morning, both went in disgusted to find that, overnight, the Sultan had sent a soldier to knock one in, to stop the quarrelling.

Two nuns were kneeling, as we looked on, counting beads. A Greek priest was going round with a long black beard, bowing, and kneeling every now and then.

We looked curiously and we went upstairs again.

There, outside, shopkeepers chased us. We were almost the only people there that day. And so our party of two was enticed inside by the keepers of all the shops that were open.

They sold Stars of Bethlehem made of mother-of-pearl. They sold inkstands made from stones found in the Dead Sea. They sold pictures of the Virgin.

" Things are very bad this year," said one. " All our prices are reduced. Now is the time to buy."

And then he brought out a book bound in olive-wood.

" You can have this for five shillings," he said. " It cost more than that. It is a red-lettered Testament."

" What's that ? " asked Mitchell.

" The words of Christ are all in red," said the man. He was a Jew.

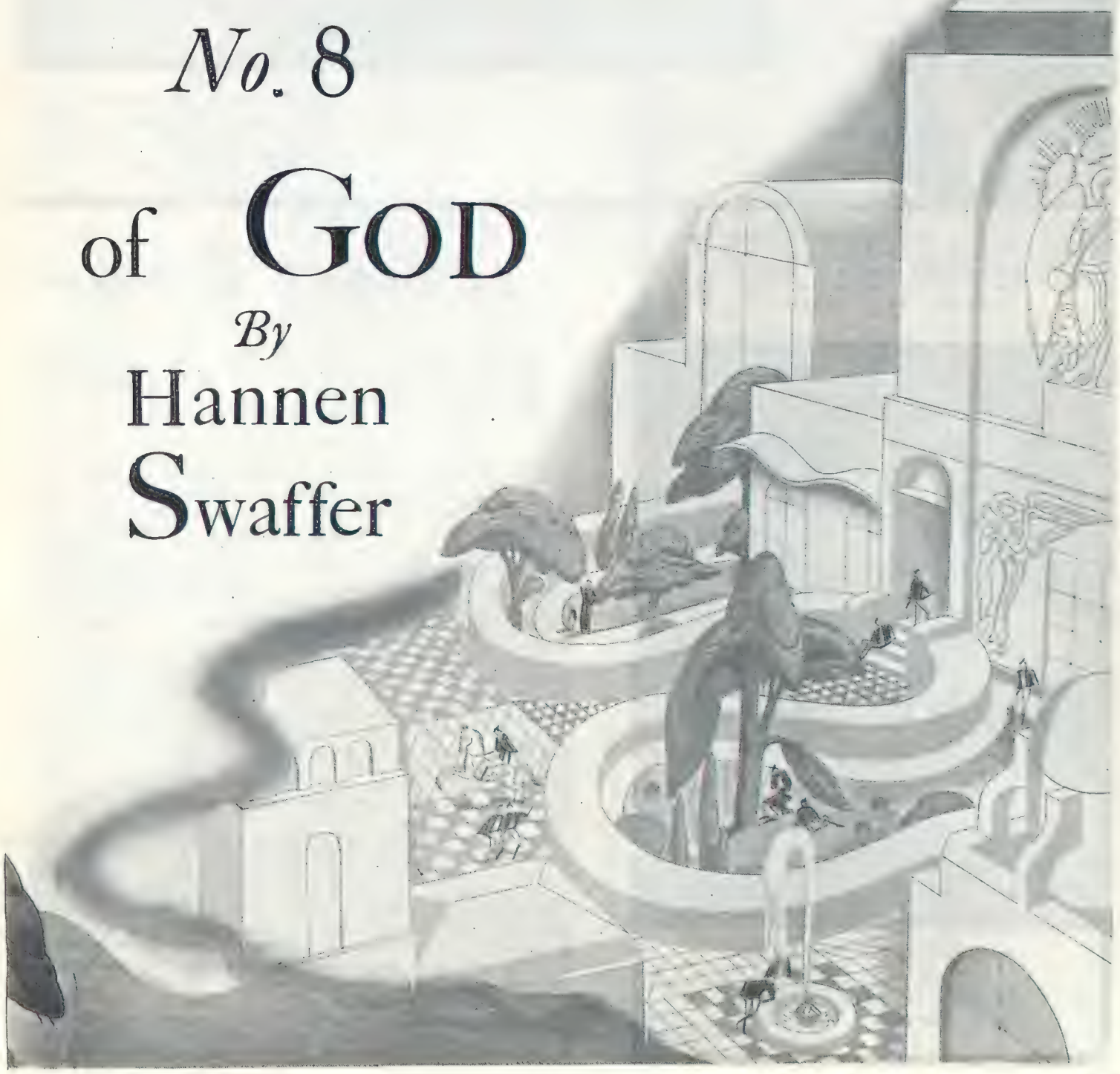
" It'll do to give away when we get home," said Mitchell.

And he bought one.

" I've never read the New Testament," he said. " It ought to be cheap at five shillings—especially if bought in Bethlehem ! "

I was looking up the narrow lane, just then. I wondered if he saw me start. And then I noticed that something strange came into his eyes. We did not speak, though.

He paid the few shillings that he (*Continued on page* 109)



No. 8 of GOD

By

Hannen Swaffer

Who *Is* Who . . .

DIANA WYNYARD, whom M-G-M describe as "one of the most sensational discoveries ever made in the history of films," certainly gave a faultless performance in "Cavalcade"

NORMA SHEARER, "chic and sophisticated star." Best known facts: she is married to Irving G. Thalberg and has a son; she was once fat but now weighs only 115 lb. Next picture: "La Tendresse"

KAY FRANCIS, the epitome of elegance and allure, practising on Ronald Colman. Off the screen "she likes to watch six-day bicycle races. She hates diamonds. She has frogs for pets"

By Sydney Tremayne

TO the initiate there is no mystery about the identity of the vociferant shadows on the screen. They do not have to concentrate hurriedly upon the preliminary list of names in order to recognise the fair, heavy-lidded woman, of sinuous movement and slow, insinuating, low-pitched voice as Dietrich the "charming, alarming blonde woman," so subtly feminine on the screen, so blatantly be-trousered off it; who *must* be directed by von Sternberg. They could never mistake any of her understudies for the enigmatic Garbo with her long, lank locks and prodigious eye-lashes, her angularities of form and manner and her harsh, vibrant, passionate and dominating voice. Joan Crawford's huge eyes, intensity, rouge-deformed mouth and shiny make-up are as familiar to film fans as Kay Francis's dark and *soigné* elegance. They know not only the physical attributes of their favourites but also their labels. They even remember that Thelma Bara was once the vamp of vamps and Mary Pickford the world's sweetheart.

Equally they could never mistake the "husky" Gable for romantic Colman, Gary Cooper who came from "the great open spaces" for Robert Montgomery, most debonair and conceited of film heroes; George Arliss, the most polished and incorruptible of actors, is in a class alone; James Cagney, George Raft, Wallace Beery and the Barrymores, they would never confuse. They even know the younger generation, Jean Harlow, "the original platinum blonde," Carol Lombard, so painstakingly "groomed for stardom," Loretta Young, an excellent opposite number in more than one picture to the younger Fairbanks.

But, to those who are not *habitués* of the cinema, there appears an extraordinary sameness in these slender blondes, tightly encased in clinging gowns, equally be-curled, their slanting, painted eyebrows sharing a geometrical precision, successively clasped and unclasped by manly arms. So fair and (in most modern pictures) so frail, they come and go upon the screen, the Myrna Loys, the Bennetts, the Helen Visons, Bette Davieses, Joan Blondells, without making much individual impression except on serious students of the cinema.

PERSONALITY is a curious attribute, impossible to analyse, on the screen it means only one thing: "Once seen never forgotten." Among the men known to the greater public I would put

Personalities *about* Personalities: Labels *and* Fables *to* Identify *our* Film Favourites

ELIZABETH ALLAN, another young English actress imported by Hollywood and labelled "di-covery." She plays the part of the daughter in the film version of "Service" and has the lead in "Berkeley Square"

GEORGE ARLISS, "the autocrat of the studios" and the screen's most finished character actor. Always stops work at 4 p.m. and will not have women in pyjamas on the set with him. Is giving up "King-hip" to play in "The Working Man"

Chaplin, Chevalier and Arliss first and I suppose the Barrymores, with Wallace Beery, Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney and Karloff as runners up, while the first names that would occur to feminine members of the audience would be Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, with the still romantic Ramon Novarro following on.

Perhaps details, labelled in some cases " curious facts," about the film stars and potential stars, of which a plethora is forthcoming from Hollywood, will help to identify and fix these strangely real and yet unreal people in the public mind.

You know how exquisitely dressed and poised and exotic is Kay Francis, since you must have seen her under Lubitsch's direction with our own Herbert Marshall in " Trouble in Paradise," in " Cynara " with Ronald Colman, and charming even with lesser opportunity in " The Keyhole." You have noticed for yourself that the tip of her charming nose moves when she speaks, but you will surely be surprised and edified to know that she likes to watch six-day bicycle races, hates diamonds and keeps frogs as pets.

William Powell, so often a suave villain on the screen, is a good shot with a sling-shot (American for catapult). He gained this proficiency by " popping rodents " when he shared a rat-infested room with an artist friend.

Barbara Stanwyk's childhood was spent on bare boards and *en revanche* her favourite room nowadays has a red carpet two inches thick. There is a good deal more information to hand about this promising young actress. " She is the least misunderstood woman in Hollywood." She is indifferent to public praise or criticism. She hates Hollywood and says so. She was the first of the Hollywood colony to ride a bicycle ; she hates pose and affectation and mysteriousness ; she likes fried onions better than caviare. Her next picture is called " Baby Face."

And about James Cagney, whom we know as a quick-moving, quick-speaking " tough guy " upon the screen : he suffers from neuritis in his right arm—the one he punches with—and the close of a picture upsets his digestion. A famous Russian graphologist has discovered from his handwriting that he is fundamentally gentle, affectionate and ambitious. You may not believe it when you see him in " The Picture Snatcher," but that only shows his versatility.

Warren Williams, who confirms a growing popularity in " Three On a Match," likes to wear checked caps, but is not allowed to in a picture. He was asked what sort of women most men admire and his answers proved a catholic taste but, summed up, amounted to : " The one type of woman every living man will fall for is the woman who is satisfied with him."

Much more complicated was the correlated opinion of the hundred Hollywood chorus girls from " Gold Diggers 1933 " on what constituted the perfect man, amongst other things :

He must have brown, wavy hair and blue eyes.
He must have money or prospects of money.
He must dress well and dance well.
He must not gamble or pay attention to other women.
He must not put cigarette butts in coffee cups.

All this seems to add to the difficulties of producers in choosing stars, but they still go on painstakingly telling us touching details about the men, few of them coming up to the chorus girls' standard, who are quite successfully making pictures.

How much it actually contributes to their success for the public to know that the nose of Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson's wife, who danced so attractively in " 42nd Street," freckles when she plays golf, or that Rod Larocque and Vilma Banky are (at the moment) Hollywood's happiest married couple, is doubtful, but perhaps it helps to make these personalities more like *people*.

Figures are as important as facts, and an inevitable item of information about the film stars (*Continued on page* 88)

BOOKS

Up *the* Stream *of* Life: Memories *and* Memories of Memories

By Arnold Palmer

Left: LORD RIDDELL. His war diary is an illuminating, candid and shrewd record of the four critical years in modern history

STELLA BENSON, whose latest work, "Pull Devil, Pull Baker," is an absorbing and immensely rich book, which should not be overlooked

Foreign Novels

"Little Friend": *by Ernst Lothar*
(Secker, 7s. 6d.)

"Changed Men": *by Paul Alverdes*
(Secker, 5s.)

THE first of these novels is a translation from the Austrian, and it tells a simple story of a domestic crisis seen through the eyes of a nervous child of eleven. She is an only child, and her father and mother are drifting apart, and she is acutely aware and resentful of the change that is taking place. "The figure of the young girl," says the cover, "is drawn with tenderness devoid of any sentimentality." It is certainly drawn with extraordinary sympathy. But is it possible to write of children without occasional sentimentality? Perhaps Lewis Carroll managed it; but most of the other writers who have been conscious of the danger have merely lapsed into brutality. And is it always possible to follow the line which divides tenderness from sentimentality? These questions have a habit of overshadowing books like *Little Friend*; they trouble the reader without doing anything to help him. Whatever the answer, Herr Lothar has written an unusual and rather beautiful novel.

Herr Alverdes is the author of one of the best and most sensitive of all war books, *The Whistlers' Room*. His new volume contains eight stories, most of them based on experience of war. Alverdes, in spite of the gentleness and reticence of his methods, seems to need time for his best effects. His novel was better than any of these stories, and the first and longest of these stories is better than the other seven. But at all times he is a writer to be praised, the most balanced, surely, and the most patient of all the authors who have tried to press war between the leaves of a book. The stories have been excellently translated by Basil Creighton; but the dust-cover, though strikingly designed, is not evocative of the spirit of Alverdes.

PAUL ALVERDES

DURING the final quarter of the last century, in a central district of London, some mean and congested streets were demolished and replaced by larger buildings and wider thoroughfares. Such a transformation is common enough at all times and in all districts. But I have always taken a personal interest in this particular change because I remember the rabble of old houses, and when walking in the company of my juniors through that part of the town I have frequently described its former appearance. Imagine, then, my surprise at discovering, only the other day, that the old streets had been cleared away and the new streets completed before I was born. In my infancy, I suppose, I must have seen and been impressed by a picture of the earlier slum. But explanations do not interest me as much as the fact that, for years, I have been an elaborate, if unconscious, liar.

What is a memory? Can old stories, old pictures, the recollections of other people, ever become part of our memories? Will it be allowed that I "remember" a murder of which I have noticed a headline in this morning's paper, while a claim to "remember" the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, of which I have many times read with close attention, is derisively disallowed? No doubt the answer to these questions depends upon the meaning attached to words of the "memory" family. But I don't feel confident about giving any answer. Fresh from my own disturbing experience of the rebuilding of London, I have been reading an autobiography, none of which is quite false, none of which is quite true. "Truth and falsehood," as the phrase runs, "are inextricably interwoven." Yes, but that isn't all, that isn't enough. The difficult thing, the thing that gives us a wobbly feeling in the stomach, is that truth and falsehood can, with the assistance of Faith and Time, be made one.

IN a Hongkong hospital Miss Stella Benson found a penniless old man, seventy-seven years of age—Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, Knight of Malta, ex-Tsar of Bulgaria. "'Lend me some money, madame, please, to buy some fruit for my sick stomach. I have not a cent.' He turned the pocket of the tartan infirmary dressing-gown inside out to show that he had not a cent—and from it two dollars fifty fell loudly to the floor. 'Not a cent,' repeated the Count firmly, picking up the money and replacing it in his pocket." The Count, with his moneys, his lovings, his *sweethearts*, his *hyg romance*, and his undimmed zest, is a man who must not be missed. What luck for Miss Benson to have found him! What luck for the world that he was found, and that Miss Benson was the one to find him! The strong contrasts and the even stronger sympathies between the two result in an absorbing, an immensely rich book. It is called *Pull Devil, Pull Baker*, which means that Miss Benson likes to pretend that she and her old gentleman are not allies, but opponents; and it is published by Macmillan at 7s. 6d. Don't overlook it. You might think that it takes two to collaborate. Miss Benson shows that one can do it—when she is good enough.

It is a long way from the flamboyant Count to Mr. Archibald

London—Cockney and Cultured

"London's Buses": *by Vernon Sommerfield*
(St. Catherine Press, 2s.)

"London Scene": *by H. J. Massingham*
(Cobden Sanderson, 10s. 6d.)

MR. SOMMERFIELD'S little book of one hundred pages and half a hundred illustrations has been compiled "under official auspices," which means, presumably, that it is a morsel of propaganda issued by the L.G.O.C., or, to speak more brutally, nothing but a disguised advertisement. But there are writers—journalists, for instance—who are at their best when engaged on a definite task, based on definite facts, limited to a certain size, and shaped to a concrete purpose. Mr. Sommerfield seems to be one of these writers. His short history of the London bus is a fascinating book. Every Londoner should read it, not only for the instruction it contains, but for the enjoyment it gives. The bus, which is of Parisian origin, has become London's especial property. No other great city of the world makes anything like the same use of it, as you will discover if you try to persuade a middle-class foreigner to accompany you on a bus. His wish to preserve his faith in you, and his conviction that you are asking him to do something that isn't done, will fight an open battle on his face. But never mind about foreigners. Read Mr. Sommerfield's book, and learn all over again what fun it is to be a Londoner.

In contrast, Mr. Massingham's volume is far larger in bulk and more subjective in treatment. It deals not with facts, but with feelings; it records all the thoughts and sensations which London has produced in Mr. Massingham. The superiority of the author's tone, the self-consciousness of his style, make a middlebrow reader wonder, from time to time, whether it is sufficient to regard London as a source of inspiration to Mr. Massingham, whether this rather famous city may not have a right to an existence and purpose of its own unvisualised as yet by Mr. Massingham. But readers are of all kinds, and those who like their Art with a big A will find here Literature with the largest L yet forged.

Marshall, who likes, above all things, to speak the truth truthfully; but the two men have this in common, they both know how to tell a story. *Out and About* (Murray, 10s. 6d.) is called a volume of Random Reminiscences, but the sub-title hardly does justice to the orderly nature of Mr. Marshall's mind. The most interesting pages of a satisfying, reliable book are those dealing with the author's association with Lord Northcliffe. In Mr. Marshall's quiet hands, Northcliffe is shown as a reasonable and recognisable man, instead of the fantastic creature, half Napoleon, half Louis XIV, of more sensational chronicles. Mr. Marshall is also good on Conrad, another man over whom diarists are apt to come to grief.

Lord Riddell's War Diary (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.) really is a diary. It has all the faults of one—that is to say, many of the views expressed in it do not

(*Continued on page* 86)

Top: Miss W. M. LETTS, who records in "Knockmaroon" her recollections of the people and places she has loved most

Below: EDWARD SEAGO, with Spring, the hero of "Circus Company"

English Novels

"Pilgrim Cottage": *by Cecil Roberts*
(Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

"Crime de Luxe": *by Elizabeth Gill*
(Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

BOTH these English novels are highly cosmopolitan in setting, and no doubt there is a moral to be drawn from that, if only one could find it. Mr. Roberts tells of Americans in England, of English people in Venice and in Moscow . . . but Mr. Roberts has always been a traveller. Not the least of the pleasures given by his books is the sensation of an unusually exciting holiday abroad, a feeling of adventurousness and courage which is very flattering to a city dweller. In a charming story of youth and high resolve, the most striking chapters are those in which the heroine goes to Russia to bring back a famous dancer and her troupe of children. The descriptions of the Bolshevist capital have an authentic ring; they are convincing because the author is essentially a fair-minded man, one of the few novelists who have held on to the truth that even Bolshevists are human beings, neither devils nor angels. He brings them into focus—an effort that hardly anyone else has as much as attempted.

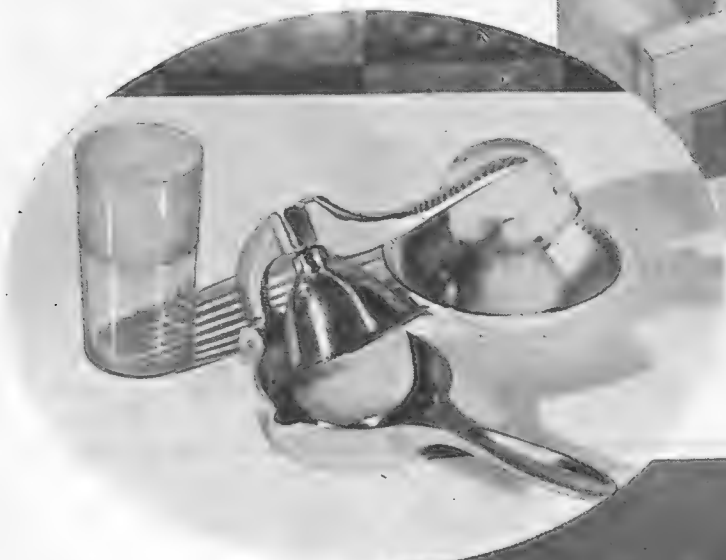
LIKE an answer to prayer, or at least to complaints recently made on this page, comes the dust-cover to *Crime de Luxe*. It is designed by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, and would sell a far less entertaining tale than Mrs. Gill's. Each new book by this author shows an advance in firmness and finish, and her latest novel is an admirable example of a well-written thriller. The scene is laid aboard a floating palace, and all the characters—all the nice ones, anyhow—know what to eat and drink and wear and how to behave, and soothe us with an atmosphere of luxury and good breeding. The only time our sense of fitness is shocked is when the author, at the very last moment, wrenches the charming heroine from the attractive hero, and bestows her on another, and far less worthy, suitor. We are consoled by the reflection that Mrs. Gill, in condemning that nice young man to celibacy and liberty, has an eye on her next novel.

CECIL ROBERTS

Madam, *do you* know

these useful gadgets?

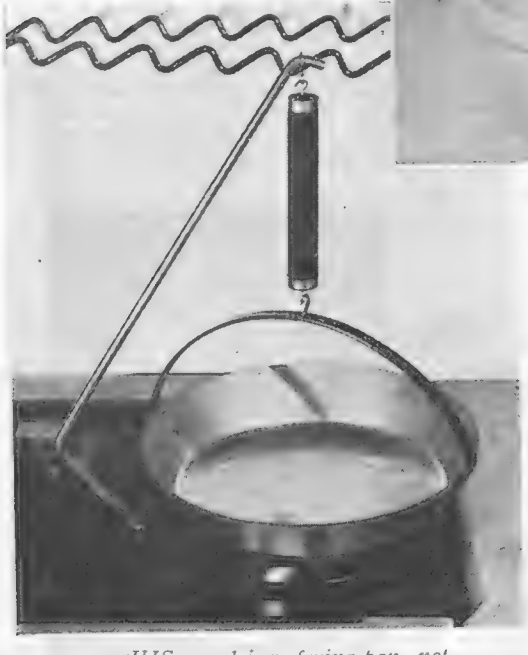
THE wedge in the slot pushes the carrot or other vegetable firmly against the knife and the backwards-and-forwards movement automatically makes the slices which fall through of an even size. Price 5/6



AS much juice can be extracted by this squeezer as by any on the market. It is quite as efficient as the most elaborate and expensive kind and costs only 7/6

THE unpleasant skin which forms on hot milk can be avoided by this simple device. A metal lid which forms a floating disc will prevent a film forming, at the same time keeping the milk hot. Price 1/-

MINT and parsley can be chopped in half the time if this double cutter is used. When pushed to and fro both sets of sharpened knife-wheels revolve simultaneously and one's work is considerably lightened. Price 1/-



THIS revolving frying-pan not only prevents the food from burning but ensures even cooking as well. A few twists and a spring starts the revolutions and keeps the pan moving. Price 1/-

HERE is a new automatic roaster that saves both gas and labour. It bastes and browns meat and is so constructed that the contents cannot possibly burn yet can be cooked without any supervision. The roasters may be obtained from 14/6

For information as to where the articles described on this page may be obtained, write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Please enclose a stamped envelope.

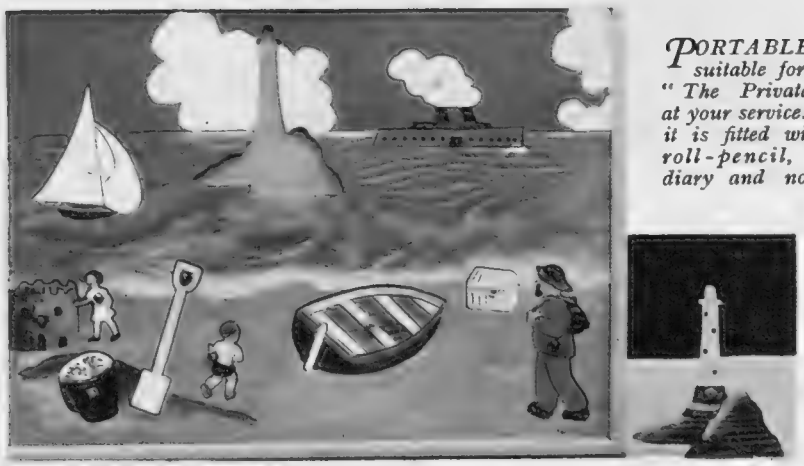
What I have Bought this month

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply

IF you are going bare-legged this new make-up of Elizabeth Arden's is essential. It disguises every blemish and leaves the legs looking well-cared-for and absolutely smooth. In three shades: light, dark, and evening. Price 6/6

TEA in the garden, or a bedside breakfast is simplified by the "Servex" tray, instantly convertible into a table. In leaf-green and other colours with hand-painted flower-sprays, Price 25/6

PORTABLE yet singularly suitable for the writing-room, "The Private Secretary" lies at your service. In glazed chintz, it is fitted with fountain-pen, roll-pencil, blotting-paper, diary and note-book, at 22/3



HERE is a lovely picture-tray for the nursery. All the objects are cut round and can be lifted out and put back into their places. An excellent diversion and test of intelligence for those of nursery age. Price 6/9

EATING becomes an adventure for the children with Ten Little Golliwogs china. The porridge or fruit-dish costs 1/9, the mug 1/8, and the egg-cup 11d.; bread-plate may also be bought at 2/9

TRAVELLING CLOTHES for

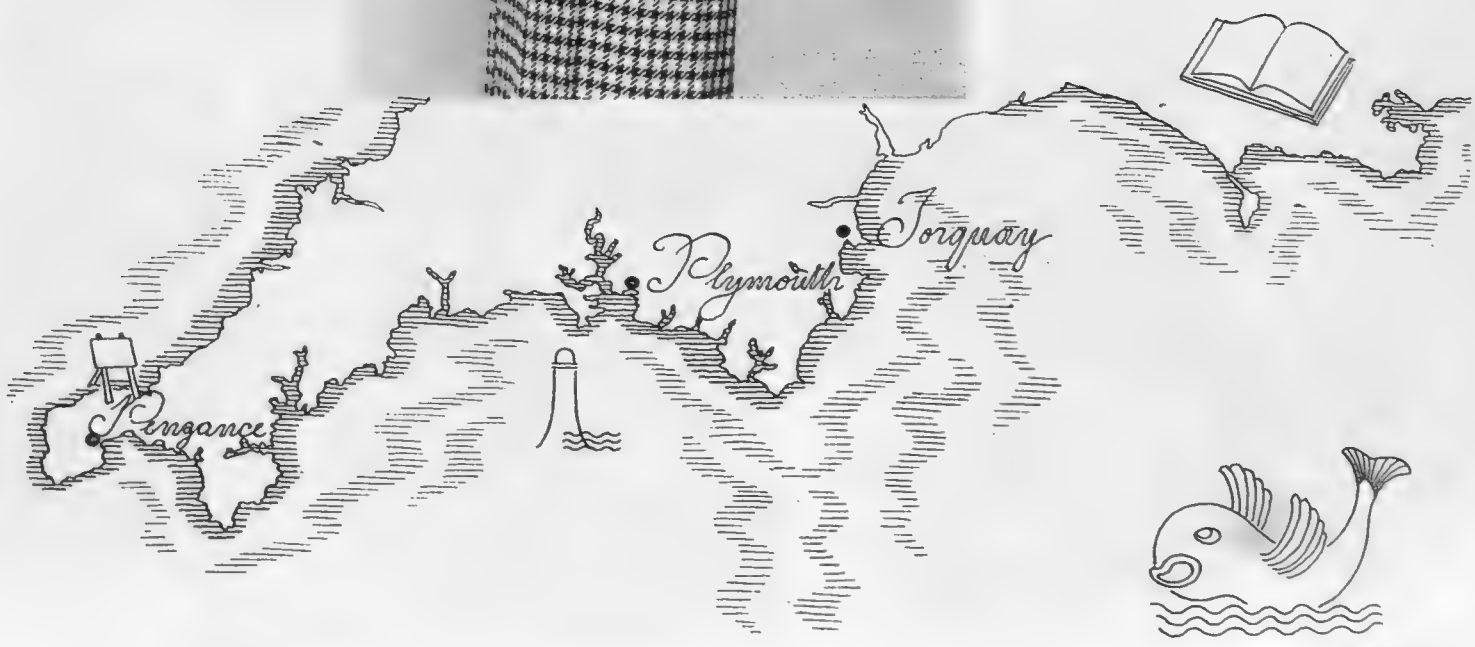
(Right) A well-tailored coat and skirt of a light-weight navy blue woollen material makes a classic costume with which a blue and white check gingham blouse and white gloves and hat look well. Costume from Kenneth Durward. Posed by Miss Doris Whiteman

(Below) An extremely useful three-quarter length coat which can be slipped over almost any dress is made of blue and white check tweed and has raglan sleeves. It can also be obtained in other colours. Kenneth Durward. Photographs on these two pages by Cannons of Hollywood

the SUMMER HOLIDAY-MAKER

(Top right) A new material romantically termed Bermudian doeskin makes this white coat which has a wide belt and buttoned pockets. This material, which is washable, is exclusive to Leathercraft of Berkeley Street. Posed by Miss Mona Simpson

(Right) Zaramac coats are guaranteed to have impeccable cut as well as being absolutely impervious to all weathers. This black and white check model may be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove. Hat from Scotts. Posed by Miss Gladys Sammut



SOME ORIGINAL DESIGNS which FORESHADOW

THE dress sketched below is made of uncrushable linen trimmed with blue and white striped zephyr, but would look equally well carried out in a navy blue woollen material, with white muslin collar, cuffs and bow

AN early autumn coat and skirt is carried out in navy blue in a new light-weight woollen material into which angora is woven. The narrow fur collar is separate and edged with a pleated frill

THE patterned crêpe romain evening gown on the right has a well-cut skirt which flares widely at the bottom and narrow shoulder-straps finished by a bow and long sun-ray pleated ends

THE centre figure on this page is wearing a coat and skirt of natural colour crash and a blouse of plaid gingham. This costume could also be made successfully in plain and a novelty plaid woollen material

the FASHIONS of the COMING SEASON

A CHARMING afternoon gown of black georgette for the older woman has becoming full sleeves gathered on to a low yoke. The cowl collar is of white georgette, and so is the twisted belt

WHITE and black satin, or pale grey and deep prune, nasturtium yellow and red—any of these would make an attractive combination for this graceful evening gown and three-quarter length coat, with its short, wide sleeves

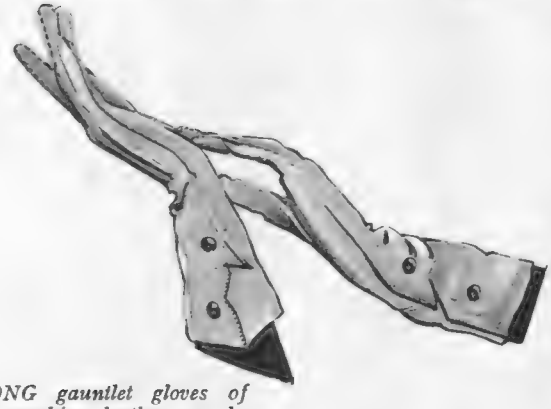
AN informal evening gown for a young girl has a high waistline and no belt. It is made of check organza, and has an amusing shoulder line achieved by pleated frills wound round in circles over short puff sleeves

FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

THIS charming little white piqué coat can be worn over almost any type of dress from a checked gingham to an organdie evening gown. It costs two guineas from Richard Sands

AN attractive set which would do much to enliven any plain white summer dress consists of a scarf, bag and belt of blue and white spotted foulard. It costs £2 5 0 from Harvey Nichols

HARRY HALL are well-known for their riding kit, and their boots are impeccably made of the finest and most supple leather. They can be made to measure from 5 guineas



LONG gauntlet gloves of washing leather can be obtained in several good shades and are trimmed with two metal buttons. Price 5/11 from Marshall and Snelgrove

HALTER belts are extremely smart and look equally well with one's beach trousers or tennis dresses. They can be obtained in a wide variety of colours from Marshall and Snelgrove for 2/11

THIS is one of the prettiest sandals of the year. It is made of striped canvas ribbon in red, green, or blue and white, with a high heel, and costs only 16/9 at Marshall and Snelgrove

A SMART tweed coat and breeches may be obtained from Harry Hall for 6½ guineas complete, or a conventional astride costume for hunting for 9 guineas

PEARLS

The Choice of the Stars of Two Continents

MISS KAY FRANCIS, the Warner Brothers star, is one of the smartest women in Hollywood, and her choice of clothes is of great interest to her women admirers. Here she is seen wearing a superb rope of Ciro pearls with a white satin gown

LARGE bracelets of diamonds or diamonds and sapphires are always fashionable, but they must be of impeccable design. Ciro's have a large selection, as they also have of every conceivable type of ring, clip and novelty

ABOVE: a pretty blonde who recently featured with Tom Keene, Betty Furness, has chosen a short necklace of Ciro pearls as an accompaniment to her simple afternoon gown. Below: some personalities are best suited by a carefully chosen double row of pearls, which undoubtedly bestow added charm on the wearers

A Knitted Pinafore Frock

With a separate waist-length Jumper designed for a child of 5—6 years

Both the Back and the Front of the Frock are worked alike

Materials

6 oz. Bairn's-wear Lamb's Wool, 4 ply, Cinnamon; 4 oz. Bairn's-wear Lamb's Wool, 4 ply, White. One pair each Nos. 9 and 10 knitting needles. A narrow white belt.

Tension

6½ stitches to the inch.

Measurements

Frock: length, 22 inches. Jumper: width at under-arm, 24 inches; length, 12 inches; Sleeve seam: 4 inches.

Frock. Back and Front, worked alike.

With No. 9 needles, cast on 168 sts. Knit into the backs of the stitches, then work 1 row of k.1, p.1 alternately. The pattern, consisting of the following 2 rows, is worked throughout.

1st row.—K.1, p.1 alternately to end.

2nd row.—Purl.

In the 9th and every subsequent 8th row, knit together the first and last 2 stitches, and continue decreasing thus until there are 148 sts. Work 8 more rows, ending with a k.1, p.1 row, and in the next row decrease to 88 sts. as follows: P. 2 together, 30 times, p. 28, p. 2 together, 30 times. Continue with No. 10 needles and work in ribbing of k.1, p.1 for 1½ inches. Change to No. 9 needles, and work pattern as before for 2 inches. Shape for shoulder straps as follows:

1st row.—Cast off 8 (k.1, p.1) 14 times. Cast off 16 (k.1, p.1) 18 times.

2nd row.—Cast off 8, P. to end.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog. k. in pattern to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog.

4th row.—P. 2 tog. p. to last 2 sts. p. 2 tog.

Repeat last 2 rows until 20 sts. remain, then purl together the first and last 2 sts., in the purl row only, until 16 sts. remain. Continue in pattern as before, without further shaping, until 6 inches have been done from last decrease. Cast off. Work other shoulder strap to match.

Jumper

With white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work in ribbing of k.1, p.1 for 2 inches, increasing 1 st. in last row. Change to No. 9 needles, and work pattern as follows:

1st row.—K.1, * k.3, p.1, repeat from * to last 4 sts. k. 4.

2nd row.—* k.1, p.3, repeat from * to last st., k.1. Repeat these 2 rows once.

5th row.—k.1, * slip 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., p.1, repeat from * to last 4 sts., slip 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., k. 1.

6th row.—k.1, * (p.1, k.1, p.1) into the next st., k.1, repeat from * to end of row.

7th and *8th rows*, as *1st* and *2nd rows.*

These 8 rows form pattern which is repeated throughout. When 7 inches have been done from lower edge, keeping in pattern, cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and in the next and every alternate row, until 65 sts. remain, knit together the first and last 2 sts.

Continue without further decreasing until back measures 11½ inches. Shape for shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining stitches.

Front

Work exactly as for back to the end of the armhole shaping. Here the work is divided for the neck-opening. K. in pattern 32, cast off 1 (leave on a stitch-holder), k. in pattern 32. Work on these stitches until neck opening measures 2 inches, then shape for neck by knitting 2 tog. at the neck edge in every row, until 25 sts. remain, then shape for shoulders by casting off 5 sts. from the armhole edge in every alternate row, at the same time, continuing the decreasing at the neck edge, until all the stitches are cast off. Return to the other shoulder and work to match.

Sleeves

With No. 10 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work in ribbing of k.1, p.1 for 1 inch. In the next row, increase to 72 sts. by knitting twice into every alternate stitch. Change to No. 9 needles and increasing 1 st. in the first row, work in pattern as for body part, until sleeve measures 4 inches.

Shape for top by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and then knitting together the first and last 2 sts. of every row, until 31 remain. Cast off.

Collar

Cast on 56 sts. and work in ribbing of k.1, p.1, casting on 1 st. at the beginning of each row, until there are 72 sts. Cast off.

To Make Up

Press all pieces with damp cloth and hot iron. Sew up side and shoulder seams of both frock and jumper. Sew in sleeves, and sew on collar, the narrow edge to the edge of the jumper. With pink wool, make a length of chain, thread it through the holes made by the pattern, at the neck opening, knot the ends, and finish with a tassel or large bead.

Clothes *for* term *time* *and the* Holidays for *the* Girl *in* her *'teens*

Above, left: A SMART tweed top-coat is double-breasted, has four buttons, a belt and two patch pockets. From Marshall & Snelgrove

Above: THIS useful three-piece costume is carried out in a lightweight beige tweed. Marshall & Snelgrove

THE small sister who is below the school age is lightheartedly wearing a flowered cambric frock from Harvey Nichols

BLACK velveteen is a practical and popular choice for an afternoon or informal dinner frock for the school girl of almost any age. This one has a white collar. From Marshall & Snelgrove

THE check gingham frock may be obtained in several colours and has a white piqué collar and cuffs. Marshall & Snelgrove

A MORE elaborate afternoon dress is carried out in a pretty flowered georgette trimmed with pleated frills and could be worn for tea parties at home or gala occasions at school. Harvey Nichols

A TENNIS dress of white silk is essential; this well-cut one is trimmed with self-coloured stitching and comes from Marshalls

Our PAPER PATTERN Service

HOW TO BUY: The patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern

No. 375. Plain linen or gingham allied to patterned would look very smart for this little frock and matching coat. The pattern requires 1¼ yards of plain 36" material and 2¾ yards of patterned 36" material. Ages 4-6. Price 1/-

No. 376. This charming dress of flowered cotton material has a plain coat to accompany it. The dress is held up by buttoned shoulder straps and requires 2¾ yards of 36" material. The coat requires ¾ yard of plain material. Ages 2-4. Price 1/-

No. 377. For the young school-going miss, this smart serge coat would be excellent. It is cut with raglan sleeves, a high square yoke and close-fitting turn-over collar. It requires 1¼ yards of 50" material. Ages 4-6. Price 1/-

No. 378. A smart version of the conventional pinafore dress would look well carried out in navy serge and blue linen. The skirt requires 1¼ yards of 50" material, and the blouse 1 yard of 36" material. Ages 4-6. Price 1/-

for the HOME DRESSMAKER

38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

No. 379. A white linen tunic which buttons on the shoulder, and is simplicity itself to wash, looks extremely smart when worn over scarlet shorts. The tunic requires 1¼ yards of 36" material, and the shorts ¾ yard. Ages 2-4. Price 1/-

No. 380. This dress of blue shantung, which takes off like a coat, can be made into quite a dressy affair by a collar of blue spot muslin. 1¾ yards of 36" material is required for the dress, and ¼ yards for the collar. Ages 4-6 years. Price 1/-

No. 381. Here is a smart three-piece suit. The navy blue drill trousers require 1 yard of 36" material, the white linen coat, 1½ yards of 36" material, and the shirt 1⅓ yards of 36" material. Ages 4-6 years. Price 1/6 the set

No. 382. A dashing little cape of checked wool would look equally well on Mary as on John and is just what is needed for chilly evenings. It buttons on one side and requires 1⅜ yards of 50" material. Ages 4-6 years. Price 1/-

Beauty *in the* Making

Loveliness must be cultivated that it may flower to perfection

By "Chrysis"

NATURAL beauty is the admiration of all eyes, but natural beauty does not mean neglected beauty: a lovely complexion needs as much wise and discriminating attention as a garden from which exquisite blossoms are desired. The petals of a rose or a gardenia are not less *natural* than those of a convolvulus. The first principle of beauty-culture today is the actual creation and then the preservation of dermatological perfection. Amateurs of beauty should and could have professional knowledge of the idiosyncrasies and requirements of the skin, and in this art, as in all others, individualism is a practical ideal.

When we speak of a "normal skin" we mean a skin that is potentially perfect; that is not afflicted with undue greasiness, obstructed or enlarged pores, and is not dry, sensitive or easily irritated. The implication is that it is normal to have a good complexion and that all imperfections are abnormalities. The fortunate possessors of a healthy, active complexion are relieved of many anxieties, but it behoves them to conserve and protect the precious gift of beauty, and I propose to outline a practical and scientific system of beauty culture, with differentiation between the procedure for various types of skin.

One thing is essential for all complexions —and that is thorough cleansing. The ideal cleansing agent is one that will not only penetrate the pores as deeply as possible, dissolving and removing all impurities, whether they come from within or without, but is at the same time emollient and soothing and will feed the tissues and cells and stimulate them to natural activity, thereby improving not only the colouring and texture of the skin, but increasing its elasticity, which is the concomitant of youthfulness.

These properties are possessed in marked degree by Innoxa Complexion Milk, which, together with other essentials of beauty culture, have as a basic element a certain preparation discovered by the brilliant and famous Dr. François Debat, head of the Dermatological Laboratories of the Hospital of St. Antoine, Paris, Dr. Debat is a disciple of the great Pasteur. His discoveries in connection with skin treatments have long been known to and prescribed by doctors all over the world.

Whatever the type of skin, beauty-culture should begin and end with cleansing and the application of the complexion milk on a pad of cotton-wool, either after or independently of washing, night and morning, will be beneficial to all.

If the skin is greasy it is advisable to wash in hot water before using the milk, and to wipe away the residue of the complexion milk with a pad of cotton-wool moistened with astringent lotion. It is then necessary to use a non-greasy cream or foundation lotion in the day time. Another preparation of great value in the treatment of oily skins, or for use when climatic conditions or athletic activities demand an antidote to shininess, is the Innoxa Complexion Vitalizer, which can justifiably claim to be one of the outstanding triumphs of dermatological research. Its use twice a week has a wonderfully revivifying effect on the complexion. Its daily use is an efficacious corrective of greasiness. In cases of dry skin, it should be painted on to any blemishes which require treatment, with a camel-hair brush, as it undoubtedly cures acne, blackheads or any results of poisonous accumulations in the pores. The Facial Cream Pack used once a week is of great assistance in bleaching, refreshing and restoring colour to faded or sallow complexions. It should be applied after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed with complexion milk, allowed to remain for five minutes and then removed with cotton-wool steeped in skin tonic—or, in cases of very greasy skins, the astringent lotion. The selection of the various preparations suitable can generally be left to a woman's own discrimination, but if any doubt is felt, the specialists responsible for these preparations are glad to give free consultations or written advice, whether treatment is taken at their London salons or not.

For dry and sensitive skins it is often advisable to eliminate soap and water, and use only the complexion milk and a specially prepared day cream, which is soothing and protective. At night skin-food should be carefully moulded into the skin with firm upward movements of the finger-tips and a residue left on the skin if possible. In place of astringent lotions, Skin Balm, which soothes and allays irritation, may be used when the skin is very sensitive. The Balm is useful to counteract the ill-effects of sun and wind. Complementary to these beauty products is a complexion powder, very fine and adhesive, which is made up in no less than twelve shades.

Although all these preparations (and others from the same firm which I have not space to discuss) are founded on the prescriptions of Dr. Debat, they are all manufactured in England, and certain of them have been carefully modified to the requirements of English complexions.

A personal introduction to the Expert in charge of the Innoxa London Salon will be sent to any interested reader. Write to the Woman Editor, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, W.C.2., and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Holiday Stiffness

Means to Avert and Cure the Crippling Pains in Joints and Muscles which may Succeed Over-Indulgence in Unaccustomed Exercise

IF, throughout the year, we had done all that we ought to have done, and left undone none of those health-giving exercises with which we had planned to keep our bodies young and slim, active and lissome, with every muscle flexible and every sinew strong, no doubt we should be perfectly fit to take on any form of exercise, compete with the youngest in holiday sports, swim as far, excel in beach athletics, play as many sets of tennis without fatigue and without any subsequent pain or stiffness. But the lives—and temperaments—of most people preclude that devotion to the upkeep of physical perfection which this enviable condition entails, and the temptation to make the most of every moment of the summer holidays and enter into every activity is irresistible, but may have severely painful results.

" There are some people whose idea of recreation is to exchange one exhausting form of activity for another." The (unknown and, one feels, fleshy) author of this " superior " comment was evidently indifferent to the lure of the sea on a summer morning for those who have, perhaps, sweltered in city offices and shops during heat waves, had never felt the exhilaration after the first salt water bathe which will make the usually sedate and even obese gallop and careen up steep cliff paths on the way back to breakfast, could not comprehend the holiday spirit which prompts the acceptance of a challenge to tennis in the morning, possibly participation in a local cricket match or the adventure of harvesting with a neighbouring farmer in the afternoon which, in spite of a certain weariness, temporarily banished by another bathe, does not preclude the possibility of dancing in the evening.

BUT what of to-morrow and to-morrow? The groans of the over-enthusiastic, who were not quite in condition, echo along the coasts of England ; the halt and lame who cannot rise from their deck chairs without distressful struggle and pain-distorted faces nor, on their feet, stand proudly upright as behoves a man, were yesterday's devotees of sport and the open air life !

A little moderation must be prescribed, and the sad realisation of one's own limitations. If one has not been swimming regularly, this is the exercise that most surely finds out neglected muscles, and riding is another sport which engenders soreness in leg and back muscles whose existence was not even suspected. So few people, in the course of their daily life, ever raise their arms as far as they will reach above the head so that shoulder and neck muscles, suddenly called into play by swimming, tennis or the wielding of agricultural implements, are strained and sore until they accustom themselves to employment.

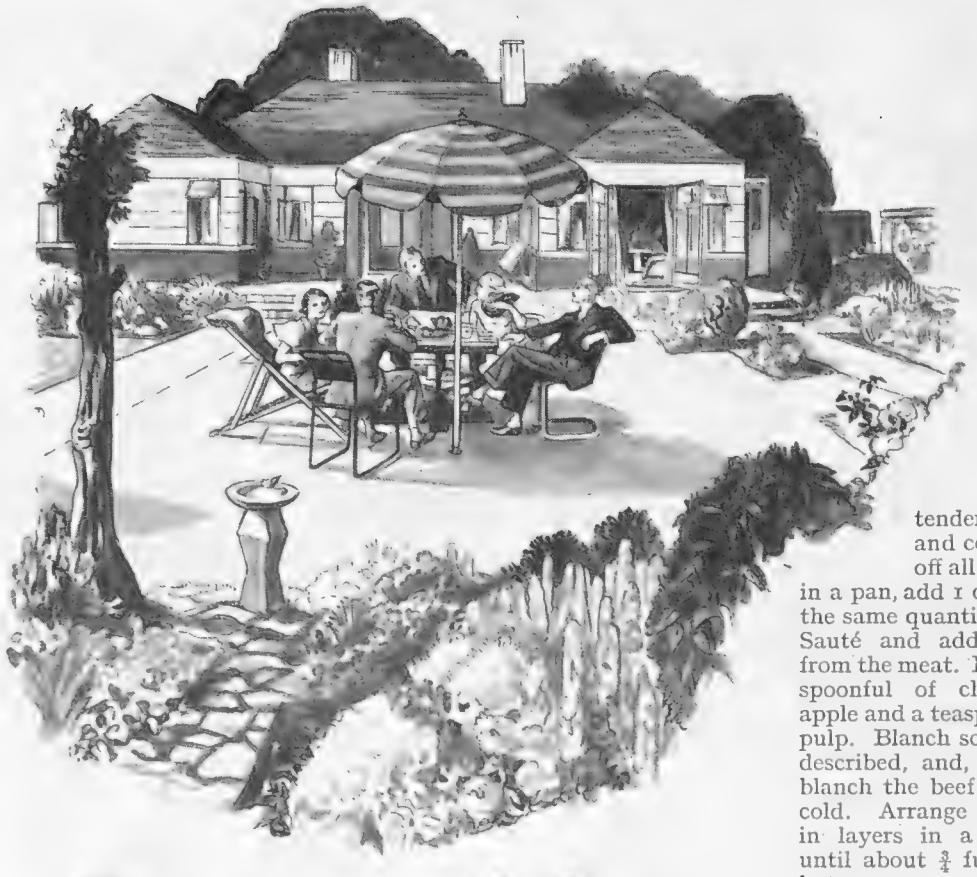
If one has not been able to " go into training " for one's summer holiday, it is essential to work up gradually to the zenith of activity, and a good deal can be done to prevent a really bad bout of stiffness. For instance, a hot bath after swimming or violent exercise followed by a really brisk friction, preferably with a loofah, will do much to prevent stiffness from supervening. The reason for this is that the warmth and friction increase circulation, and the blood, of which one function is to nourish the muscles, acts as a lubricant and an antidote to strain and carries away acid secretions released or disturbed by unusual activity, while the warm water, by opening the pores, contributes to the elimination of acid. The addition of alkaline, oxygenated salts, such as Radox, to the water greatly increases the curative value of the bath.

If a hot bath is unobtainable—and holiday conditions are sometimes primitive—the friction is all the more essential, and a good liniment or embrocation should be vigorously rubbed into any joint inclined to stiffness, until it has been fully absorbed and the skin is pink, showing that the blood has been induced to come up to the surface.

People at all inclined to rheumatism should make a point of washing thoroughly in fresh water after bathing in the sea, as the absorption of salt is definitely inclined to cause rheumatic pains.

Once one has (*Continued on page 92*)

Apart from the fact that the seaside or country cottage is usually badly-equipped with cooking appliances, most housewives do not care to be worried with much cooking on holidays. Why not prepare some bottled meals and take them down to the bungalow?



Simplified Meals *for the* Summer Bungalow

By Judith Silburn

Canned Beef Stew.

SELECT a quart jar with a fresh rubber and a perfectly fitting cap. Buy 1½ lb. of round of beef, trim, cut into pieces, cover with water and cook until tender but not in any way overdone. Blanch a cupful of uncooked pearl barley in boiling salted water. Slice two or three carrots and a couple of large onions. Separate the onion into rings. Take one cupful of washed and skinned runner beans. Blanch each of the vegetables separately in salted water and dip in ice-cold water. Tie a small bunch of mixed herbs neatly together. Pack the jar (which should be well sterilised) alternately with the meat, vegetables and barley. Fill up with well-flavoured broth or stock. The latter should be free from grease and be as clear as possible. Needless to say, when the meat is put in, it should be quite clear and absolutely lean. Adjust the rubber and partially seal. Sterilise for a couple of hours either in the copper, or in a steriliser. Seal down and keep in a dry cool place until required. The stew may be warmed up in the jar and then turned out.

Canned Chicken.

Cut up a good-sized chicken into neat portions and cook in a pan with stock to cover (or water), a sliced onion and bunch of herbs. When the chicken is tender, remove from the pan and cut the meat from the bones. Chop a small onion finely, fry in a little butter without burning, add 1½ tablespoonfuls of flour and, when all fat has been absorbed, put in 1 pint of the chicken liquor, a small piece of mace, a sprinkling of nutmeg, and a few button mushrooms, previously cooked and cut into small pieces. Stir until the sauce thickens. Wash 1 cupful of rice well, then blanch in boiling water with lemon juice and salt for 3 minutes. Drain and hold under the cold water tap. Drain well and pack the jar with a layer of chicken, then rice, and so on until the jar is about half full. See that the sauce is boiling, season to taste and pour over the chicken and rice. Shake the jar to distribute the sauce evenly, and continue until the jar is full. Adjust the rubber and proceed as already described for beef stew.

Canned Risotto.

Mince an onion finely. Sauté in a liberal amount of butter, together with a cupful of dry rice. When rice and onion have absorbed all the fat without browning, add a quart of stock and ½ pint of tomato purée. Season to taste and stew until the rice begins to be soft. Add a cupful of grated parmesan cheese. Remove from the pan and pour into a quart jar (previously made hot and, of course, sterilised). The mixture should be semi-liquid, and the jar should be full. Adjust the rubber and sterilise for 1½ hours. As the rice swells, a little more stock should be added. The latter must be quite boiling. Screw down at once.

A Canned Curry Dish.

For those who like a curry dish in hot weather here is an excellent method of canning one.

Take 2 lb. of the fleshy part of a shin of beef. Remove all bone and cut into neat portions. Place the meat in a pan with the bones, a sliced carrot, onion, bunch of herbs and seasoning. Stew until nearly tender. Strain the liquor and cool the latter. Skim off all fat. Place 1oz. of fat in a pan, add 1 oz. flour mixed with the same quantity of curry powder. Sauté and add the stock liquor from the meat. Boil up, add 1 tablespoonful of chutney, a minced apple and a teaspoonful of tamarind pulp. Blanch some rice, as already described, and, at the same time, blanch the beef which has become cold. Arrange the meat and rice in layers in a hot sterilised jar until about ¾ full. Pour over the hot curry sauce, and sterilise for 2 hours. Screw down as usual.

Mixed Fruit Salad.

Slice one or two bananas, add chopped pears (which should not be too ripe) and some cherries. Mix with a little fruit syrup and a tin of passion fruit. Make sufficient of the fruit salad to fill a quart jar. Sprinkle over a little curaçao and fill the jar with the fruit after it has stood for some time and has then been heated. Sterilise for 1½ hours carefully.

Tongue, Ham and Corn. This meal can be prepared with a can of sweet corn mixed with ham and tongue cut into small pieces. Make a good tomato sauce and blend with the other ingredients. Proceed as usual.

Hints on Home Canning.

Use the best type of jars.

See that all rubbers are new. Even if they look in good condition rubbers are not safe if they have been used before.

Scald all vegetables in boiling water and dip afterwards in ice-cold water.

Be sure that each jar has been sterilised before using it. Washing is not sufficient.

Water in the steriliser must be kept at the same temperature all the time.

Food must reach to ½ in. from the top of the jars before sealing down.

If adding liquid see that it is boiling.

Skim off any fat when cooking the meat, as otherwise the canned meal will look cloudy, and also does not keep well.

Do not store the jars until quite cold.

If canning fruit or vegetables see that the produce is in good condition. No bruised vegetables or fruit must be used.

Do not attempt any meal with eggs or milk.

Never screw the caps down until the sterilising process is finished.

If using a copper to sterilise in, see that the bottom of the copper has a piece of wood for the jars to stand on.

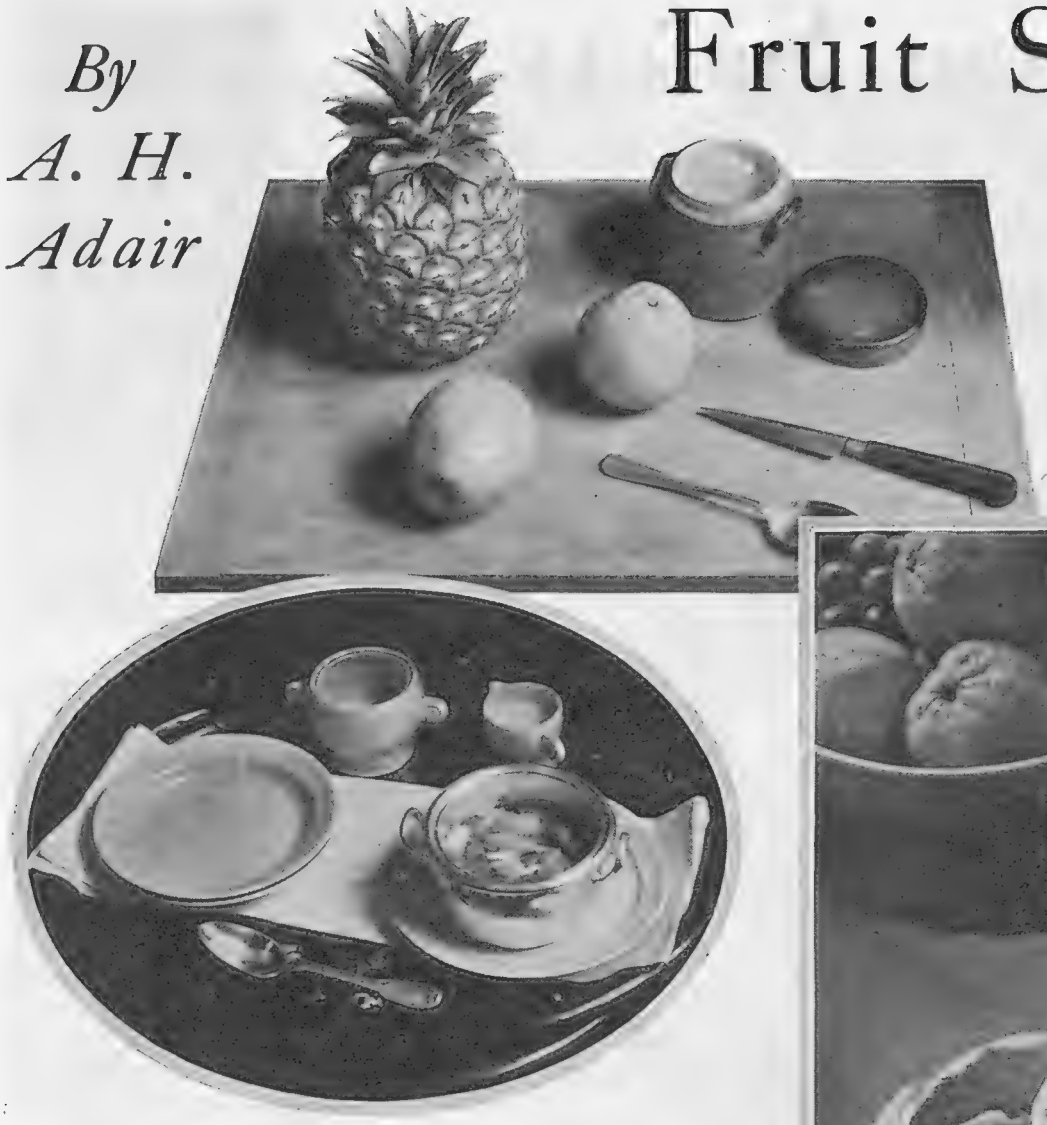
Fruit Salads

By A. H. Adair

A dessert as health-giving as it is delightful

PINEAPPLE and oranges together make a really perfect fruit salad. Their flavours blend well, but the fruit should be iced if it is to be eaten at its best

THE bitter-sweet tang of an orange lies at the bottom of many a delicious salad. Strained orange juice makes excellent syrup, but care should be taken to remove all pith



FRUIT salad should be cool, soft and refreshing, and it is a mistake to think that any odd fruit can be used for it. As much care must be taken as for mixing cocktails

FRUIT salads, like most things, can be either delicious or extremely unpleasant. Unfortunately they are very often in the latter category, and instead of the cool, soft, refreshing, and delicately flavoured salad we hope for, we are faced with a sodden, discoloured mixture in which we invariably find hard and tasteless pieces of fruit.

The great mistake made by many people is in thinking that any odd fruit can be used in a salad, which leads to the deplorable presence of hard bits of apples, blackened bananas, grapes unskinned and with the pips still in them, and unstoned cherries which are enough to turn one against this pleasant sweet for ever.

We might adopt as a general principle the attitude that if the right fruits are not available, it is better to think of something else.

Salad of Pears and Grape-fruit

Cut the grape-fruit into two, remove the pips, and with a very sharp knife—preferably one of the special knives for preparing grape-fruit—take out each section. See that there is no pith left and put them into the serving bowl. Meanwhile peel some pears, cut them into quarters and remove the core. Then cut each quarter into two and put the pieces with the grape-fruit. Add castor sugar to taste and half the juice of the grape-fruit. Serve very cold with cream.

Mixed Fruit Salad

When peaches are cheap a very good salad can be made with peaches, oranges and grape-fruit, the best proportion being the same quantity of oranges and peaches and half that amount of grape-fruit. See that all the fruits are well freed from any pith, add sugar to taste and a "syrup" made of half grape-fruit juice and half port wine. This salad should not be prepared too much in advance, as peaches quickly become sodden and discoloured. Stand on ice if possible for about ten to twenty minutes before serving.

Pineapple Salad

Take some slices of pineapple—if fresh fruit is being used remove the hard centre core from each piece. Arrange the fruit on a large flat dish, sprinkle with sugar and place round the edge of each slice some quarters of oranges from which you have carefully removed all pith and pips. The pieces of orange should touch each other, making a complete chain all round the slices of pineapple. Sprinkle with more sugar and serve cold with macaroons or sweet finger biscuits.

Orange Salad

Peel the oranges, and with a very sharp knife scrape off all pith. Divide the oranges into sections and remove the pips, putting the pieces into a serving bowl. Sprinkle with castor sugar and stand on ice for one hour. Just before serving add some rum, about one tablespoonful for every four oranges. Mix well together and stand on ice again for twenty minutes to half an hour. A few finely chopped almonds mixed in just before serving are a great improvement to this salad.

Orange and Strawberry Salad

When fresh strawberries are not in season we can still make this salad with preserved whole strawberries in syrup. We prepare the oranges as for other salads and put them into a bowl with the strawberries cut in two. When using preserved fruit we add half the syrup and the same quantity of strained orange juice, otherwise orange juice alone. Sweeten to taste, and serve very cold with whipped cream flavoured with orange juice.

Summer Safety

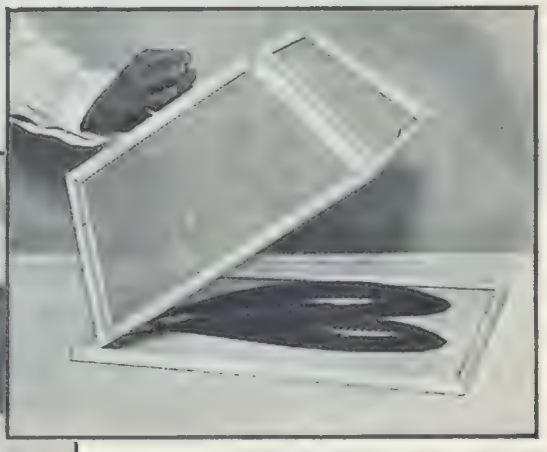
Up-*to*-Date Methods *of* Preserving Food from *Contamination and* Decay

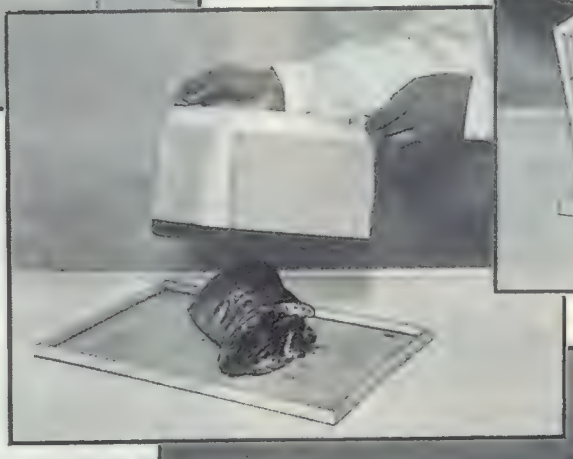
By Mrs. Robert Noble

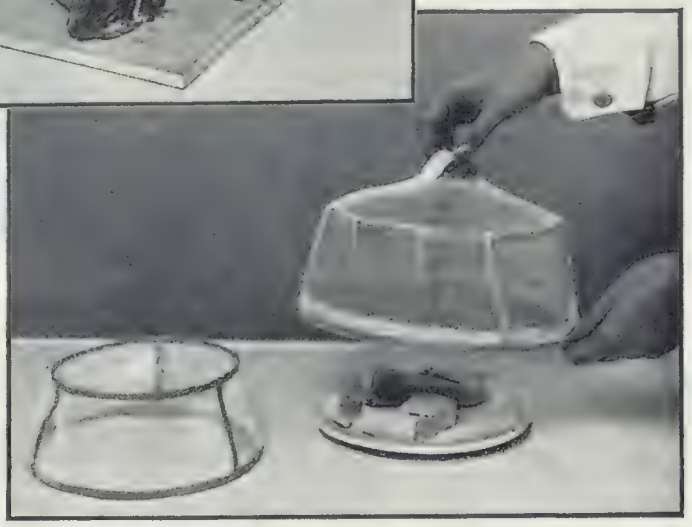
A VERY practical safe with a closely fitting revolving door and removable shelves

SALADS keep crisp and wholesome in the vitaliser of an Electrolux refrigerator

THE rubber rim of this meat cover clings to the dish or table top and prevents flies from crawling underneath it







AN oblong meat cover in perforated zinc, enamelled white and stretched on a metal frame

MOSQUITO netting stretched over a wire frame makes a light and washable dish cover

FASHIONS about food have changed a great deal during the last few years. Heavy foods and highly seasoned dishes are avoided and fruit is no longer considered a luxury. The modern menu includes fresh food, salads and uncooked fruit, and these items, being rich in mineral salts and vitamins, help to bring health to the body. To be wholesome, however, fresh food must be really fresh, for wilting salads, over-ripe fruit, and meat or fish that has in the least "gone off" are not only nasty, but really dangerous.

It is now generally recognised that a refrigerator is a very important and necessary item of household equipment. The ordinary larder is often so badly placed that it is really unsafe for food preservation. A refrigerator ensures the safe storage of food all the year round and also makes it possible to include delicious frozen dishes and ice creams on the menu at all times. Nowadays when gas is laid on to so many kitchens for cooking, it is an easy matter to instal a gas-operated refrigerator. Models worked by electricity and by oil are also available.

Electrolux refrigerators are available in many sizes, and it is possible to have the exterior porcelain enamelled in any colour to harmonise with the colour scheme of the kitchen. Very capacious models are suitable for large households, and there are models in a series of smaller sizes down to the little L1, which is small enough to hang on a wall or stand on a shelf, and which yet gives ample storage space for a small family.

This year a very attractive little new model has been introduced which is slightly larger than the model mentioned above, and has the advantage of a ten-point cold control. By the turn of a pointer ten varying temperatures are obtained.

There are special containers for use with an Electrolux refrigerator designed to suit the storage of special foods. Glass containers, square and oblong, with heavy glass covers are useful for foodstuffs which readily absorb odours from other stronger smelling foods such as cheese and fish, and it is a great advantage to be able to see the contents at a glance without removing the lids.

Another very practical Electrolux accessory is the vitaliser. This is a porcelain-enamelled container. When salads and vegetables are placed in it, they become crisp and firm and vitalised, and therefore wholesome and appetising.

When cooking is in progress and the various food ingredients are on the kitchen table, some good covers are very necessary as a protection from flies and dust. There are very practical light covers made of wire over which is stretched mosquito netting. This is washable, so that the covers are easily kept hygienically clean. Larger hanging safes made of the same materials are available, and these are useful as a cover for a hanging joint in the larder. Other good covers are made of enamelled perforated zinc. One kind has a rubber edge that adheres closely to the dish or table top, so that no flies or other insects can crawl beneath it.

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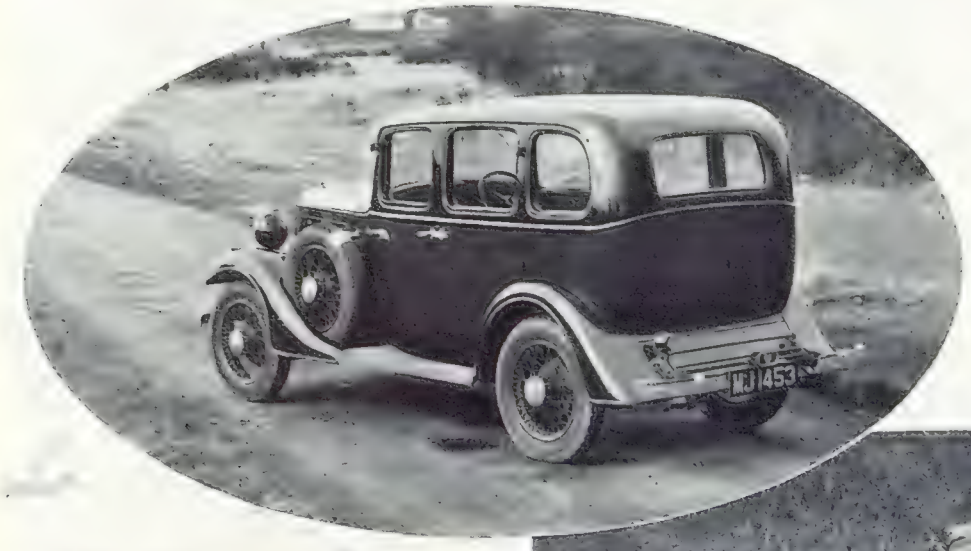
A New Vauxhall

The 12 h.p. Light "Six"



THE Standard Saloon Vauxhall 12 h.p. Light "Six." There is really comfortable room for four adults, with space for a fifth if needs be. Available in a wide range of colour and upholstery options. Price £195. Flush fitting sliding roof £5 extra

ANOTHER view of the Standard Saloon Vauxhall 12 h.p. Light "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

FOR some years now, the Vauxhall Company has been noted for its policy of producing a new car only at rare and irregular intervals. The idea—a very wise one—has been to maintain an established model so long as it continues to satisfy public requirements, and merely to improve and modify it as occasion may offer. This, it has been felt, is more logical and satisfactory than to bring out a brand-new model every year—annually pursuing novelty, as it were, for its own sake.

As a result, when a new Vauxhall does appear, its production is in the nature of an event, worthy of the serious-minded motorist's attention. All this applies very truly to the 12 h.p. model which I have just been testing. It is the first brand-new Vauxhall which we have seen for some little time; and its performance and general character accordingly are well worth studying.

It is, perhaps, appropriate that even the radiator design should now have been somewhat altered. The "lines" of the new model are distinctly pleasing—the general effect being one of smooth curves, as opposed to the rather hard angles of the familiar "Cadet." There is also an impression of comfortable size and solidity, which is, in fact, borne out by experience of the car in actual running.

The coachwork, in the first place, is extremely comfortable, providing ample space in front, with rather more than average accommodation at the back. Rear-seat passengers have plenty of leg and head room—in addition to which there is width enough for three fairly slim people to sit abreast when desired.

The driving position is good, and an interesting point is that there are no controls whatever on the steering wheel. It is no new thing for ignition control to be automatic; but here the hand throttle likewise is automatically worked, in connection with the air "strangler." For starting, one closes the strangler, and thus obtains, without more ado, the exact throttle opening that is necessary.

The 12 h.p. engine is chiefly notable for its extreme smoothness of running. It is very quiet and effortless in operation but provides, at the same time, a degree of acceleration which is rather deceptive in its swiftness. No doubt about it; the new Vauxhall can "go," and can get off the mark far more smartly than most.

As to speed, this "twelve" is at least as fast as any 12 h.p. car needs to be. In top gear, it does its 60 m.p.h., not only comfortably, but with a complete lack of effort which is most attractive. When pressed, it can reach something like 65 m.p.h. Similarly, in third gear 40 m.p.h. is attained with consummate ease, and with a creditable absence of either noise or flurry. As an absolute maximum, on the other hand, something very much like 50 m.p.h. is available.

I stress these "comfortable" speeds, since it is one of the great merits of the Vauxhall to give a really good performance in combination with a complete absence of the usual small-car "fussiness." When I put its top speed at "a comfortable sixty," I mean that it will, so far as I can judge, cruise all day at the pace indicated, without either hurting itself or causing annoyance to its driver.

IN no review of a modern Vauxhall, of course, can one neglect to mention one other special asset — the synchro-mesh gearbox which is invariably fitted. Without entering into a description of this excellent form of gearing, it may be said that its effect is to render absolutely faultless any change between top and third gear. In actual practice there is no great need for any gear changing under ordinary conditions—I succeeded in climbing Brockley Hill comfortably in top gear, even after being badly baulked halfway up—yet it is satisfactory to know that one can reach at least one of one's lower gears with certainty at any moment.

The new Vauxhall is well sprung; and this, combined with pleasant steering, enables it to "sit down" very steadily on the road at all times. Its brakes are excellent, being of great power, but just avoiding any tendency to be "fierce" at low speeds. Altogether, one's impression is that the motorist can seldom have been offered such value, either within the 12 h.p. class or inside the exceptionally low price limit of £200.

This Month's Motoring Hint

Planning Holiday Runs

An art very little understood is that of planning a comfortable day's motor run, such as that which one aims to make at the commencement of a summer holiday. It is, for instance, not every motorist who realises even what distance he can expect to cover, while keeping within the limits of what is pleasant and tolerably effortless.

Most people, naturally, are far too optimistic in this respect. They estimate their average speed for the day on the basis of their usual average over familiar main roads. This is quite wrong, as one invariably drives rather more slowly over roads that are unfamiliar.

Thus, while on main roads one may average perhaps 35 m.p.h., one may be reduced to a mere 20 m.p.h. average over certain sections of the route. The average throughout, over give-and-take country, may therefore be well below 30 m.p.h. I personally always think of 150 miles as about the utmost *comfortable* distance; and for such a trip I allow 5, 5½ or even 6 running hours, according to the type of car, the nature of the roads, and the general characteristics of the country to be covered.

• EFFORTLESS POWER •

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¼ lb castor sugar . Glacé cherries or split blanched almonds
½ pint of Foster Clark's Vanilla Custard.
Stalk, wash, and stew plums till very soft, with the sugar and ½ gill water. Rub through a sieve. Dissolve gelatine in remainder of water. Strain into purée, and taste to be sure it is sweet enough. If not, add a little sugar and stir till dissolved. Turn into separate fluted moulds, rinsed out in cold water. Leave till set. When required, turn into a bowl, decorate each with a rose of whipped sweetened cream and a cherry or split blanched almond on top then gently pour chilled custard round. Enough for 3 or 4 persons

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The Automatic Motor Car

How far can Simplification go?

By the Earl of Cardigan

THE Humber "Twelve" 4-cylinder Saloon. This car will especially appeal to the motorist who prefers a light car and appreciates the famous Humber workmanship

I WONDER whether the average motorist, who tends to take automobile progress very much for granted, ever realises to what an amazing extent the modern car controls and maintains itself automatically? Probably not; yet it would be possible to name a score of processes, formerly carried out by the driver or mechanic, which are now dealt with mechanically—almost without human aid or volition. With every year that passes, the car itself does more, while the owner of it is required to do less.

To take the most obvious example, let us consider the advance that has been made in the starting-up of the engine. Not many years ago, before commencing his day's motoring, a driver had to go through the following routine. Open bonnet; turn on petrol; flood carburettor; close bonnet; switch on magneto; set throttle; adjust ignition setting; close "strangler"; engage starting handle; finally, "wind" vigorously for at least several seconds. It was quite a formidable business.

The advent of the self-starter was but the first step towards a general simplification. Now, in many cases, the procedure is simply this. Close "strangler"; turn ignition switch. Everything else is purely automatic. Many owners never open the bonnet at all. Even the starting motor springs into action of its own accord when the ignition is switched "on," and disengages itself without fail at the precise moment when the engine fires. I am perhaps almost out of date—so quickly do events move nowadays—in saying that it is still essential for the "strangler" to be worked by hand!

Starting, then, may be considered almost exclusively an automatic process. The modern engine practically starts itself. Having started, it continues, to a large extent, to look after its own affairs. Very commonly, it adjusts its own ignition setting to suit the conditions under which it is running. It "retards" itself when going slowly, and "advances" itself when turning over fast. Similarly, it often controls its own radiator shutters, opening these when it is tending to overheat, and closing them when it is running too cool.

AS with the engine, so with the chassis as a whole. No car, as yet, literally lubricates itself; but many are lubricated automatically whenever the driver merely presses home a single plunger. At least one system of braking practically keeps itself in adjustment. Shock absorbers can be controlled all round by a single lever. Gears have been made automatically to eliminate the effects of a clumsy engagement; and even the clutch pedal, in some instances, no longer needs to be manipulated by the driver after the car has once been set in motion.

What is the next step? What more remains to be done before almost wholly automatic driving is achieved? Admitting that the driver will always have to steer, and to regulate his car's speed, of what other duties will he next be relieved?

For some time—in fact, ever since fool-proof gearboxes began to gain popular favour—I have been inclined to think that all hand-controlled gear-changing will eventually be abolished. After all, if it is now considered reasonable to make the engine advance and retard its own ignition, why should it be beyond our ingenuity to make it also change itself into the required gear at the appropriate moment? These are similar processes; for in each case the car's engine speed is the governing factor.

How, it may be asked, can machinery decide the moment at which a change of gear will become necessary? The most obvious answer is—by means of a "governor." We can easily imagine a governing device spinning round, driven by the engine, with its arms impelled outward at a certain angle by centrifugal force.

Now let us imagine the engine slowing down. The arms of the governor sink, and the motion sets in train the mechanism for a change "down." In the lower gear, the engine gradually accelerates. The arms of the governor rise, and the signal is given to the gearbox for a change "up." Here, very simply, we have the nucleus of a system by which the driver does no gear-changing whatsoever. He merely presses the accelerator; and all the rest is done for him automatically.

As it happens, only a few days ago I heard rumours that such a gearbox, in experimental form, is already in existence. There is a car now running on the road, having no gear lever, and no outward means of gear control. It is, I imagine, merely a question of time—or possibly a question of relative expense—before the ordinary motorist is provided with a practical vehicle of the same trouble-saving type.

Can simplification go yet further? It is not impossible. There is no real reason why the accelerator and brake pedals should not be combined in one control. We may perhaps imagine this as a short lever, fitted to the steering column. Pushed right forward, it gives the engine full throttle. Pulled right back, it fully applies the brakes. Set half way, it permits the car to "coast."

I am perhaps being a little visionary; but I do think it conceivable that, when automatic motoring is carried to its logical conclusion, cars will have only two controls in all—a steering wheel, and a "speed regulator." Then, indeed, the acme of simplicity will have been attained. Whether we motorists will be duly appreciative, or whether we shall privately regret the "bad old days," is, of course, another matter!

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Cape Horn

(*Continued from page* 21)

She had already been in trouble twice during the voyage, having put into Monte Video with her cargo on fire, and later, like the *Beacon Rock*, had a severe dusting off the Horn and put back to the Falklands to refit. In due course she also sailed again on her third attempt to complete the voyage, only to be abandoned off the Horn in a sinking condition, her crew, fortunately, being taken off safely by a passing vessel.

SHE was not the only one of these Welsh "Castles" to meet with disaster in those waters. The loss of the *Criccieth Castle*, and the subsequent sufferings of her crew, have been described in a previous article; and in January, 1900, the *Powys Castle*, homeward bound from Puget Sound with wheat, also came by her end in the south latitudes.

She had made a landfall off what is called False Cape Horn on the 7th of January, and the following day in bright clear weather the Diego Ramirez Islands—in shellback parlance "the Rammerees"—were sighted, the ship passing between them and the mainland. But Cape Horn, as old seamen well know, is least to be trusted in his rare moods of calm. Next day the wind suddenly shifted until it was blowing a full gale from the south, and the ship, though shortened down to the least possible sail, was being steadily driven towards one of the most dangerous lee-shores in the world.

About two in the afternoon of the 9th of January, the second mate sighted land to leeward through the hail squalls, and at once called the master. The ship's position was desperate; islands and rockbound shores were all round her, and close at hand reefs over which the seas were breaking in foam. She would not stay, and there was no room to wear her round on the other tack, so she gradually fell away to leeward and drove on the rocks, her foremast going by the board as she struck.

The lot of a shipwrecked crew in those latitudes is never a pleasant one. The coast and the islands are everywhere barren, bleak and shelterless, and uninhabited except for visiting whalers and sealers, and wandering tribes of Fuegian Indians, every whit as debased and treacherous specimens of humanity as they were when Cook landed there.

All the *Powys Castle's* crew but two managed to scramble ashore at the foot of the cliffs, and for some time they were able to sustain life on a diet of raw limpets, a small red berry which grew on the island, and wheat which had formed part of the lost ship's cargo. After a while they succeeded in lighting a fire, and the abundance of wreckage on the beach made the provision of fuel an easy enough matter.

It did not seem probable that any ship would come near enough for a long time to see their signals, so, a boat having been found on the beach which would float, she was rigged with an improvised mast and sail and four of the castaways set out in search of help. Three days later they sighted the light on New Year Island, where they were treated with every kindness, and ten days later a steamer which called at the lighthouse returned with the second mate to the scene of the wreck and brought away the rest of the party.

Of all the Horn's sad tales of shipwreck, there are few sadder than that of the loss of the *Swanhilda*.

On her last and fatal passage the captain had taken his wife with him. They were newly married, and this was to be their honeymoon voyage. No doubt there were whisperings among some of the more superstitious of the hands forward, for many old sailormen considered that a woman on board was unlucky, and some would not even sign in a ship where the captain's wife sailed with him. Whether or no through the poor young bride's "hoodoo," the *Swanhilda* went ashore on Staten Island. The body of the captain was washed ashore, still clasping in his lifeless arms that of his young wife, and the shock of the sight was so great that the ship's carpenter, who was the first to see it, lost his reason, and was later rescued with a few other survivors, quite insane.

"Storms and almost constant rain"—but there is one danger which the chart does not mention, that of ice, the most impressive of all sights at sea, as it is the most cordially detested by sailormen. "Ice all round"—thus runs a passage from the *Cutty's* log—"you could hear the sea roaring on them and through them, the ice cracking sometimes like thunder, at other times like cannon, and often like a sharp rifle report, and yet could not see them." Sometimes ships arriving at home reported having been among the bergs for days, often in dense fog and with a strong gale blowing; or limped into the nearest port, dismasted and with bows stove in, fortunate though battered survivors of a close encounter with the frozen death.

Books

(*Continued from page* 63)

seem as wise to-day as they did to the diarist at the time of entry. But it has also the virtue of every genuine diary: it is served sizzling hot. Lord Riddell was the confidant of many of the prominent men of the time, especially of Mr. Lloyd George, and his volume does good service in arresting the growth of more than one legend. I am sorry he is silent on the Calais Conference—a queer episode, on which more light is still needed. But he throws lots of light in many directions, and, if his book is read just before or just after Mr. Marshall's, two vigorous and independent views of Lord Northcliffe can be compared and contrasted, if not combined.

Memories differ, and so does the use that is made of them. In *For My Children* (Hutchinson, 18s.) Kitty Shannon has tried not to retell a life-story or review a verdict, but to re-create a world—the world in which she, the daughter of a famous painter, grew up. It is a pleasant book, written with a most ingenious artlessness. Miss W. M. Letts' *Knockmaroon* (Murray, 7s. 6d.), although the scene is laid in Ireland, is written in the same key—it is the book of an author who has decided to give herself the pleasure of setting out her recollections of the people and places she has loved most. Such books as these, offered indifferently to the public, and without any ostensible attempt to win favour, are often to the public's taste. Both the volumes mentioned in this paragraph will have appreciative readers, and more of them, perhaps, than even the authors hope for.

A more vivid account of the lives of public entertainers will be found in Mr. Edward Seago's *Circus Company* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.). This book is written in the form of a novel, but its claim to distinction lies in the very detailed and picturesque record it gives of the customs, language and outlook of circus folk. Mr. Seago has lived and travelled with a circus; he knows what he is talking about. In addition, his drawings help to bring the scene before the reader. The circus, nowadays, seems to be coming in for a lot of notice, from painters as well as from writers. Let us hope it is the sign of a healthy interest in a nomadic, remote class of men and women. I have an uneasy feeling, though, that Dame Laura Knight, Lady Eleanor Smith, Mr. Seago and others are all helping to swell a superb swan-song, much as Mr. Sickert has recorded the death of the music-hall. The music-hall was never so full of talent as in the years immediately preceding its demise. Isn't the modern circus tending to become too big, too splendid? Won't something suddenly crack beneath the strain, and the whole thing come tumbling down? I wish there were more little circuses, on commons outside small towns.

"The market's been a bit queer, lately"

"Like the Shell advertisements, eh? But it's really as sound as the petrol"

EVERYBODY KNOWS . . . .

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The Back Garden of Allah (*Continued from page 27*)

will prefer to give himself the benefit of the doubt. Your powers have still to be proved. But presently if he falls ill, or if any member of his family falls ill—a not unusual development in a country where the allotted span of life is less than twenty years and where so many die suddenly of hideous diseases—he will come crawling to your door, prepared to mortgage the souls of his family unto the third generation so that the curse may be lifted.

Actually some of the scoundrels of the underworld do acquire supernatural power in a curious way. The cult of Yoga, which involves certain exercises for breath control, nerve control and thought control, does after an assiduous application over a period of years, enable one to bring on a self-induced trance. It thus develops certain powers that are latent within all of us.

There is an actual instance of a man named Haridas who was so skilled at breath control that he was buried alive for forty days and survived.

The burial took place in Lahore in the Court of Ranjit Singh. Present on that occasion were the English representative, Sir Charles Wade, and Dr. Honigberger. Throughout the forty days a close watch was kept on the grave. At the end of that time Haridas was dug up: he was cold, stiff, unconscious—but still alive!

But he was not a holy man. On the contrary, he was an out and out reprobate. He had acquired these powers merely by arduous exercises. He survived this interment for years and during the whole of that time there were constant complaints against him for his loose moral conduct.

THE most alluring feature of India's underworld is the nautch girls. They are strewn over the entire countryside. They are all young, some of them are remarkably beautiful and they are tricked out in attractive clothes and jewels, with row upon row of bangles, reaching from wrist almost to shoulder. They also wear heavy anklets, and nose rings and ear-rings. The palms of their hands are stained a deep red, in the way Western women stain their fingernails to-day, and the soles of their bare feet are treated with the same mixture. Their eyes are outlined in black and their oiled heads of hair glisten and wink in the lamplight.

As dancers they are disappointing. They merely shuffle their feet for half a dozen paces and vary this with one or two movements of the arms and hips. The dancers invariably try to sing, though most of them can't. They are attended by an orchestra of aged and often bearded men, who play drum and pipe and tabor half-heartedly, indeed rather drowsily.

The dance is merely a sort of cabaret with drinks and other delights as additional attractions.

The nautch girl is generally of low caste, often indeed she is an outcast recruited from among the Untouchables, who contribute so abundantly to the criminal classes. The few women of better birth who take to this calling are widows, discontented with their awful lot, or unwanted daughters of nobler birth who, in these days of strict British rule, are no longer strangled at birth. Parents at one time used to leave their girls in a basket attached to a branch of a tree for the crows and the ants to make a meal of; or the mother would put some poison on her nipple while she suckled the child. To-day these girls are sold or given away to the gipsies or vowed to some temple, where they take to a life of dancing from the moment they are able to stand up on their two legs.

In these temples girls from the age of three to nine form a sort of choir, which entertains the worshippers with dancing. They are used for immoral purposes by the priests and are later either sold to some wealthy nobleman for his harem or are sent out to earn their own living as best they may.

Many of them find their way to the warrens of ill-fame that litter the native quarters of Bombay and Calcutta, Lahore and Delhi.

Here they sit in latticed verandahs filling the night with perfume, glancing down at the busy street below and hoping that masculine attention will be attracted by the clink of their bangles or the rustle of their gauze.

Many of them are beautiful women; on them rich men have lavished their wealth and they proclaim it with a blaze of jewellery. At one time each of these women wore all the jewels she possessed and glittered in the sordid streets like a lighthouse. But there have been so many murders, for the jewels provided too insistent an invitation to crime, that the women have become more discreet.

Some of them were once great leaders of fashion. They lived with zemindar Rajahs, whom they stripped of their last acre. There is one instance of a Rajah who, after being beggared, stole in order to give the woman he loved all she wanted. He finished up in a house of correction.

You will recall the infatuation of the Maharajah of Indore, who lost his throne for love of his beautiful dancing girl Mumtaz Begum. She had contrived to escape from his palace to Bombay, where a rich merchant became her protector. But the Maharajah pursued her. In order to take his revenge on the rich merchant he hired a gang of assassins. Mumtaz Begum was motoring one afternoon with her paramour when they were both set upon. The man was stabbed to death, the girl was severely injured. The British had to take action. They deposed the Maharajah, who left the country and, although he had many wives, sought solace in a fresh one, Miss Nancy Miller, an American girl he had met at Seattle. They were married after she had been "purified" according to Hindu rites.

IN all the perfumed houses of the bazaar there are lawyers in constant attendance in the lower rooms, waiting every opportunity to adjust disputes and quarrels. Often the women fight with each other. Occasionally they use knives. There is also constant arguing and bickering with the visitors. The lawyers, swarming like tipsters on a racecourse, poke their noses round the corner as soon as words begin to fly. "It can be so easily settled," they say. "Let us take up the case for you."

And since mere words are indecisive the women (though not the visitors) prefer to leave it to the lawyers. It is generally settled out of court to the satisfaction of the women—as well as the lawyers.

But there are no worthier figures in the Back Garden of Allah than the shaggy, eagle-beaked brigands of the frontier. India has a land frontier, though few would suspect it when they gaze at that triangle of pink that lies to the south of the map of Asia—India actually has a land frontier which runs for nearly 5,000 miles. Most of it is a tangle of mountains. But to the North-West amid this maze of hills winds the gateway through which conquerors have hacked their way for 4,000 years. It is the caravan route through which bales are borne and brought from Teheran, Yarkand and Bokhara. Upon these routes the lawless constantly prey. Between the administration of Britain in India and the influence of Afghanistan, which lies tucked away in that tangle of hills, runs a wide belt that is No Man's Land. Here a thousand tribes live in constant conflict with each other. The sword is their only law. Vendettas are handed down from generation to generation. Men go about hung with knives—and a rifle is more prized than a wife, since women are easier to get. Every home is a fort. Families climb up to their doors and draw the ladder up after them. None dare venture abroad between sundown and dawn. Only when there is a truce do they attempt to till their fields and to graze their sheep. For, about the hillside, there are prying eyes and one need no more than peep out of the front door to hear the crack of a rifle. "Where's so-and-so?" it will be asked. Someone will shrug a shoulder and pass on. That's all.

Whenever the British take action against them the tribes kill off some of the older of their own people so as to swell the numbers of the dead to be reckoned up for compensation when peace terms are discussed.

Here the ruthless law "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" holds its sway. No man can be trusted. All are actuated by treachery. Once Mohammed Ashgar, who had amassed a great deal of wealth by banditry, found himself with three enemies, each of whom had vowed to kill him. But, as happens repeatedly on the frontier, private feuds are temporarily suspended when more important matters are on hand. So he arranged with his enemies that they should suspend their feud in order that he might leave his home and attend a durbar. The enemies readily undertook to do this. Lightheartedly Mohammed Ashgar set forth and reached the durbar unmolested, but though his enemies gave their word they hired a fourth man to do their foul deed. While Mohammed Ashgar was seated in durbar the hired man shot him dead. As the people present did not know how many were interested in the murder no one moved or protested.

Who *Is* Who . . . (*Continued from page 61*)

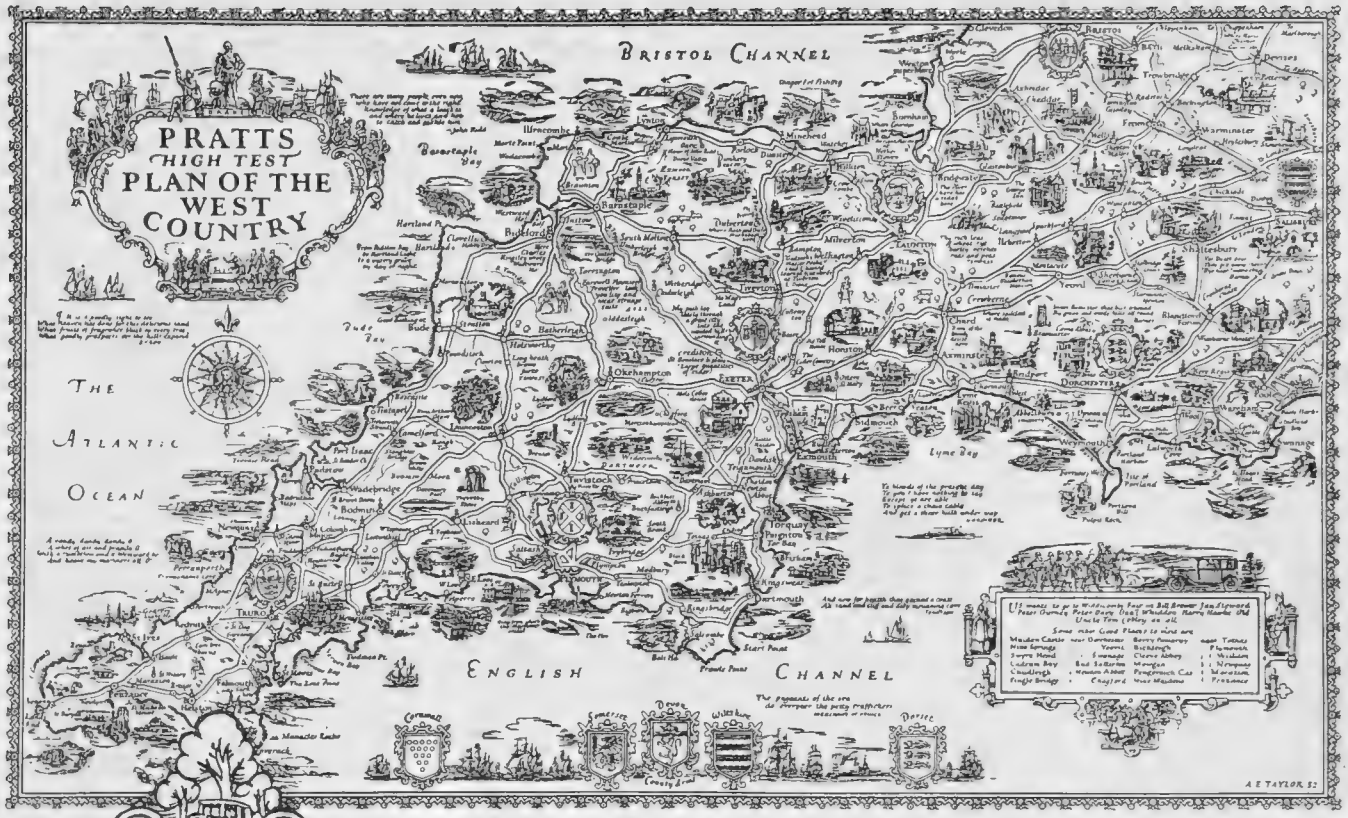
appears to be their weight, except in cases where it is over two hundred pounds, but it is difficult to see how it is possible to weigh respective acting talent on the bathroom scales and thus differentiate between Joan Crawford, 110 pounds, and Marie Dressler, whose weight is significantly kept secret! Joan Crawford has Gary Cooper as her leading man in "To-Day We Live." Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the inimitable team of "Min and Bill," play together again in "Tugboat Annie." One fears an attempt to repeat the unrepeatable. The most striking item of "personal" information not already broadcast about Marie Dressler is that her childhood ambition was to be a woman chariot driver in a circus. The realisation of such an ambition seems to have in it the nucleus of a new film for Marie—"Boadicea of the Sawdust"—while Wallace Beery could certainly co-star since he actually ran away from home at 16 to join a circus as assistant with an elephant herd! His stage successes were in the parts of grotesque old women and now his chief relaxation is flying and sleeping in his own 'plane!

BETTE Davies "would rather wash dishes than cook." William Powell "used to collect nickels out of telephone boxes for a living." It was his job. He worked for the telephone company. He once "went for four days eating nothing but bananas and gained weight doing it." Guy Kibbee, who surpasses his always good sentimental policeman act in "The Kid's Last Fight" (young Douglas Fairbanks' best picture to date), "once started from California to New York in an automobile which needed tyres, repairs and paint, with only ten dollars in his pocket." He made it.

Also in "The Kid's Last Fight" is that excellent actress, Alice MacMahon, in a characteristic rôle. She is "Auntie," an apparently hard-bitten, elderly Scotchwoman with a sharp tongue and a soft heart, but the "curious fact" forthcoming about her is that "she likes to wear picture hats." If it is true, one supposes that somebody stops her from doing so.

Now, do these facts and figures help us to appreciate the art of these screen personalities more fully, or do they *not*?

END



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**With descriptions by S. P. B. Mais, M.A. (Oxon)*

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H. 44

The Man *from* Poonch (*Continued from page* 39)

vultures on a ledge that smell blood on the wind. Daldeen Lal's face, as he leaned forward, glowed in the lantern-light. His breath steamed like a devil's in a Tibetan painting. "Cruelty," he said, "is waste of energy, and it is too unfortunate we could not make a poison-gas to kill them instantly. The ingredients for that were not obtainable. We had to use a gas of the corrosive type that burns the membrane. It is so potent that one part of it to ten thousand parts of air produces death; and so corrosive that we dare not mix it in readiness. There are three principal ingredients. For the sake of secrecy those have been produced in places very far apart, by experts trained in European laboratories. Each ingredient is sealed in a gas-tight but fragile container; and the three containers are enclosed in one bomb. When the bomb falls, it will smash the containers. The resulting mixture will escape, assisted by a little nitroglycerine to crack the casing. And whoever breathes any of that, however little of it, will be dead within ten or fifteen minutes—I regret to add, painfully."

The chill of the mist was penetrating. Daldeen Lal shuddered as he cleared his throat again. "The essential thing," he said, "is tempo—to drop the bomb in the right place at the proper moment. The difficulty is to do that in spite of a cordon of troops and scores of special policemen. You see, there have been so many acts of terrorism lately that the Viceroy and his council will be guarded like golden money. We foresaw that. That is why you were selected and encouraged to approach us.

"We are not suspected. The C.I.D. doesn't know us. None of us has ever been connected with a crime. Our finger-prints are unrecorded—unless yours are?" He stared hard at the man from Poonch, but drew no answer. He continued: "Even so, however, it would be impossible, even for us who are not suspected, to carry a bomb weighing over a thousand pounds through the crowd and through the Viceroy's guard—although we did think of dressing the bomb to resemble a man bleeding to death in an ambulance. But if that had succeeded, its explosion would have meant our own death." He paused dramatically. "But an airplane——"

The man from Poonch extinguished the butt of his cigarette against the damp floor-board. Daldeen Lal continued:

"——One of us— no matter who—owns a repair shop—buys second-hand automobiles—is a good mechanic—studied aeronautics in Germany—possesses copies of all the airplane specifications that are constantly published by various governments. He has had two years in which to build a monoplane, secretly, using four second-hand automobile engines, which he adapted. We needed speed, not radius. The plane can rise easily and swiftly with the weight of the bomb and one man. It carries fuel, however, for only fifty miles, but that is plenty. In minutest detail the machine is theoretically perfect for its task. There is a secret and perfectly level run-way of two hundred yards between high walls. The machine can be in the air in a moment, and in Delhi in another moment. There will be havoc—panic—death."

"And after that?" the man from Poonch asked.

"We of the North will have our innings then," said Yussuf Aroun. "Belly-upward India will lie. By Allah, we will rape her as a storm rapes orchards!"

Daldeen Lal smiled in the glow of the lantern. "At first, there will be a little anarchy," he conceded. "That is perhaps not a bad thing, to make men welcome a new government. A little slaughter—a little frightfulness—and then peace."

"After the bomb is dropped, then what next?" the man from Poonch demanded.

Daldeen Lal stared. "Come to earth and escape, of course. There will be such panic and confusion that escape should be simple enough. But burn the plane, if possible, because of finger-marks."

"And has this plane been flown yet?" asked the man from Poonch.

"No. Of course not. How could it be? It is a great enough marvel to have built it undetected. It is tuned, as I think they call it. It has taxied along the runway once quite recently, but that made too much noise to be risked a second time. It has never been up in the air, but it is theoretically——"

"It is written that it shall not fail," said Yussuf Aroun. "It is also written, though from Poonch, that thou art he who is to fly the thing. Thereafter, if all goes well, I will take back all I said about izzat (personal honour) and we shall be good friends. But fail, and thine ikbal will have set forever, as a star that falls dead in the sky."

"All of us will trust you afterwards, when the great deed is done," said Daldeen Lal. "He has a knife," he added.

Yussuf Aroun drove a sudden elbow against the jaw of the man from Poonch, forcing his head back with a jerk. He snatched the knife, laughing with a sort of high-pitched yelp of triumph as he sent it spinning into the mist. "Now sit still, or I will gut thee ere thy time comes!"

So the man from Poonch sat glaring but extremely still while the Pathan's hands searched him for hidden weapons. After that three of the other Hillmen tied him hand and foot. They threw a blanket over him. They left him. Daldeen Lal lingered and whispered:

"Trust me, and never mind them! Do your part well. After that, if you wish, you shall die of drink and women! Don't fear that dog of a Pathan."

There was no answer. The man from Poonch lay still beneath the blanket. "Perhaps you would like some friend to know where you are?" Daldeen Lal asked. "Tell me his name. I will send the message."

But there was no answer—no movement.

"There will be five thousand rupees for you afterwards," said Daldeen Lal. "Suppose you crash? If you are killed, who is to have your money?" Suddenly he screamed. He smothered the scream in his shawl, but it was too late; a Hillman hurried out through the door with a lantern. "He bit me! He bit me! Krishna!" Daldeen Lal wrung his right hand and kicked at the blanket savagely, but the man from Poonch ducked his head and sat upright, snarling, his eyes like embers in the darkness.

"Curse your black soul and your money!" he said deliberately. "May the one eat the other and corrupt you into worms in the belly of endless time!"

He lay down again. The Hillman re-spread the blanket, nodding:

"He is good. He will make us no trouble at all. He is a ghazi, I tell you. His kind have guts." He grinned at the blood on Daldeen Lal's finger and then led the way into the house. For a long time after that the man from Poonch lay very still beneath the blanket, while within the house there was a conference, extremely difficult to overhear because of the creaking of wood in the wind and the hollow noises that came upward out of the ravine. Yussuf Aroun, followed by two other men, came out at last. He kicked the blanket.

"Awake! By Allah, now we test thine ikbal and thine izzat! Loose him, brothers."

But the man from Poonch seemed dazed, or perhaps indifferent. He let himself be raised to his feet, offering no protest when Yussuf Aroun and another man put arms behind his back and held hands. They pressed him close, pinning his arms to his sides, and the third man followed, almost equally close.

"There is no escape," said Yussuf Aroun. "Fail, and the devil gets thee. Do well, and I am thy friend forever."

OUT into the darkness then, Daldeen Lal and the rest of the group following at cautious intervals, one at a time. Across the shadowy road; then downward into a sea of dark tree-tops, in which the mist hung like snow and, when they reached it, changed into wet gems twinkling in moonlight.

At last the railway junction. It swarmed even before daylight with dark-skinned and bright-turbaned oddments from a hundred unrelated human breeds, to whom a train is an adventure and time nothing. Near the booking-office entrance a man with a bicycle, tired and even sleepy, but volubly indignant with a railway police naik for refusing to hold the machine while he bought himself a ticket.

"A Bahinchute, am I?" he shouted, as the man from Poonch went by, shoving through the crowd between two heavy-shouldered Hillmen. "I will not rest until I have made you eat that word. I will follow you with my hatred until you shall swear the world is nothing but eyes that scorch your soul!"

"Out of the way!" said Yussuf Aroun, shoving him. That brought him face to face with Daldeen Lal, who almost fell over the bicycle, barking his shins and maliciously siding with the naik!

"Kick him! He hunts women all night long. His trick is to ask for a bicycle pump, that he may rob the fool who lends it to him."

Then the train, and the surge, in half darkness, for seats in third class carriages already crammed to bursting. Squatting on the floor between two Hillmen, the man from Poonch traced patterns with his heels in the mud that his slippers had collected on wet hillsides.

"I have a knife, remember," Yussuf Aroun whispered. "It can reach thy liver as a woman's glance reaches a lover's manhood. So beware tricks. Sit still. Say nothing."

So the man from Poonch sat in the stifling heat seeing nothing but legs and fruit-peel, except when the compartment door opened at stations. Then with the draught of fresher air there would be a glimpse, between coppery legs, of the station bhisti, with his sharp cry and clattering brass cups. Then a policeman would come and stare in. Twenty times before Delhi was reached he looked straight into a policeman's eyes—sometimes into the eyes of an English police officer. But he never moved or made any sign; he could feel the point of Yussuf Aroun's knife at his shoulder-blades.

All the talk among the passengers was of the great tamasha to be in Delhi, two days hence now, at the opening of the great Assembly, with the known risk of a clash between Hindu and Moslem. No two opinions were alike, but there was only one expectation—of trouble, red, reckless.

When the train reached Delhi it was a rather silent crowd that poured forth to the platform. Anticipation held men by the throats and excitement smothered natural emotions for the moment.

Yussuf Aroun shepherded the man from Poonch along the teeming platform, observant but not noticeably nervous until a man behind him, shoving a bicycle, rang to invite him to make way—one, two—one, two, three—one, two:

"Haie, you Pathan! You are not in your hills! When bells ring, that means 'Be quick!'"

Yussuf Aroun swore like a startled bear then. The man with the bicycle laughed. His little round embroidered cap made him look monkey-impudent. "Take care. You are not in your hills. I will summon my friends to teach you what to do when bells ring."

Yussuf Aroun made a swipe at him with a hairy fist, but he ducked and hurried until he was presently lost in the crowd. Then, presently, a swarming, clanging tramcar and the delirious heat and movement of city streets in lamplit darkness—stink, din, tumult and an ever-deepening feel of tension, on the way toward teeming suburbs, past groups of special police and military posts at the throats of dark streets plunging into unguessable slums.

"By Allah, this city was built to be plundered!" said Yussuf Aroun. "Do thy task, thou of Poonch! Thou of Poonch, be sure and sudden! We others will not fail."

One, two—one, two, three—one, two. A bicycle bell rang when (*Continued on page* 92)

A BIG CAR IN ALL BUT PRICE —A TRUE VAUXHALL AT £195

A FEW NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

1. Exceptional roominess.
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SALOON (12 h.p.) £195 *(sliding roof £5 extra).* DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. & 14 h.p.)—*sliding roof. No-Draught Ventilation, chromium lamps and flutes, disappearing centre armrest, parcel nets, assist cords etc.* £215.

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they left the tramcar to plunge on foot down zigzag alleys. But there were scores of bicycles; they flitted like bats in all directions. On through a shadowy, stinking maze, whose darkness felt like one vast eye, whose silence whispered. Stars seen against sheeted harems on flat roofs. They threaded a devious course too swift for legs cramped by the long railway journey, but when the man from Poonch lagged he was threatened:

"Allah. Is it a spur thou needest?"

Daldeen Lal was leading. There were glimpses of him, at moments, at corners. The other men followed at careless intervals, one by one, independently, until at last Daldeen Lal fumbled at a gate in a wall and passed through. The man from Poonch was thrust through after him, into an ebony shadow beneath a parallelogram that was a purple street of stars—the roof of a pair of apparently endless high walls.

"Lo, the runway!" said Yussuf Aroun. He stretched out his left arm. "Day after to-morrow, that way lies thy road to hell or heaven."

The remainder of the party filed in, one after another, some invisible watchman taking word and sign.

"Allah! It is true that good thieves sleep in gun-rooms," said Yussuf Aroun. "There is a police khana half a stone's-throw yonder, and beyond that stands a prison! Nevertheless, lo and behold, the runway; and who knows of it save God and we ourselves? It is now three months since the air-ee-o-per-lane was ready. But a man to ride it—we have slain three—it was I who slew them. Three vain boasters who were offered a chance to fly to hell or heaven failed us for one reason or another. Poonchling, it is thy turn. Let me see thee examine this wonder."

Daldeen Lal—a voice—a vague sensation in the dark—spoke urgently: "Thou from Poonch, now listen. I will show you—I will . . ."

Yussuf Aroun shoved him. "Lead on, and turn on a light!"

Pavement, between walls. An iron roof. A sliding corrugated iron door, opening silently—shut again with a thud. Metal on metal. A man stumbling amid tin cans, cursed for a clumsy rat by Yussuf Aroun. The Pathan was excited; he gripped the arm of the man from Poonch with fingers like a trap's jaws. Sudden electric light, and:

"Is it good, thou Poonchling? It is good, by Allah! Is it not good?"

It looked perfect, even to the paint—new-born like a dragon-fly, beneath a make-shift crane, amid shadows etched on white walls. Four engines—a stream-line pattern—gold-and-aluminium—white tyres on gold-and-aluminium wheels—stainless steel wiring—a bomb, torpedo-shaped, snug as a roe in a herring.

"Ting-ting—ting-ting-ting—ting-ting." It was the bicycle bell. Crack! The left fist of the man from Poonch shot a half-hook upward at the peak of Yussuf Aroun's jaw. He reeled on his heels. His hand went to his knife. The fist struck him again—again. A right went to his solar plexus. The roof split, like a packing-case coming apart, and the light went out. The man from Poonch felt a head in the dark and punched it—found another head—cracked both together—fell, he and two others, on top of Yussuf Aroun. There was a sudden spitting-cracker-cat-fight of teeth, oaths, knives—in the dark—in a din. Then star-light—flash-light—a command in English . . .

"Grab him! Don't be afraid to kill him! That's the style! Light, someone! Light here! Two more men here!"

Someone found the switch. The full light went on. Thirty-two policemen—bearded, beautiful with sweat and malice and the gun-crew grin that viewed a grand-slam—doubled and redoubled! He of the round embroidered cap, with bicycle mud spattered on his loose white loin-cloth, let himself be pulled from under Daldeen Lal, fingering his ear; there was blood on it from Daldeen Lal's teeth.

"Pip, pip!" he remarked, as he felt himself for injuries.

The man from Poonch, rubbing a raw knee, laughed at him. "All right, Moti? Not hurt? That was neat work. Timed it beautifully. Where's my opposite number?"

Almost casually, from the outer darkness, bleeding a little and bruised in places—looking, in fact, in shorts and shirt, like a football captain between victory and hot-tub—a man who smiled approached the man who might have been from Poonch.

"Got 'em all!" he remarked. "Got each last one of 'em!" He passed a flask. "I thought you might need a spot of this."

There were gurgles. "Thank you, Charley. You always were thoughtful." Somehow that man no longer looked as if he came from Poonch. He glanced at the wings of the plane that loomed above him. "This ought to cause a sensation. What?"

His and Charley Smith's eyes met in silent laughter. "Might have been serious, mightn't it? I'll have to get the high explosives section of the C.I.D. to come and draw the teeth of that egg. You're tired, Grayson. Hungry? How about a tub, then the club and some dinner? We can make out reports together after dinner."

Yussuf Aroun, handcuffed and snarling between dark-eyed Sikh constables, spat some blood from his teeth and swore a streak of North-West Frontier blasphemy:

"I knew that Poonch tale was a lie! Another second and thy liver should have lain like——"

He who, it now appeared, undoubtedly was not from Poonch looked at his barked knuckles. Then his eye sought Charley Smith's flask.

"Give him a drink," he suggested. "He's quite a character. I hit him a bit harder than was necessary. Yes, then I'm ready when you are. Dinner? I've forgotten what good food tastes like."

END

The Romance *of the* Flying Mail

(*Continued from page 9*)

It does not seem long since we read of sheiks who, abandoning camels or ponies, went careering here and there in motor-cars. And now even that appears out of date; because they have already gone one step farther, and are flying, now, rather than voyaging by any other means. The other day the dignified Sheik of Koweit, at the head of the Persian Gulf, wished to pay a call of ceremony on the Sheik of Bahrein, whose territory lies farther down the Gulf. And so what did he do? Why, he took his seat in one of the big Indian-bound mail-planes and, after his visit, returned again to Koweit by air—throngs of his picturesque followers, with their long-barrelled rifles and ornamented swords, hastening to greet him as he emerged from the air-liner's saloon. And that Sheik of Bahrein, upon whom he had paid his aerial call, is himself an ardent convert to flying travel, having not long ago made an aerial trip as far as Baghdad and back.

Men of a new calling, with lives full of interest, are the staffs of the stations dotted along our Empire airways. Sometimes, away out in the heart of Africa, they look from their office windows and see lions strolling across the aerodrome. But it takes far more than that to perturb these men of our outposts of the air, who are just as smart and efficient, at some distant jungle 'drome, as they would be at any air-station in the heart of civilisation. Wireless links them with the world, and regularly the big air-liners, with their passengers, mails, and freight, come gliding in to re-fuel or to spend the night.

Wild life in Africa does not allow this new transport of the air to hold undisputed sway. Not long ago, when mechanics from one of the stations were on their way out to the hangars, they suddenly observed on the roadway, only a short distance ahead, a number of lions busily occupied with their breakfast—the details of which are not available, which is no doubt just as well. The engineers turned back hastily towards their quarters; but, as they did so, they found themselves confronted by a white rhinoceros—one of Africa's fiercest animals. At such a moment there seemed only one thing to do. And they did it. They took refuge, that is to say, up the nearest tree.

LIFE is never dull for the men along our Empire air-mail routes. Sometimes wart-hogs endeavour to transform the smooth surface of a landing-ground into a series of hillocks. Occasionally it becomes so hot that the bulbs of thermometers burst; or roads may become impassable in the rains, causing an air-station to become an oasis of civilisation in a waste of jungle—being cut off, save for the arrival of the air-mail, for long periods from the rest of the world.

The airwayman's life is full of surprises. The other day a small party were flying from one section of the African route to another in a relief machine required, owing to traffic pressure, to supplement a scheduled service. While in the air they were, of course, in wireless touch with various stations; and presently a message came through advising them to alight for an hour or so to avoid a storm-centre crossing the route just ahead. This they did, coming down at one of the jungle halts, hundreds of miles from anywhere. There was not a sign of life as they alighted. Yet hardly had they emerged from their cabins when an agile, friendly native appeared, apparently from nowhere, and clambered up a tree to fix the aerial which would enable them, while on the ground, to maintain wireless touch with stations on the route. Nor was this all. For just when they were about to begin a frugal meal, with such provisions as they had with them in the machine, a big-game hunter appeared suddenly on the fringe of the jungle, and greeted them. His camp, it appeared, was not far off. He insisted on their coming back and joining him at lunch. And an amazingly fine lunch it seems to have been, reminding them more of a West-end restaurant than the wilds of Africa. After which, receiving a favourable weather report, they quickly resumed their flight—much entertained in their minds to find that such prompt assistance, to say nothing of a first-class meal, might be obtained in the depths of an African jungle.

END

Holiday Stiffness

(*Continued from page 77*)

become stiff, the only cure is to continue to exercise the sore muscles and joints, but gently, and to manipulate them and employ massage and friction to induce curative circulation and mobility, and to take warm, alkaline baths.

Sun is a definite antidote to stiffness, for the double reason that it draws the blood to the surface and helps the elimination of acidity, and also because the ultra-violet rays have a salutary effect on muscles and tissues, but there, again, sun-bathing must be indulged in with strictest moderation to begin with, or the torments of sunburn and even more serious evils will be added to muscular pain. Changes of temperature should be avoided and warm woollen clothing should be worn after heating exercise or when the sun goes down, as many of the pains attributed to stiffness are actually of rheumatic origin and the result of chill.

It is inadvisable and unnecessary to adopt the "kill or cure" method of "making holiday," and unfair to one's companions, because temporary invalidism and irritability resulting from an initial orgy of exercise render one an embarrassment, and waste more time than a gradual approach to the full enjoyment of sport and activity—attainable if latent strength and muscular mobility are developed with proper respect for the human body's limitations as well as its remarkable potentialities.

MEALS WITHOUT COOKING

Some Suggestions for Novel Salads

By HELEN BURKE.

DRESSING dishes is much easier than cooking them. Salads, therefore, from the point of view of work alone (apart from their necessity to health) offer housewives welcome and convenient opportunities of catering to their families. The kitchen stove need not be going all the time. Let it go out on summer days—and let the housewife, too, go out.

Of ordinary salads there is little need to write. A mixture of any salad vegetables—lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, beetroot, watercress, spring onions, mustard and cress, etc.—dressed with Heinz Salad Cream makes an attractive dish. With the addition of a hard-boiled egg or two, or flaked cooked fish, or sliced, left-over meat, the salad, with its dressing, is sufficiently satisfying and nourishing to form a light meal in itself.

VARIETIES OF SALADS.

There are as many varieties of salads nowadays as there are different kinds of food. There are vegetable salads and fruit salads—raw, or cooked, or raw and cooked combined; salads in which both fruit and vegetables appear in harmony; egg, fish, meat and game salads, in all of which are vegetables or fruit, or vegetables and fruit. The goodness of salads does not rest on any fixed ingredients. What one puts *in* is less important than what one puts *on*. It is the dressing which is all-important in determining the salad's excellence. Heinz Salad Cream makes the success of salads sure.

SALAD NOVELTIES.

Here are a few suggestions: Add raw young turnips (diced) to any vegetable salad. Sprinkle grated raw carrot over potato or Russian salad. Raw spinach leaves (rich in iron) are an excellent addition to any green salad. So are the tender leaves of sorrel and young dandelions. Parsley, too (rich in iron and potash) should be used freely in salads (especially in ordinary potato salad) instead of being merely used for garnishing. But for something novel—a delicious change—serve vegetables and fruits combined. Salad stuffs and such fruit as bananas, pineapples, apples, oranges, raisins, dates and nuts of every kind—enhanced in real food value by Heinz Salad Cream—make dishes such as anyone can serve and everyone will thoroughly appreciate.

Lunch deliciously on Salads

dressed with Heinz Salad Cream

Give yourself the light, crisp, clean food the palate longs for in Summer! Salads made with Heinz Salad Cream are a perfect food—containing all the elements of nutrition. For this delicious dressing feeds as well as flavours. It is made with new laid eggs, the finest olive oil, and pure rich cream. Its subtle, delicate "tang" blends equally happily with salads containing fruit and with those containing meat and savoury things.

Sold by all grocers in the U.K. at 6d., 10d., and 1/1½ a bottle. To give your fish salads the professional touch use Heinz Mayonnaise.

A SPECIAL RECIPE WITH

HEINZ

Salad Cream

GRAPEFRUIT, LETTUCE AND WALNUT SALAD

Peel a grapefruit like an orange. Remove pips and divide into sections. Arrange crisp lettuce on small plates and place the grapefruit round like the petals of a daisy. Put a small pile of shelled walnuts in the centre to emphasize the flower idea, and pour over as much Heinz Salad Cream as desired. This salad can be elaborated by the addition of peeled orange, diced apples, gooseberries, or other fruits.

● PREPARED IN OUR LONDON KITCHENS
● OTHER VARIETIES — BAKED BEANS — SOUPS — SPAGHETTI

"Stellar Spaces" (Continued from page 15)

"Now this fellow, Fairfax, is a wow. Right now, he's made all the other sheikhs look like small town hicks. He can act them all off the screen and the women are backing him. It's the devil's luck he don't fancy acting with you, for he does fancy your play. I got that much out of young Reeve Shaw. If you can get him, you could stage a big come-back, but there's no time to lose. I heard something just now. Joe Kellerman's on board, representing Virginia Bright, and she's after Fairfax, too."

"What can I do, Gus?" she wailed.

But neither Gus nor anyone could tell her that. Despair rolled over her like a wave.

"Go, take Lilian to dinner, Gus," she commanded. "I'll rest here."

ELYOT, on the boat deck, leaning over the rail, watched the long heave of the greeny black water, and smiled to think how he had eluded those passengers whom Reeve told him had got wind of his being on board. Let that absurd Zorlina do the smiling and posturing for them both.

Above, the stars were like clusters of delicate jewels in the black sky. Elyot looked up at them, his head thrown back, then a dark shape glided up to him, a hand touched his arm. Turning, he saw Zorlina.

"I disturb you, my friend?" she asked.

"Not at all," the darkness hid Elyot's shrug. "The deck is free."

"I had a migraine," she murmured. "I could not face that crowded room . . . all those eyes continually watching me. I pined for solitude. . . . Then I saw you. I say to myself this is a chance to speak to you a moment alone." She stopped, with one of her dramatic pauses. "Mr. Fairfax," she said, "you refused to see me this afternoon."

Elyot Fairfax gave a controlled movement of impatience.

"My secretary gave you my message, I hope?"

Zorlina waved her hand.

"He presented your excuses. You are very unrelenting, Mr. Fairfax. You have judged me and condemned me."

"Surely, we needn't go into all this."

"I demand the right to explain myself," said Zorlina dramatically. "You have refused my offer, avoided me, because you have listened to my enemies. Now the chance comes for me to show myself as I really am."

Elyot smiled to himself in the darkness.

"And what are you?" he asked.

"I am a very simple woman," said Zorlina, letting her hand rest carelessly against his. "I ran wild in my father's castle in Austria before the war."

Then, conscious of her slip, she hastily corrected herself.

"I was, of course, a mere child when my country was dragged into that conflict."

"Of course," agreed Fairfax, and it was a pity that his expression could not have been registered on the screen. "I dare say you were hardly aware there was a war."

"Unkind," murmured Zorlina. "Alas, I knew it well. My brother was killed at the head of his splendid regiment. My mother never recovered from the shock. It broke up our happy home life. I went on the films, to earn money, to help others. What my mother would have said, I cannot imagine. That proud woman, who thought only a prince good enough for her little Zorlina."

"A wonderful life, indeed," said Fairfax, drily. "My father was only a clerk, and I was brought up in a suburb of Birmingham."

"Yet we have both reached success," Zorlina's eyes were lifted. "You so swiftly, I after years of hard work, studying my art, getting at the truth of things. Truth is what we artists must aim at."

The old jargon grated on Elyot's ears.

"Forgive me, Madame Zorlina, but those who find truth don't talk about it."

"Ah, you feel that, too?" Zorlina's tone was exultant. "Then surely we ought to play together, to give the world something fine and sincere. You will be my leading man, after all? Say you will," she pleaded, and her voice was a velvety whisper.

Perhaps it was her loveliness which softened his voice as he answered.

"It's no use, Madame Zorlina. We should never see eye to eye."

"But I will see with your eyes," she said. "Everything shall be done as you wish."

He shook his head.

Zorlina seemed to crumple up. For a moment she hung against his arm, then moved away. He felt the bitterness of her disappointment. It drew him a pace or two after that huddled white figure.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to be rude. But that Minna in your play is the perfect type of the mother-woman. You're not that. Motherhood can be awfully stark and elemental, you know, and you're very sophisticated, to say the least of it. All the same, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"I will not take this as your last word," she said, rallying in spite of the quick answer.

"I'm afraid it is."

"Anyhow, we are friends," and she seized his hand. She knew the electric shock her touch could give. But Elyot drew his hand away at once.

"This wind makes one hungry," he said. "I'll go and have a bite of something."

At least she had the satisfaction of going with him, and the film stars entered together, to the immense gratification of the room. Gus Altman, lingering over his coffee, threw up his head with a thrill of anticipation. Then he caught sight of Zorlina's face, saw the distant bow with which Elyot parted from her. He turned to Miss Schuyler.

"She's not pulled it off," he said.

The next day, little Johnnie Mount, travelling to New York, under the care of a governess sort of person, had a treat which he shared with the passengers, for the lovely lady at whom he had stared with round-eyed admiration, autograph book in hand, suddenly noticed his small existence. Little did Johnnie know that he owed her sudden recognition of him to the fact that Elyot Fairfax was pacing the deck with his secretary. Johnnie only saw the lady beckon, and came closer.

"Come here, little man. What is that pretty book you hold?"

"Autograph book," said Johnnie.

"Ah, and you want me to write my name in it? That is perfectly sweet of you, sonny." She appealed to the group who were never far from her. "He begins early. What is your name, little man?"

"Johnnie."

"Well, Johnnie, will it make you very happy if I write in your book?" She laid a caressing arm round the small tweed shoulders.

"Yes, and if Mr. Fairfax will. He's a biggern star than you, my governess says."

Zorlina snatched her arm away, but she still smiled.

"Mr. Fairfax is a very, very great actor," she said, "But I can act, too, Johnnie. Ask your governess to bring you to see one of my films to-night at a quarter to five downstairs."

"Oh, goody goody!" said Johnnie, and with a spontaneous movement, for which Zorlina could have blessed him, he threw his arms round her pearl-wreathed neck and kissed her.

"Well stage-managed, that," said Elyot to Reeve.

"Oh, I don't know," said Reeve. "You're pretty hard on that dame, Mr. Fairfax."

"Hard?" Elyot sounded surprised. None of Zorlina's by-play had been lost on him.

"They're running a film of hers to-night," said Reeve. "I rather think you should make a point of going, Mr. Fairfax."

Johnnie had slipped away from Madame Zorlina's hold, and was coming over with unsteady steps to the English star.

"Madame Zorlina's given me her autograph," he said shrilly, "and I told her you were a biggern star nor she is. Will you write your name?"

"Certainly not," said Elyot, disregarding Reeve's sign, and pushing the book back into Johnnie's hand, "You are rude and ungrateful to say such a thing, and extremely ignorant. Go back to your governess."

But it was to Madame Zorlina Johnnie went, blubbering.

"Take him away, Lilian," she said. "And tell that governess of his she's not earning her fare."

Then she looked at the light, well-knit figure walking up and down so near, yet so inaccessible. He had beaten her, beaten the great Zorlina at close quarters. Only this evening and one day remained. Then, the following morning they would arrive. Short of a miracle, she was utterly defeated. Gus Altman confirmed her gloomy view of the situation.

Zorlina's white teeth dug into her under-lip. Then with a swift transition:

"He'll see me to-night. They're showing 'Tattered Passions' at five o'clock. He'll see what I can do."

"That's the trouble," said Gus, "you do a darn sight too much. It's nature that guy's after, and there ain't a speck of nature in your whole performance."

Gus Altman, with his usual shrewdness, had diagnosed Elyot's reaction to "Tattered Passions" accurately. Zorlina was indeed at her sublime worst in it. Her writhings and her posturings, her haughty stares and her seductive smiles gave Elyot a feeling akin to nausea. How right he had been to stand firm. Not to let that sneaking feeling of pity he had felt last evening have its way with him. In spite of a few tell-tale lines on her face, shown up by the ruthless camera, her bone structure was so good that she still looked incredibly beautiful, which made it all the more distressing.

Slipping out at the end, Johnnie sprang up at his elbow, his face flushed with excitement, his eyes extraordinarily bright.

"Mr. Fairfax, Mr. Fairfax! Madame Zorlina says you ought to give me that autograph. She says you're mean, if you don't."

But Fairfax pushed him aside with a firm, though not ungentle hand, and ran off to his cabin.

THE last day at sea.

Zorlina, tense and harassed with frayed nerves goading her patient maid over the packing, then impulsively presenting her with a lovely dress; swayed by alternating moods and very near tears.

Elyot, on the contrary, felt calm and aloof. In a few hours he would be free from the sight of that beautiful, turbulent presence. She came to lunch, but did not appear at dinner. Johnnie, too, had been conspicuous by his absence all day. When he remarked it, Reeve supplied the reason.

"The kid's sick," he said.

"Oh!"

"Yes, he's pretty bad. Some kind of fever. The doctor hasn't diagnosed it, but thinks it may be catching."

"I'm sorry. I'll take my photograph along and sign it. That may please him."

"Sure," said Reeve, "but don't go catching measles."

After dinner, rummaging in his suit-case, Elyot found a characteristic picture of himself, wrote underneath it, "To Johnnie with best wishes from Elyot Fairfax," and asked a steward for the number of Master Mount's cabin.

Elyot pushed the door gently ajar. He might leave the photograph just inside, and slip away. Then he saw Zorlina kneeling by the bed in evening dress, close to Johnnie's flushed face and tossing body. Heard the whimpering, whining refusal of the sleeping draught or medicine, whichever it was, that Zorlina held in her hand. There was no trace of the foreign accent in her tender, coaxing voice as she answered him.

"Aw, honey," she said, "You just take this down to please Zorlina, then I'll stay with you, and maybe, sing to you a bit more. I know lots of songs and lots of games, too. I'll show them to you when you're well."

Motherliness (Continued on page 96)

Limp work losing . . .
but who said GINGER ALE?

The man who 'knows a thing or two' will tell you there's no better drink than ginger ale, dry or sweet, with a slice of lemon — or with a dash of whisky or brandy.

— *therefore* Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

breathed from her, and her poise had a beautiful unconsciousness, an enveloping tenderness.

"I can't swallow."

"Oh, yes you can. Zorlina'll hold your head. There, that's right. Now go to sleep, and wake up quite well."

"Have you had your dinner, Zorlina?"

"No, but that doesn't matter."

"Kiss me."

Elyot saw her hesitate a moment, looking down at the flushed child, evidently weighing the chances of the illness being infectious. Then she kissed his forehead, got to her feet with one lithe movement, smoothed the bedclothes expertly, and shaded the light.

Elyot moved away from the door, but he joined her in the passage.

"I brought him this," he said, showing the photograph.

"He'll love it when he wakes," she said, taking it from him and disappearing into the room again, as the governess came hurrying along.

"You shouldn't leave him," said Elyot. "Madame Zorlina's been taking your place."

"She sent me. She said I must have something to eat, if I was to nurse him all night. She's . . . she's wonderful."

Elyot nodded. Zorlina was a long time coming. There were whispered directions, and a low-toned conversation between the women, but he waited deliberately, and while he waited, he thought of the look she had bent on Johnnie. No acting there, but the most touching reality. Life's surprises held him thoughtful till she came out. Down the passage she was talking of Johnnie, but Elyot hardly listened.

"You've had nothing to eat," he said.

"There's sandwiches in my room."

Unasked, he followed her into her suite.

"You were admirably kind," he said. "How did you know what to do?"

Zorlina bit into a sandwich without answering for a moment. Then she looked at him.

"Well, I don't mind if I do tell you," she said. "I know about children because I was a nurse girl in Chicago."

Elyot stared at her. Unmistakably this was the truth, and yet how impossible to visualise this glamorous creature pushing a pram.

"Oh, I didn't look the way I do now," she said. "I was husky and my hair looked something fierce, but I was crazy on the films, and ambitious. I borrowed the money to get to Hollywood, and—I had to go as a waitress in a cafetiera for months."

"But the high-born parents?" said Elyot, pouring her out some white wine.

Over the brim of her glass Madame Zorlina deliberately winked at him.

"All bunk, Elyot. My father was a truck man on the railroad, my mother took in washing. They both took in gin."

Elyot watched her, fascinated.

"Go on," he said.

"I had a tough time breaking into pictures, I'll say. I went hungry, that's how I learned to control my appetite, and I hung about the casting director's office till the sight of my face kind of made him sick. Then, one day, I got a break. They wanted a farm girl, and Dan Blumel noticed me. That was the beginning, but I never really got anywhere till I struck the notion of having a foreign name and title."

"Then there was no husband, no Count Waldeck, either?"

Zorlina shook her head.

"Why no. He was just a legend, so I kept out of the law courts. You can't divorce a man who's never existed. Oh, I'm a sham all right, but there was no sham about the way I worked."

"Good for you, Zorlina," said Elyot.

Zorlina looked pensive. When she spoke again her voice had lost its confidence.

"It was easy at one time, when I was a big box-office draw, but now Gus says I'm on a falling market, unless I can stage a come-back." Her geranium lips quivered. "I thought I might have done it with you."

Elyot drew his chair closer.

"Why are you telling me all this?" he asked abruptly. "About yourself, I mean?"

"Well," Zorlina's voice was reluctant. She looked down, fingering the rich satin of her dress. "I'm scared to tell you, for fear you'll laugh at me."

Elyot wondered what was coming. He was getting new lights on Zorlina every moment.

"I won't laugh," he promised.

"You've heard it a good few times, Elyot Fairfax, from many silly women, but I'm kind of struck on you, and when you're struck on people, you can't deceive them."

Elyot seemed to consider her words, then to put them aside for the moment.

"What is your real name, Zorlina?" he said unexpectedly.

"Phœbe Ann Rogers," she admitted.

"I like that, and I like you." Then, with a smile, he took her hand in his, turned it palm upwards and kissed it, before he went away.

Zorlina stood looking at her hand till Gus's noisy entrance.

"Did I see Fairfax leave your suite just now?" he demanded, his prominent eyes bulging with astonishment.

"You did," said Zorlina, still looking at the palm of her hand. "We had a talk, and I told him I was struck on him."

"You told him that?" Gus was torn between anger and admiration. Then, admiration conquering, "Well, that's a way," he said. "As good as any other. How'd you come to think that up?"

Zorlina surveyed him with angry contempt.

"How did I think of it?" she said. "That was easy enough. It's true!"

SHE did not see Elyot till the moment of arrival, but she found time to see a recovered Johnnie, hugging her photograph and Elyot's in his arms, also to pay the captain many compliments, and to distribute goddess-like smiles among the passengers, with a singularly heavy heart.

Then New York, and the reporters about them like a swarm of locusts. They were avid for news, implacable in their questions. No eluding them, Gus thought. He did his best with the poor material at his command, as he stepped in front of Zorlina.

"And Madame Zorlina's plans?" they asked him.

Zorlina had no plans, and Gus knew it.

"Madame Zorlina hasn't gotten them fixed yet. She's had many flattering propositions put to her, but she's taking her time to decide."

The lynx-eyed journalist facing Gus saw through that at once. He turned to Zorlina.

"Is it true that you're taking older rôles, now?"

"Certainly not," she began, a look of hurt surprise sweeping over her face.

But Gus had caught sight of Elyot Fairfax, and he hurried away, leaving Zorlina a little forlorn in her sumptuous furs, holding the bouquet Gus had thoughtfully ordered in advance, and talking to Miss Schuyler with rather overdone animation.

Suddenly the reporters were back again, swarms of them, at the heels of Elyot Fairfax, who came up to her in his usual nonchalant way.

"Your phenomenal success," began the nearest reporter, avoiding Madame Zorlina's eye, and fixing his own on Elyot Fairfax, "has naturally roused great interest in your future plans. Can you let us have an idea what they are?"

"Is it true that all the biggest stars are after you, Mr. Fairfax, for their leading man?"

Zorlina's eyelids flickered. This was the kind of talk which had been addressed to her in those glamorous years when she had drunk the heady wine of success.

"Well, I don't know that it's a secret," drawled Elyot Fairfax, "unless Madame Zorlina wishes it to be."

"Madame Zorlina?"

The eager eyes were focused on her again.

Carelessly, Fairfax had pushed her into the limelight. With her heart beating furiously, she smiled at Fairfax.

"I . . . I . . ." she stammered, looking quite youthfully embarrassed.

Gus bit his expensive cigar in half in his agitation.

"Madame Zorlina," said Elyot Fairfax deliberately, "has done me the great honour of wishing to associate me as her leading man with the production of her magnificent play, 'The Woman at the Gate,' and subject to my business commitments and arrangements, I shall be delighted to work with an artist I so much admire."

The pencils flew over the paper. A photographer levelled his camera at the two stars. Gus choked and spluttered in his astonished delight, and under cover of all this, Elyot whispered:

"How's that for a bouquet, Phœbe Ann?"

But for once in her life the Countess Zorlina was speechless.

END

What *is* Going *to* Happen? (*Continued from page* 11)

propaganda has resulted in the greatly increased use of contraceptive methods, and as these methods become more generally known it is equally certain that further decreases in the birth rate will take place.

There may be profound moral and religious objections to family limitation. A higher standard of living can only be achieved in most families, however, by a deliberate restriction of the number of children, and since the general tendency to-day is very definitely in the direction of a rising standard of living, it is extremely unlikely that any campaigns which aim at increasing the birth rate will ever meet with any success; they are, indeed, far more likely to be stillborn.

Deliberate limitation of the size of families is the first great cause of the declining birth rate. The second is the later age at which most marriages now take place.

The average age at which a man or woman marries has steadily advanced. In England and Wales it is now about 27 for a man and 24 for a woman, as a result of which, of every 1,000 women who are married, about 12 per cent. fewer are below the age of 35 than was the case in 1871. Biologically, woman has remained unchanged throughout the centuries. Fertility is still greatest between the ages of 20 and 22, and becomes negligible after the age of 45, and although during recent years there has been a slight tendency in the direction of earlier marriages, it would appear inevitable that in future the average marriage will be deferred until the middle or late twenties. This postponement of marriage must reflect seriously on the birth-rate figures.

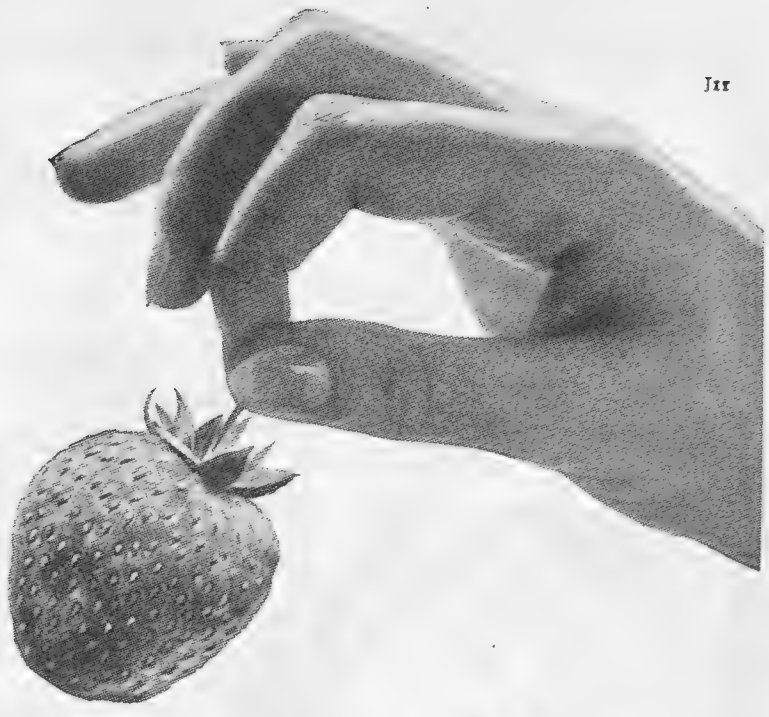
The improvement in the death rate is due to advances in hygiene, sanitation and medical knowledge, and their compulsory application to the lives of the people.

Until comparatively recent times a householder could dispose of his sewage by the easiest and most convenient means, no matter to what dangers he might expose himself and his neighbours in the process. As a result, a child was lucky if it lived more than a few months, and its mother if she survived the birth of the child. A short life and a miserable one was the lot of the average man.

Local authorities must now supply pure water, a staff of food inspectors ensure pure foods and milk, the manufacture and sale of vaccines, drugs and poisonous substances are governed by many drastic laws. No house can be built unless the plans show that it will comply with the local sanitary regulations, and a system of sick, unemployment and old-age benefits and pensions removes the worst fears of ill-health and poverty.

Whether we like it or not, we are literally being hounded into good health. The average expectation of life has increased by twelve years since the beginning of the century, and during the next thirty years it may quite possibly be increased by a similar amount.

A declining birth rate (*Continued on page* 98)



So that's where all the finest strawberries went!

CERTAINLY—they went to Hartley's. They went there because Hartleys will only use fresh fruit for their jams—and only the choicest fresh fruit at that. No pulp, no preservatives, no colouring matter. That is why Hartleys make a whole year's supply of each kind of jam during the brief period when the fruit is in season. Hartley's new strawberry jam is now in the shops. Try a jar, and see whether it isn't the finest strawberry jam you ever tasted!

HARTLEY'S

JAMS—made only when the fruit is fresh

chiefly affects the younger age groups of the population, while a decreasing death rate chiefly affects the older age groups. As a result, the average age of the population is steadily advancing. The effects of this, as a little reflection will show, must be very serious, particularly with a shrinking population.

The number of children under the age of 15 in 1921 was the same as in 1891, although during the same period the total population was increased by approximately ten million. The number of children attending elementary schools reached a maximum in 1915, when it exceeded six million, but since that date it has steadily fallen, and it will soon be down to the five-million mark. In ten years' time it will be little more than three million, or 20 per cent. less than the present figure.

The decrease will not take place regularly each year. There was a temporary increase in the birth rate for a short period immediately after the war, as a result of which an abnormal number of children will reach the age of 14 next year—in round figures, about 440,000.

Next year, therefore, the school population will suddenly contract, and the labour market will be flooded with a corresponding increase in the number of children seeking employment. Although the number of children who left school last year was only 292,000, they could not all be absorbed into industry, and it is estimated that to-day about 200,000 boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 are unemployed.

The supply of juvenile labour (14 to 18 years) already exceeds the demand by about 11 per cent.—in other words, one boy or girl out of every nine is unemployed—but by 1937 the labour market will be asked to absorb 250,000 boys and 180,000 girls in excess of the present figures. Prophets are often confounded, but it is reasonable to anticipate that within the next three years the country may have to support about 600,000 unemployed boys and girls.

What can we do with them ?

Two suggestions have been made, but neither seems likely to be adopted nor, it must be added, to be successful if they were adopted. To raise the school-leaving age to 15 years—the first suggestion—would only mean that 1935-1938 would be the critical years instead of 1934–1937; and to make retirement at the age of 60 compulsory—the second—thus creating a large number of industrial vacancies, would simply mean the creation of an additional army of old age pensioners who must be maintained and, as we shall see, during the next twenty years the number of old age pensioners will increase enormously without the increase being artificially stimulated.

As a nation we are each year becoming more middle-aged and old. The proportion of the population over the age of 45 is steadily increasing, and as it is generally admitted that a man's most productive years are from 20 to 45, when he is in his physical prime, it is obvious that a gradually increasing burden is going to be placed on a gradually decreasing number of workers.

To-day only about six per cent. of the population are over the age of 65, but owing to the fact that the population has approximately doubled during the last sixty years this percentage is abnormally low. Within the next ten years the percentage of the population over the age of 65 will rise from six to ten and a half.

Under the existing pensions Acts many people can qualify for an old age pension at the age of 65. To a certain extent the old age pensions scheme is a contributory one, but it also involves substantial contributions from the national exchequer, and a continuous increase in the number of old age pensioners must place an increasingly heavy burden on industry.

The difficulties of the future will not only be financial ones; they will be complicated by the fact that the two sexes have different expectations of life. Women have a considerably longer expectation of life than have men—a scientific fact which is reflected in the annuity rates quoted by all assurance companies—and even to-day outnumber men by nearly two million. The differences in the two sexes are particularly noticeable in the older age groups. There are 2,052 women over the age of 85 to every 1,000 men, and while female centenarians form a comparatively numerous group, a male centenarian is a *rara avis*.

In spite of the fact that the population as a whole will by that time be steadily shrinking, by 1960 there are likely to be at least one million more women over the age of 65 than there are to-day.

So far I have discussed only the changes in the distribution of the population by age and sex which may be expected to result from the decreases in the birth and death rate figures. Let me now briefly suggest the kind of problem which may be expected to arise from a shrinking population.

Some years ago the Waterworks Committee of the Manchester Corporation made arrangements to take over Haweswater, one of the beauty spots of the Lake District, as a new source of supply. The demand for water was increasing yearly by leaps and bounds, and it seemed reasonable to anticipate that the demand would continue to increase.

An ambitious scheme was therefore planned whereby the waters of Haweswater should be harnessed to the service of the city. To date, over one million pounds have been spent on the undertaking.

Nevertheless, about a year ago it was decided that the Haweswater undertaking should be "indefinitely postponed," or to put the matter a little more brutally, the whole enterprise has been scrapped. This decision was taken, it should be noted, not as an economy measure, but simply because it had become obvious that the new water supplies would never be required.

The demand has ceased to increase—the population of Salford and some other parts of the area supplied by the Manchester waterworks has already shown a considerable decline—and in spite of the heavy capital expenditure which has been incurred, the Manchester Corporation have had no option but to cut their losses.

Manchester is the writing on the wall, but the warning has not yet been accepted. Hundreds of municipalities are planning huge housing estates in the expectation that these services will be required, and will be paid for, by an influx of hordes of new ratepayers.

In many cases these new ratepayers will never materialise. With a stationary or shrinking population developments in one part of the country can only take place at the expense of another, and unless a halt is called in time, many municipalities may find themselves faced with a crippling debt and rapidly dwindling resources.

The industrial and social disturbances which must result from a shrinking population will not easily be adjusted, but their adjustment will certainly prove less difficult if they are tackled before they reach the really acute stage. Royal Commissions are not regarded with unanimous approval, it is true, and their recommendations have a regrettable habit of being somewhat non-committal, but the importance of the problem of population is so great that the appointment of yet another would be more than justified.

END

Greta Garbo (*Continued from page* 35)

He died when Greta was fourteen; and when she thinks of him and of her sister Alva, who died of pernicious anæmia, she says bitterly: "Everybody whom I love dies."

But she never speaks of him, although she cannot forget the struggle he had to provide for his hard-working wife and his growing family.

There is a woman living in Blexingegaten-street now who used to be a neighbour of the Gustafssons. Her name is Magnusson.

She watched Greta grow up from an angular girl into a plump young beauty. Then she watched her metamorphosis from shopgirl to mannequin, from rounded healthy curves to slender, transparent charm.

Garbo's family had their ups and downs and their hard times like most of the hard-working tenants of Blexingegaten-street.

Greta, at the age of fourteen or so, came home one day with a krone, which she gave shyly to her mother.

"Where did you get that ?" asked Anna Gustafsson.

Greta shook her head.

"Did you find it ?"

No answer.

Eventually Greta admitted that she had found a spare-time job and had earned the money.

The next day she came home with another krone. And the day afterwards she arrived with two.

Uneasy at the source of this mysterious income, her mother made inquiries. She discovered that Greta, on the way home from school, had been stopping to work at a barber's shop as lather girl.

Swedish barbers often employ young girls, not to apply lather to customers' faces, but to froth it up in a bowl in readiness for the barber's use. This—and keeping the razors clean—is what Greta had been doing. The money she received was her first contribution to the family exchequer.

THE woman across the cabin sighs. "I am so tired," she says again. "I am always rather tired. I get up at seven o'clock every morning to say good-morning to the birds, but I like to get to bed early at night. I am always tired."

The seeds of tragedy were laid in the Gustafsson family by the war. Sweden, though neutral, suffered from food shortage. There was little sugar. There were no fats of any kind. Butter was at a premium. To families like the Gustafssons it was unobtainable.

The Gustafssons sat down to meagre meals composed mostly of slabs of Swedish black bread coated with an unsavoury apology for jam made from the ash tree.

To Greta in those days, robust and healthy as she then was, these privations made little difference. But they seriously undermined the health of her already delicate younger sister, Alva.

Greta was already well on the road to fame when Alva died. She had, in fact, just managed to get her sister the promise of a good position. Greta had just then arrived in America and cabled Alva to come out to her. But it was too late.

Carl Gustafsson had died a few years before, and his death had precipitated the family crisis that set Greta Garbo to work and ultimately led her to Hollywood and fame. At that time neither Greta nor her brother Sven was earning money. Her father's savings did not amount to much. Most of what he had put by was swallowed up in the funeral expenses.

The day after he was buried a solemn little conference was held in the Gustafsson household to decide what was to be done. Greta suggested that she should find work.

But her mother and brother were firm. They wanted Greta to have every possible chance.

The result was that Greta went back to school, and Sven went to work.

But Greta finally left school when she was fourteen. She had no definite plans for a career and, like so many young Stockholm girls of similar class, she inclined naturally to work in one of the big shopping emporiums.

The most imposing store in the city is that of Paul Bergstrom, where eventually, after months of forced idleness, she was engaged on the 26th July, 1920. She was then fifteen. (*Continued on page* 100)

The Perfect Round—

DON'T BE VAGUE

ORDER

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Thanks to the whole wheat in

Vita-Weat

REGD.

(the all-British Crispbread)—

you can knock off weight without knocking off nourishment

WITH VITA-WEAT on the table at every meal, in place of ordinary bread or toast, you can keep your figure down and your vigour up. For Vita-Weat actively discourages those 'superfluities' due to hasty eating and ill-selected meals. Its crunchiness encourages proper mastication, its freedom from unconverted starch promotes easy digestion, and its roughage ensures natural elimination.
On the other side of the picture, Vita-Weat offers you all the nourishment of the whole wheat berry, precious vitamins conserved intact. Make it your daily bread for one trial week—and find yourself rejoicing in such a feeling of buoyancy as you've never known before.

In cartons 1/6 and 10d. Packets 6d. and 2d.

There is still in the emporium of Paul Bergstrom her first employment card. Across the top is written her full name: "Greta Louisa Gustafsson." In a space at the foot, usually reserved for the firm's testimonial and remarks when an employee leaves, is written: "Left on July 22, 1922, at her own request in order to go on the films."

"Left to go on the films." What drama—what achievement—lies behind these words!

THE ship is coming alongside the quay at Gothenburg and Garbo is on the deck. She is home. In a few minutes the gangway will be put out.

A blond young man with black eyebrows comes along the deck, hat in hand, to say good-bye to Garbo.

He is ——, a 25-year-old American schoolteacher and poet, who has travelled tourist class on the ship from New York. He had never met Greta Garbo before he sailed, but on the morning of the third day out he wandered up out of the part of the ship reserved for tourist passengers and took a stroll on the first class boat deck.

It was 7 a.m. Suddenly he saw a girl with yellow hair peeping from beneath a grey beret, and with blue sports trousers and yellow pullover, standing hesitatingly with a deck shuffleboard stick in her hand.

He went up to her and raised his hat.

"Like a game?" he asked casually.

"Thank you," said Garbo.

And —— and she played together for half an hour.

The next morning at the same hour —— again appeared on the first class boat deck. Again Garbo was there. Again they played deck shuffleboard.

He had caught Garbo in a romantic mood. Hollywood was thousands of miles away.

Greta Garbo

For the moment she had forgotten that she was Greta Garbo. She was just a girl out to enjoy herself like any other passenger.

Afterwards —— came to the first class boat deck nearly every day and Garbo played with him. They spoke in French and German. They used Swedish for counting.

And Garbo nearly always won.

What they talked about together no other passenger knew. He, in fact, told an inquisitive passenger who asked him that he considered his friendship with the screen star too sacred for public discussion.

—— probably got to know her better than anyone has ever done since she left Sweden.

But this ocean friendship, of course, could only have one ending. And it is ending now with the young man standing bareheaded before her.

"Good-bye," he says.

"Good-bye," Garbo answers gently.

Their hands clasp. And then, in a low voice, the young schoolmaster asks if he can see her again, or if she will write to him.

Greta Garbo says quietly: "I never write to anyone. Let it end here, and keep it all as lovely as we have found it."

There is a pause. With a smile she holds out her hand again. A moment later she turns away, slips her arm affectionately through her brother's, and is lost in the crowd.

—— stands with his arms folded on the rail of the main deck, gazing out to sea. He looks lonely.

What are his thoughts as he watches the yellow-haired Garbo, with her flat-heeled shoes and her grey flannel skirt, pass down the gangway and out of his life?

END

Furniture to Live With

PLEASANT surroundings have much to do with the satisfaction of the spirit as well as the comfort of the body, as it is as well to pay intelligent attention to the décor of one's life in order to ensure æsthetic as well as bodily satisfaction.

Much of the beauty of modern furniture lies in restrained and subtle designs carried out in fine woods. Minty's of Oxford have realised this and their "Modern Design" furniture shows an intelligent interpretation of contemporary conditions. Accommodation in modern apartments is so often limited that their famous expanding bookcase is especially welcome in its new and up-to-date form. The cornice and base with their sculptured strength give perfect balance to this fine piece of work.

ADD something to your rooms by the "Modern Design" bookcase. Compact, convenient and good-looking, it will keep your books dust-free and in perfect order

HEAVILY built in oak, the new "Bachelor" table costs £3 10s. Supercomfort in the new "Isis" Minty chair can be bought from £6

The "Bachelor" table is another help; stolid and compact, it is made in a thoroughly practical and useful design. There is ample book-room and the little shelves on either side can be pulled out to accommodate glasses and other odds and ends.

The new "Isis" Minty Club Chair is built for utter relaxation. It is made of pure hair over specially designed double springing, with an overlay of Lintafelt, and as well as being superlatively sprung, it is made with loose seats and backs, so that it can be taken to pieces and cleaned thoroughly, thus eliminating all dust-traps.

Señor Nelson

(*Continued from page* 33)

in his chair, his eyes holding Taylor's, as he began abruptly.

"I was in the war, of course. I did not like war. I had not been intended for the army; I was being educated for the diplomatic service. But when it came, I had no choice. There was my family—and I was, I thought, a good German.

"I had served in several branches before ending up with the heavy bombers. I was not a pilot; I had no knack for that. I was an observer, a navigator.

"When the Zeppelins had failed, the airplane raids on London started. And those—I did not like. It did not seem to me like war—that bombing of helpless civilians. And, you must know, I had lived much of my life in London and in England. Until the war came I had many English friends; I had been at Oxford in the spring of the year when it began. I had many happy memories of English things and English—people. No, I did not like the raids on London. But my intimate knowledge of England made me a valuable observer. And I did my duty. Until——" Nelson's voice broke off sharply and his eyes grew dark with pain; but almost immediately he went on.

"The pilot with whom I usually flew was my superior officer. He was the—but his names do not matter. I knew him, thought of him, simply as Karl. He was of my own class; I had known him since childhood, though until the war threw us together we had never been intimate. Then we became—friends." Duty was almost a religion with him; he was a professional soldier, and had been an officer of Uhlans before transferring to aviation; and his attitude toward the world and the war was the simple one of a soldier. He was a superb pilot, the decorated hero of a dozen daring exploits.

"By the spring of '18 the air defences around London had become too nearly perfect for us. Squadron raiding was no longer practicable; and after a few single-plane raids, the bombing of London was abandoned. I was glad—very glad. Early in the fall a new series of raids upon England were tentatively planned. London and its defences were to be ignored; we were to strike farther away—at the industrial cities to the north. Karl volunteered at once for the honour of being the first to attempt a flight so much longer and more daring than our usual ones. My own consent was taken for granted; nor did I have any thought of refusing it.

"And so, one moonlight night in early October, we roared down the runway of our field with Manchester as our objective. Many of our previous raids upon the English coast had been made by daylight; but it was thought that the darkness would give us a better chance of escape after dropping our bombs. The night was perfect for our purpose. Near Harwich we swung inland and laid our course for Manchester.

"Occasionally I glanced back from my cockpit at the nose of the plane toward Karl, his powerful figure crouched tensely over his controls. We were alone between the clouds and the stars. Karl's lips were set in an eager, exultant smile. I knew that he was thinking, triumphantly, of the crash of bombs upon a sleeping town; of the orange flames that would lick skyward where they had struck; of the terrors of war brought home to middle England." Nelson's soft voice dropped away to a mere whisper. "But I—I was thinking of a grave-eyed girl in an unforgotten rose garden," he added gently.

"We had been flying over English soil for perhaps an hour when suddenly, without even a preliminary sputter, our motor stopped. The heavily-loaded plane yawed crazily for a moment, then nosed into a steep glide. There was no sound except the moaning of the wind through struts and drag wires.

"Instinctively my hands moved toward the bomb toggles. Karl and I had never before been forced down; (*Continued on page* 102)

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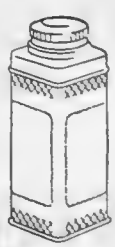

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but I knew that our chance of escaping unharmed would be doubled if I released our half-ton of bombs. But as I looked back for a signal of assent from Karl, he shook his head with savage determination.

"'No! Don't do it! I can see a good field. We'll land—make repairs—complete our raid!'

"I had no choice but to nod my understanding, even while I weighed the chances against us. But I knew the quality of Karl's flying, and the degree of his mechanical genius. Given an uninterrupted hour on the ground, there was a good chance that he would be able to repair the engine, take off again and complete our mission.

"We landed, roughly but without damage to the plane, in a rolling upland pasture. Even the iron-nerved Karl's face was a little white as he slid from his high cockpit.

"'Do you know where we are?' he asked.

"'Within a few miles,' I told him, and marked the place roughly on our map by the brief glow of a flashlight. We were still a hundred miles short of our destination. And we were in a part of England which I had once known well.

"There were no lights visible from our landing place. The countryside seemed deserted, or asleep. Karl even dared to use his flashlight when he clambered up to inspect the motor. But in half an hour he dropped to the ground, shaking his head dubiously. 'It's the ignition,' he said. 'I can fix it; but both magnetos will have to come off. It's a daylight job—and a long day's work for one man. And in daylight we can't expect to go undiscovered long. Well, at least we can destroy the plane before we're captured.'

"We sat by the big plane through the balance of the night. We talked little. Neither of us had any hope of escape. But toward morning the wind died down, and the ragged masses of cloud seemed to settle toward us. By dawn a heavy protective mantle of fog walled us in. Karl laughed exultantly. 'We'll lay our eggs on Manchester yet!' he cried. 'The old German storm gods are fighting on our side to-day!'

"Of course the fog might lift; and even if it lasted through the day there was always the chance that some herdsman might blunder upon us. We took this last possibility into account in our plans. Karl was to stay by the plane and work on the engine. I, who could have been of little use to him at this work, was to patrol in a circle at some little distance. If I judged discovery and capture to be imminent, a shot from my Luger would warn him to fire the plane. And so, all that long day—the first day I had spent on English soil since the fatal June of '14—I walked my monotonous beat through the fog. I had nothing to do but listen and think; and my only thought was that somewhere—perhaps a mile, perhaps ten—beyond our close wall of fog lay scenes where I had spent the happiest hours of my life—and from which I was now shut off by something more impenetrable than any fog.

"Late in the afternoon I went back to the plane for a moment. Karl, his eyes bloodshot, his face drawn and grim, was working doggedly. The repairs were proving more difficult than he had anticipated. He was still confident of ultimate success; but he estimated that the completion of the work would take him most of the night. He would, of course, have to use a light constantly then, and while the fog offered a considerable measure of protection, we decided that I should continue my patrol through the night until he called me in.

"I had hardly resumed my ghostly vigil when I was discovered. I had heard no sound of footsteps through the blankest of fog; but behind me, suddenly, a dog growled. I turned quickly, my Luger half drawn. A huge mastiff, his neck bristles raised, stood hardly fifteen feet from me, the ominous rumble in his big throat deepening.

"And then, as abruptly as though she had stepped through the folds of a curtain, a girl stood beside the dog. She was hardly more

than a child—a tall child, with a startled white triangle of face under a cloth hat covered with tiny pearls of fog, and grey eyes that widened as they met mine.

"'Why—you're Air Force!' she cried. And then, to the still rumbling dog, 'Be still, Cæsar!'

"I snatched desperately at the cue her words had given me. One man, muffled in a flying suit in a fog, is much like another; and English was half a native tongue to me. 'Yes,' I said. 'We—we have two planes up in the pasture. We landed there just before the fog settled. But I'll have to ask you to say nothing—absolutely nothing—about our presence here. A secret mission—very important; and the slightest word might endanger it. You must promise to forget that you have seen me!'

"With anyone a few years older I must have failed; but my hint of mystery, of secrecy, struck just the right note for this child. I could see that she was accepting my crazy story without question. Her eyes brightened excitedly. 'Of course,' she said eagerly. 'I promise! I won't say a word about it!'

"I smiled, more in relief than triumph. 'Thank you,' I said. 'I knew I could rely on you.' I moved back a step, trying to put a note of dismissal into my voice. I wanted her to go before some trifle might arouse her suspicion. 'Aren't you a little far from home thus late in the day?' I hinted.

"She shook her head quickly. 'Oh, no!' she said. 'It's hardly half a mile to my home—to Armitage Manor.'

"I fought back a gasp of surprise with difficulty. For I knew her now. She had been only a leggy child of twelve when I had seen her last—in the June of '14. Her brother Guy had been perhaps my closest English friend. We were at Oxford together, and I had spent more than one vacation at Armitage Manor." Nelson paused, breathing heavily. "And it had been with this child's sister that I had walked in that unforgotten rose garden," he added softly.

"I was twenty-one then; she was eighteen. There had been no more than a few shy kisses and a whispered promise on the night before I left for Germany. And hardly a month later the iron doors of the war had clanged shut between us. But it was more than a boy-and-girl affair. Much more! And not even those four years of war had erased one remembered instant of it from my mind. I had not forgotten.

"A dozen eager questions sprang alive in my mind—and died stillborn. I knew that the slightest incautious word might prove fatal to us. And still the girl lingered, her eyes glowing with excitement. 'Is it spies you're looking for?' she asked. And then, beseechingly, 'I've promised not to tell!'

"I had to say something. Ironically, an almost truth sprang to my lips. 'We've been warned that a German raider may fly over here,' I said.

"The child's eyes darkened with sudden passion. 'Oh, I hope you get him!' she cried. 'I'd like to see it—to see one of them shot down!' Her voice was harsh with hate.

"Her bitterness surprised me; it even, a little, shocked me. And a touch of my distaste must have crept into my voice. 'We'll do our best,' I said stiffly. I had to fight back a mirthless desire to laugh at the hidden meaning of my words.

"The girl's eyes were blazing into mine now. She stood with her small hands clinched against her breast. 'You've never lost someone—someone you loved!' she said fiercely. 'If you had, you couldn't speak so calmly!'

"I thought instantly, sickly, of her brother Guy. Guy, the laughing, high-spirited youngster who had initiated me into the mysteries of cricket, had taught me to manipulate a punt pole, must now be lying in some unmarked Flanders ditch.

"'It was the last week in May,' she said. Her throaty voice was half a sob. 'I'd gone to London to spend a week with my sister. She was in a hospital there, but she was off

duty that day. We'd just come out of Selfridges—a little before noon. And then it came. Just one plane—very high. The bombs were like black dots at first. Then they grew bigger and bigger. One fell near us. It knocked me down, but I wasn't hurt. I got up right away. But Marjorie——' The child covered her face with her hands. Her voice came muted and muffled, but inescapable. 'Oh, her face! Her lovely hair!'

Nelson's voice died away. Taylor did not look toward him. After a moment of silence he spoke again, slowly and wearily. "It was then, I think, that I—died. For I had been at the bomb toggles of that lone plane."

"I said nothing," Nelson went on. "I simply stood there—motionless, rigid, my mind a vacuum. In a moment the child uncovered her face, turned without looking at me and drifted like a wraith into the fog. The big dog trotted at her heels. Her voice floated back to me unsteadily. 'I won't forget—my promise,' she said. And then she was gone. Everything was gone.

"I can remember little of that night. I often thank God that I cannot. Somehow the night passed, and there was a faint glow of light in the east. That ghost of the sun was perhaps an hour high when a prearranged whistle from Karl summoned me to him.

"'Well, it's done!' he said as I drew near. 'We can take off whenever the fog lifts.' He raised his bloodshot eyes to the sky. 'And I think it'll be gone in a couple of hours,' he added. 'The sun's brighter already.'

"I nodded in agreement; dully, without any real interest in his words. My brain was as if swept clean of all emotion. Karl went on with nervous, eager briskness. 'You see what we'll have to do, don't you? We can't risk staying here after the fog begins to lift. We'll have to turn this into a daylight raid. If the fog holds another two hours, we can take off in time to be over Manchester during the noon hour—when the most people are on the streets. We can see what our bombs are doing then. Like our last London raid. Remember?'

"I did not consciously will myself to speak. The words burst out of my racked soul rather than my mind. 'I can't! I won't! Not again! I can't do it!' I heard myself screaming thinly. I saw Karl's mouth drop open. I remember that there was a smudge of grease across his upper lip.

"The rest of it is a blur in my mind. I think that Karl tried to calm me, to reason with me; and that then his own tight-drawn nerves snapped in the face of my hysterics. I seem to remember hearing him curse me for a mutinous coward. But I am not sure. You must remember that we had been without food or sleep for more than forty hours. The next thing I remember clearly is our being locked in an obscene, brutal struggle; rolling on the ground among the tools; clutching for each other's throats, striking wildly at each other's faces. And he was stronger than I—much stronger. In a few instants I lay helplessly beneath him, one of his hands locked upon my throat, the other smashing short, savage blows at my face. I struggled still, but weakly; consciousness was fast leaving me.

"One of my groping hands closed about a spanner. I struck upward, blindly. And Karl's hand at my throat relaxed as he rolled off my prone body.

"It was several minutes before I was strong enough to rise to my knees. Karl lay on his back beside me, his open eyes staring toward the clearing sky. There was a blue bruise over his temple. That was all."

"I sat there beside him for what seemed a long time," Nelson said unevenly. "It may have been an hour; it may have been less. I remember that I tried to talk to him—to tell him about it—to explain. Then, when I looked up, I saw that the fog was vanishing very fast. And suddenly I remembered that I must not be captured. Capture meant a prison camp; a prison camp, return to Germany after the war. And I knew that I could never go back to Germany.

"It took me several minutes to reason all this out. My mind was working with wooden slowness. (*Continued on page* 104)

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But finally I knew what I must do. It would, I thought, be easy. I drew my Luger from its holster and put the muzzle in my mouth." Nelson's head jerked up and his eyes sought Taylor's. "I couldn't pull the trigger!" he cried. In a moment he went on more calmly. "Literally, I couldn't. I couldn't will my forefinger to move the quarter of an inch that would settle all my problems. And so, at last, I got to my feet—and ran away."

"And that, my friend, is all. All that matters. I have said that I had known that part of England well. I had friends there, and I found one who was still sufficiently my friend to risk sheltering me. The war ended hardly a month later, and he helped me to get out of England. I was in Spain for a while. From Spain I went to Mexico; from Mexico I came here. And here I decided to run no further. And so, at last, they have found me."

"But—but Nelson—you mustn't go on with this!" Taylor gasped. "General Alvarez himself says that the conditions you have agreed to are murderous! It's not fair! You can explain—tell them, as you've told me, what you'd gone through. Surely they'll understand!"

Nelson smiled gravely as he shook his head. "It is you who do not understand," he said gently. "But you do not, of course, know his family—and mine. My friend, my own father would approve of what his brother has come here to do."

Taylor sank back limply in his chair; then sat erect again as a new flash of hope entered his mind. "But if you—if you *win*?" he asked hoarsely.

Nelson's grave smile did not change. "Then it will be—settled," he said quietly. "You have read in history of trial by battle, have you not? This is like that. Our families are very old."

Taylor leaned forward eagerly. "But you are calm now," he cried. "Your hand will be steady, won't it?"

Nelson stretched out his hand, the fingers spread. They were as unfalteringly rigid as they had been half a dozen hours earlier. Taylor pointed at them triumphantly. "See! At least you'll have an equal chance!"

Nelson's eyes met his a little wistfully. "I am glad you think so," he said softly.

There was a thunderous double knock on the door. General Alvarez flung it wide at

Señor Nelson

Nelson's word. The big man was smiling cheerfully as he fingered the worn shagreen case beneath his arm. "Come, Señores," he said. "It is time that we put ourselves upon the march."

"*FUEGO!*" clanged Alvarez's metallic voice. On the heels of the word came two heavy reports, hardly a heart-beat apart. Then a harsh gasp, the sound of a falling body and the whisper of hurrying light footsteps over the sands. With a supreme effort Taylor forced himself to open his eyes.

Nelson lay upon his back, his arms sprawling, the gleaming silvered revolver still clutched in his right hand. The bearded surgeon crouched low over him. Alvarez was moving forward deliberately. The two Germans stood like statues. As Taylor's eyes swept over them the nameless stranger opened his fingers and let his revolver drop to the sands.

Alvarez stood above Nelson now. The little surgeon looked up. "*Muerte!*" he announced tersely. Alvarez nodded gravely and turned back to the motionless Germans. There were a dozen low-voiced words and an exchange of bows. Then, without seeming to see the lifeless form by which they must pass, the two tall men moved stiffly toward the waiting tender. In a moment there was the muffled purr of the motor, and the tender's mahogany nose was leaving its dent in the wet sands.

Unsteadily, Taylor moved to Nelson's side and dropped to his knees. Nelson's glazing eyes stared sightlessly toward the sky. And Nelson's face, relaxed in death, was strangely altered. Its sombre lines were half-erased; it seemed years younger and oddly serene. Its lips were set in a faint smile.

Taylor bent more closely over the bared chest from which the little surgeon had laid back coat and shirt. There was a wound an inch below Nelson's heart—and there was another, a palm's breath above it. Taylor looked up quickly to meet Alvarez's puzzled stare. Alvarez's face was grave for once.

"But—the two shots!" Taylor cried.

Alvarez shook his head slowly. "Señor Nelson did not even raise his hand," he said gently.

END

Queen of the Mediterranean

(*Continued from page 25*)

fade behind her and the vessel's nose turned once more towards Gibraltar.

One thing alone distressed her. Young Mrs. Farquharson, whose honeymoon trip should have been unalloyed enjoyment, was still confined to her cabin. Once upset, she had failed to recuperate quickly, and had been unable to take part in any of the shore expeditions, and every evening for the past week had had a touch of fever. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis was anxious about her, but even more anxious about her husband. He, poor young man, in spite of his distress at his wife's illness, had become increasingly bored as the days followed one another, and he began to spend more and more of his time in the company of Miss Chambers. Now mild flirtations did not worry Mrs. Bromley-Jervis in the least—what is a Mediterranean cruise for?—but Miss Chambers, as the hostess knew, was a dangerous young woman. If only the young wife would recover her health and spirits and come to the rescue.

In the daytime Mrs. Bromley-Jervis felt tolerably secure; but it was the policy of the company—and her own—to organise as many evening amusements as possible in order to keep the passengers amused. Dances such as the one at which young Farquharson and Miss Chambers had become acquainted were followed by open-air theatricals and moonlight bathing parties in a tank sunk in the surface of the promenade deck. In spite of the fairy lamps and the tactful use of the ship's searchlight, it was very difficult for Mrs. Bromley-Jervis to oversee these recreations with as much efficiency as she oversaw those which took place in daylight. And she was so anxious for her pet honeymoon couple to be happy.

Still, it was impossible for her artist's eye not to take pleasure in the midnight bathing.

This was a young people's party. Mrs. Prendergast was safely in her cabin, Colonel Hornblower imbibing a final peg at the bar. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis had no immediate worries, and she allowed herself to contemplate the scene before her without, for once, thinking of her responsibilities. So she did not see the comedy which was being played at the other end of the bath.

Farquharson was watching Miss Chambers dive into the water from the middle springboard. He admired her lithe grace as she slipped, almost without a splash into the water, and was astonished, when she came to the surface, to see that her face was distorted with pain. She climbed hastily out and sat down with a grimace at the edge of the bath.

"What's the matter, Sybil?" he asked.

"I think I've twisted my ankle. I can't stand on it. Ugh!"

"Wait a moment. I'll get Mrs. Bromley-Jervis."

"No, Harry! No! Don't make a fuss, for goodness' sake."

"But what can I do?"

Sybil Chambers flashed a smile at him.

"You might carry me to my cabin," she said: "that is, if you feel strong enough."

Such a challenge could hardly fail to arouse masculine vanity. Without a word, he picked up the wet figure in his arms. She was small and slight, and he carried her easily. His bare feet made no sound on the deck as he passed. He was a strong young man, and did not have to put her down while he opened the door of her cabin. He was about to lay her on the bed, but she shivered violently and, gliding from his arms, stood on one foot, supporting herself by clinging to his shoulder.

"I'm so cold," she said. "I must get these wet things off."

"Shall I call the stewardess?"

"No, don't bother. Just turn your head the other way."

Very rapidly she slipped off her dripping costume, and reached for the bath towel. But the effort was too much for her. Her grip on the young man's arm relaxed, and he turned just in time to catch her before she fell to the ground. Miss Chambers had fainted.

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis rose from her seat beside the bathing-pool. It was growing late, and to-morrow, as usual, would be a busy day. It was her custom, however, to make a tour of the promenade deck before going to her cabin—a kind of final look at her charges, most of whom were already in bed. A light from the hatch of the card-room and a murmur of voices told her that a game was still in progress. One or two of the cabins showed a light also, but the deck itself was dark. Underneath her feet she could feel the scarcely perceptible throb of the engines as the vessel travelled onwards over a sea without a wave. The moon was now nearly overhead, but hidden from this part of the deck by the superstructure of the ship, and Mrs. Bromley-Jervis might have made her way to her own cabin with an easy heart, when suddenly she heard a sound of stifled sobbing. She stopped in alarm and listened, but at first could not make out where the noise was coming from. Then she saw a bowed figure in what appeared to be a long dressing-gown leaning against the bulwarks, and in a flash she saw also that whoever it was was over the side of the ship. The flying hair showed it to be a girl, and her two hands clutched hold of the ship nervously twitching, trying to bring themselves to let go. Mrs. Bromley-Jervis ran forward and, just in time, caught the would-be suicide round the waist. A startled white face looked back into hers, and she saw that it was young Mrs. Farquharson. Lifted forcibly back and placed on a seat, the young woman burst into hysterical sobs, and it was some time before Mrs. Bromley-Jervis could get anything coherent from her at all.

"I heard him," she kept repeating, "and then I didn't want to live any longer."

By degrees the whole story came out. She had walked from her cabin for a breath of air, and passing another at the far end of the row she had distinctly heard her husband's voice mingled with that of a woman. They were both laughing uproariously.

"But are you sure?"

"Quite sure! I could never mistake his voice."

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis's thoughts flashed a dozen simultaneous messages to her brain.

"I'm afraid you must have done, my dear," she answered calmly, "for I saw your husband in the card-room not ten minutes ago. They were just beginning another rubber, so I suppose he's there yet."

The tearful eyes brightened for an instant, then clouded again. "But he was going to bathe. He can't be playing bridge in his wet things."

"You must have been asleep when he slipped back to change."

It was Mrs. Bromley Jervis's last throw, and she was infinitely relieved when her companion nodded.

"Perhaps that's it," she said.

"And now you must come along to my cabin. I have just the thing to put you right again. (*Continued on page* 106)

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You want a nice little hot drink." The young woman found herself half carried to Mrs. Bromley-Jervis's cabin, and laid down on her bed.

"Stay there," she commanded. "I'm going to get a sleeping draught for you. Promise me you won't move till I come back."

"I promise," said a feeble, but now happy voice.

Once outside her door Mrs. Bromley-Jervis transformed herself into a streak of lightning, or rather into an avenging thunderbolt, for she burst into Miss Chambers's cabin like the wrath of the gods.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"Miss Chambers has sprained her ankle," explained the young man, "and I was binding it up for her."

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis's voice became smooth as velvet.

"That's awfully sweet of you," she said, "but I think you'd better leave it to me. I have the proper things, and—your wife wants you."

"My wife?"

Mrs. Bromley-Jervis pulled him through the door and closed it behind her.

"Your wife," she said, "almost committed suicide to-night and if you don't want a tragedy you will do exactly what I tell you. Go back to your cabin and dress. Wait there till I bring Mrs. Farquharson to you, and remember that you have spent the evening playing bridge."

"But——"

"Will you do as I tell you?"

"Oh—all right!"

The lady opened the door again and confronted Miss Chambers who, by this time, had put on a dressing gown."

"Not Farquharson," she said.

The girl's eyes blazed. "Really——" she began.

"Not Farquharson," repeated Mrs. Bromley-Jervis, and then impatiently. "Why don't you try Colonel Hornblower. He is much richer than that poor young man and—he has no wife. But I am forgetting. Your poor, dear little ankle."

"Oh! go to the devil!"

"Thank you. I prefer to go to my bed. Good-night."

THE *Queen of the Mediterranean* was back again in the Channel and almost within sight of the coast of England.

"Won't you be glad to see those dear little cliffs again, Colonel Hornblower," said Mrs. Bromley-Jervis, as she sat in a chair on deck by the old gentleman's side.

"M-yes."

"You mean you've enjoyed your trip so much that you're sorry it's over?"

"M-yes. Very enjoyable. Very enjoyable."

The lady wrinkled her sensitive nose.

"Has anything occurred to upset you, Colonel?"

"No, nothing, nothing!"

"Come now, I'm quite sure you have something on your mind."

"Not at all, that is—well! dammit! I have something on my mind. The truth is I'm being blackmailed. Blackmailed—for a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds, Colonel! What can you have done?"

"A letter," growled the purple-faced soldier. "I wrote her a letter. Now, there's no need for you to say how foolish I was. I know it, and it's going to cost me a thousand.'

"It isn't," said the lady calmly. "It is going to cost you a hundred pounds."

"What!"

Queen of the Mediterranean

"Have you got such a sum about you?"

"Well—no! but in my cabin——"

"Go and fetch it, or—no! I'll come with you. People might misunderstand if they saw us exchanging notes."

In his cabin, the Colonel handed over two fifty-pound notes.

"And now," said Mrs. Bromley-Jervis, "would you mind telling me why any sane man should write letters to a lady on board the same ship."

"How do you know she's on this ship? How do you know who she is?"

"Are you sure there was only one letter?"

"Quite sure, but——"

"Wait here," snapped the lady and left him.

HER interview with Miss Chambers was brief.

"So you took my advice."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I'll buy Colonel Hornblower's letter from you for a hundred pounds."

"I have no letter—and if I had it's no business of yours."

"I am making it my business."

"I won't sell, anyway."

"Do you want to go on any more cruises?"

"Not on this ship."

"Not on any ship! All the companies know me, and will take my word about undesirable passengers."

"I won't sell, anyway."

"Come now," said Mrs. Bromley-Jervis patiently. "The price is a hundred pounds for the next two minutes. After that it will be fifty pounds or less."

Colonel Hornblower was still in his cabin when Mrs. Bromley-Jervis returned. He took the letter from her with trembling hands, tore it up and cast the fragments through the porthole.

"How can I ever thank you," he said.

"Don't worry!"

She was turning to go when he caught her by the sleeve.

"I wonder," he stammered, "if you could, if you would—er—what I mean is—will you be my wife?"

For once even Mrs. Bromley-Jervis was surprised, but she didn't show it.

"Thank you, Colonel," she said, "but we are almost home again, and at Southampton my duties cease."

"But won't you think of it."

"Of course I will—on the next trip. Are you thinking of cruising again?"

"Of course I shall," said the Colonel stoutly.

"Splendid! Then it's *au revoir!*" and she added as she emerged once more on deck:

"I really think the Company ought to double my salary—*and* pay me commission."

The line of the English coast was now plainly visible, and gazing towards it, their backs towards her, she saw the two young Farquharsons, hand in hand.

IN her tiny but comfortable flat in Chelsea, Mrs. Bromley-Jervis, clad in a flowered negligé, patted one of her silk cushions and placed it carefully in the small of her back. Then she curled up her feet on the sofa, and reached out her hand for a cigarette. She rang the bell, and her old but spotless maid appeared. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Mary," she said, "I'll have my tea now, and if anybody calls to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day, Mrs. Bromley-Jervis is not at home."

END

Enter the "Unit" House

(*Continued from page 51*)

contingency. How many of us have not bought or built homes which in a few years proved inadequate and yet which could not be expanded except at prohibitive cost? And which of us has not in our homes furniture which will not fit, but which we do not like to discard? These are but a few of the trials of householders which the flexible unit system will eliminate. As to the bogy of dullness in such a system, I have already stressed that industrialism spells a measure of uniformity. And such is the variety of surface treatments and textiles available to us that she would be a dull woman who could not make the unit interior as individual as her dress.

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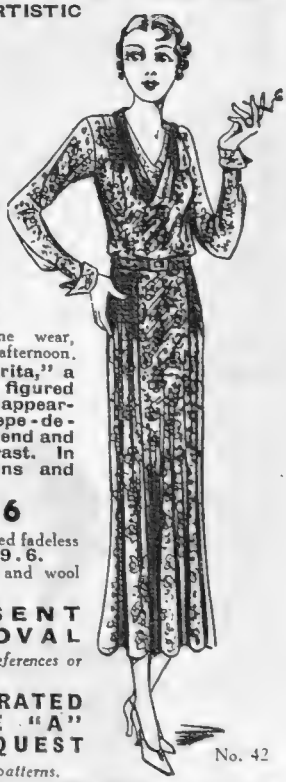

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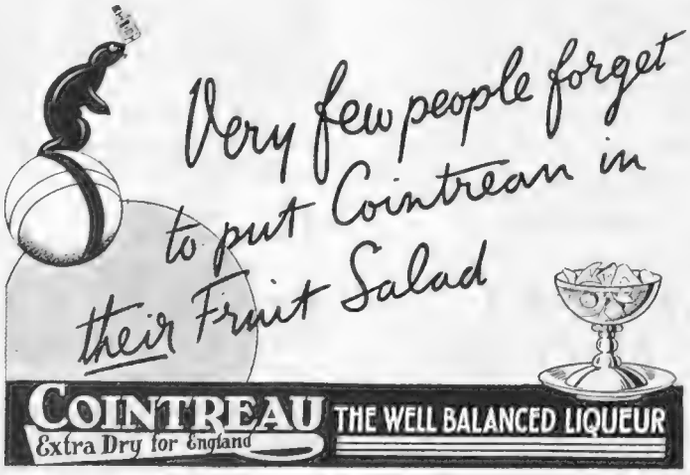

Shore Excursion

(*Continued from page* 49)

manufacturer at the table was her devoted slave. He was rich and not too young, and he was enthralled and fascinated with his mysterious little martyr.

He strove mightily to build up her faltering belief in men, her broken belief in men's morality.

"I cannot believe in any one," she said once at table in Barney Chumm's hearing. "No one has ever done a kind or generous thing to me. I've paid for everything."

Barney nearly dropped the steak.

"You must believe, my dear," the pencil manufacturer said. "Men don't let women down—not real men."

Barney Chumm, amazed, thought "She has got him snaffled if she wants him."

There were times when he longed with as much curiosity as any of the unsatisfied passengers to pull her on one side and get the story that she carried like a mysterious halo.

What *had* happened to her?

Remembering her in the old days, as a stupid, dewy baby, a stupid, dewy, lazy child, he found it impossible to imagine.

His favourite remark to her had always been "Don't be a calf!" and here she was a houri of the Orient, a woman who knew life, who had been through deep waters and strange fires.

She carried the atmosphere like incense. The women still mothered and cosseted her, and were strangely good to her.

They wanted to *know* what Gladys Heron had been up against, what lay at the other side of the veil where the other kind of woman lived.

The last night of the cruise there was a swell dinner—Bien venu consommé, bon voyage entrées, Auld Lang Syne desserts.

It was plain that something was "up" between Gladys and her rich manufacturer. The man was bewitched with her.

The orchestra suddenly crashed into Auld Lang Syne. The passengers at the captain's table linked hands and sang it.

When they had sat down again the rich pencil manufacturer said, and his voice was quite hoarse with emotion, and his face was as white as a sheet, "You have all become my friends and I would like you to know that Gladys has promised to be my wife. I shall teach her to forget everything but peace and happiness."

"You have all been so good to me," Gladys Heron said brokenly. "The first unselfish goodness I have ever known. You have altered my whole life, you people. You've made me believe again that there is a God somewhere."

Two of the women were openly crying. Even if they had never heard her story—and it did not look as if they ever would now—it had been a good party.

On the upper deck, rather early in the morning, Gladys Heron disengaged herself from her future husband's arms.

She said, "You'll never make me tell you."

"Never, my darling, if you don't want to."

"I could forget . . ."

"And I will help you to forget."

He swelled with nobility and happiness.

"I couldn't have believed," she said, "that men could be so utterly different."

He patted her.

"We are not all the same," he said, "little girl. I'm going to teach you that. We are not all the same."

The next morning in the frantic hurry and scurry of homecoming, unnoticed Barney Chumm managed to make his way to his girl friend's side.

She carried a handbag presented to her at Casablanca, and her new small luggage stood neatly beside her.

"Oh, Barney! thanks a lot!"

He wanted his fifteen pounds as well as thanks.

"I'm sorry I couldn't say anything about you, Barney; but it couldn't be done, could it? Everybody's been so sweet!"

"Well, you've fixed yourself up prettily."

"Yes," she said, "I'm very fortunate."

She smiled at him dazzlingly.

Her future husband found his way to her side. To his utter amazement Barney Chumm perceived a miracle. Her lovely little lower lip quivered, her blue eyes swam in a positive flood of tears.

"My darling!" said her gallant protector. "Has this fellow been insolent to you?"

"Oh no, oh no! You don't understand. It's too, too marvellous!"

"What is too marvellous?"

"Darling, you've shown me a new world. I never guessed how good the world was." She waved a hand at Barney and retired behind a presentation handkerchief. "He wanted, he wanted to help me—financially."

"That was very decent of him. Stout fellah! I can't think of any decent man who wouldn't want to help you and guard you."

"I'd like to do something. I'd like—oh! I'd like to do something so as he'd always remember his offer. I ——" She put her arms round the big man's neck and whispered in his ear.

Amazed and struck dumb, Barney Chumm saw a variety of expressions flit across his countenance. He heard him say "It seems rather a lot, darling."

"Oh, but it was a marvellous thing to do!"

He weakened. He succumbed against his better judgment and his own sense of prudence. He took out his pocket book.

"Here," he said, "I hope you'll always remember us."

He handed Barney Chumm fifteen pounds!

Barney Chumm was consumed by a curiosity, more gnawing than anything that had attacked the passengers on this cruise. He had to lift the veil and know a little what had produced this feminine phenomenon.

She left him gasping! Dearly as the women passengers and avidly as the men passengers would have liked a picture of Gladys Heron's inner history, it was nothing to the consuming and ironic interest that Barney Chumm felt.

His work in the dining saloon was over. He was free to mingle, if he wished, with the crowd on deck. It was congested, which made things easier.

He found Gladys Heron standing alone.

"Look here," he said urgently.

"You've got your fifteen pounds, Barney. I saw to that."

"I know. It's not *that* I'm afraid about. Look here, what did happen to you at Gib.?"

She turned round on him like a spitfire, with the first sign of real animation and vitality he had ever seen.

"Happen to me at Gib.? Nothing! Nothing ever would! That was the trouble."

"I see," he said hastily.

"May one ask who was following you in that motor launch.

Gladys Heron laughed gently.

"Oh, I staged that—I staged the whole thing. That was just one of the quayside vendors. He was trying to sell me some junk and first I pretended I'd buy it, and then I said I wouldn't. And then I made him wrap it up for me, and then I refused to buy it. And he got mad with me and chased me. I meant him to do that—I fixed that."

"You don't say? And those people you were with—that manager and his wife? I suppose he was just the Kaiser and his missis come over from Doorn to wet nurse you?"

"That old trawl! I talked to the girls, Barney. That skinny one had been with them for a year. You might as well have been in a convent. I had to get away. Bed every night after the show was over—not a dog's chance of a bit of fun or a party. Goodness, they trained you like prize-fighters. Nothing to drink, bed after the show—what a life! Might as well go to a convent school. I got 'em sized up. That's why I snapped out of it."

"Were they married then, those two?"

"What two?"

"Why your manager and his wife?"

"Married! They'd five kids, and we had to live with 'em. She found I could sew, and I could see what was coming. I'd spend my free time wrestling with paper patterns of kid's frocks."

"I see," said Barney Chumm.

"When you came along and I twigged what you thought, I saw my chance."

"Sure," said Barney, "*and* took it!"

END

The Mirage *of* God

(*Continued from page* 59)

owed, and we drove back to Jerusalem. Mitchell was quieter, on the way back. I noticed, in the next few days, these periods of quietness became more frequent. He seemed to change. We drove, day after day, to various parts of Palestine.

"After all, there is nothing else to do," he said, almost apologising.

So we went out, one day, to the Jordan, and ate our lunch on the bare tables of an outdoor restaurant.

And afterwards, when we stood on the spot where the Greeks said Christ was baptised, although the Catholics said it was somewhere else, he threw some water over my face.

"I don't know whether you've been christened before," he said. "But I've baptised you, anyway."

He was laughing. But then I noticed that he seemed to start again . . . and for a long time he was quiet.

We drove afterwards to the Dead Sea, across the salty plain in which there are hills with strange shapes, all covered with a salty crust. We stood on the beach facing the mountain from which Moses is said to have looked on the Promised Land.

"This sea is full of phosphates," he said. "Some lucky guy got the concession. I should have liked it. I'm told they're coining money."

Then he went on with a long story of how he had dealt in phosphates once, discussed the value of mineral manure to agriculture, and added, "Well, these Jewish guys at least can teach us something about farming."

For we had been to one of the settlements where, after sleeping on the bare soil for months, Jewish colonists had built shacks, and then farmhouses, and applied to the soil the latest scientific methods of agriculture, revolutionised the land, in fact.

"Moses spoke about a land flowing with milk and honey," said Mitchell. "It may be milk and money before these Jews are through."

That night, after dinner, as we sat in the King David Hotel, Mitchell opened up the subject of Bethlehem again.

"I wonder if you tell the truth," he said to me, bluntly.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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"I do, sometimes, like everybody else," I replied. "But I'm in business, you know."

"Well, I want to tell you something I have not dared to say before," he said. "When we were going into Bethlehem, the other day, I swear that I saw going round the corner Someone in a white robe. I only saw His back. But when we caught Him up, He wasn't there. Did you see that?"

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I did. And I noticed that you started. And I wondered if you saw me looking as though I wondered about something."

"Then," I went on, "I saw It again in Bethlehem, outside that shop. I saw Someone in a white robe walking along. And when I looked again, there was nothing to see."

"Yes, it was when I was joking about that red-lettered Testament," he said. And, do you know, I saw It again to-day. It was walking along the road, coming back from Jericho."

"Yes, I saw a white robe again, just near the cross-roads," I said. "And then, when I looked again, once more there was nothing to see."

For a long time he was silent. Then he went on.

"I have been thinking," he said. "You know, this place grows on you. I started laughing when first I came. And, every now and then, I laughed. They seem to believe such silly things. And they all seem to believe different things."

"When we went to the Dome of the Rock, there were Jews outside praying at a wall. I laughed that people should pray at a wall."

"Then, inside, I saw Moslems showing us what they said was a Rock which was one of the foundations of their faith. Yet it was a rock that the Jews also regarded as sacred, and for another reason.

"They thought something different about the same rock, and they quarrelled about it. The Jews said it was the site of King David's Temple. And the Moslems said it was something else. And yet, somehow, I did not laugh to-day. . . . This place grows on you."

It was my turn for frankness.

"I don't know whether it is the scenery," I said, "or whether it is all these stories they tell you. You don't believe them. And yet so many of them seem that there is a basis, somewhere, for what they say.

"Now, I do not believe that Christ ever lived. I have been shown where they say He was born. And I have been shown where they say He was buried. I have been to various places connected with His alleged life. And I have laughed, when some different religion tried to sell me something in a place where that particular religion had built some particular kind of church. I always paid the few pence, because it seemed worth it, and I felt sorry for them. But I laughed when I did it."

Then I went on to qualify this. I said that it was not in the churches that I found anything except a fine stained-glass window, perhaps, or a beautiful bit of mosaic work in the ceiling, or something fascinating about the lights.

"It is outside, in the roads," I said, "that you seem to recapture something. It is something holy . . ."

And I reminded him of the sheep we had seen mixed up with the goats, and the olive trees that we had passed, and how, gradually, to me these bits of scenery and the living things that followed part of them, all seemed to tell of a Truth, hard to fasten down, difficult to formulate, yet . . . .

"I must get away from here," said Mitchell. "It seems to worry me. I was sure that I believed nothing, when I came. Now, I do not know what I believe. And I do not like being worried by things like that. I like to know.

"And I have been reading that New Testament," he said. "You know, a lot of it seems true now. I do not know what parts are true, and what parts are not true. But there are bits of it I like. They would not

go well with my business, though .... I want to get away."

It was two days afterwards, down near the Sea of Galilee, that there happened something without which I should not have told this story. For, up till then, I was—well, it was nothing.

We had driven down through Nazareth. We had been to Jacob's Well, where they said Christ met the Woman of Samaria.

Then we had gone on through Cana, and looked down on the valley leading down to the Sea of Galilee.

The guide pointed out Mount Hattin. It was not a mount really, but quite a tiny hill.

"That is where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount," he said.

I expected a laugh to come from Mitchell. He had nearly always laughed when the guides had pointed somewhere, and recalled a Biblical incident. But, this time he did not laugh.

"I was reading about that last night," he said. "I had never read it before. I had heard of it, of course. They always spoke of it as some silly thing that was impossible. But last night I read that Christ, seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain. Then it says, 'And when He was set'—and I wondered was 'set' meant. But then he said to His disciples, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"I do not remember the rest of it except that He blessed those who mourned, and the meek, and those that were merciful, and the pure in heart and the peacemakers. Now this is all very difficult. And it sounds so silly. And yet I've been thinking that, after all, it is more sensible than anything I've ever done."

We had stopped the car. We looked out for a long time on a placid Eastern scene. No one passed. We were all alone. And then something happened which I would not tell, except that, that night, Mitchell and I, in Tiberius, where we stopped, talked again. . . . .

The Valley went. The expanse of gentle scenery was no longer there. It was just like a mirage . . . .

The scene was peopled with beings who seemed to belong to another age. And everywhere I looked, there arose houses, dignified in architecture, and with many trees around them. I seemed to be able to see for hundreds of miles. And all around me there was a golden city.

It shone with a splendid brightness. From somewhere in the sky, I heard a Voice. No, it was not a Voice.

It said to me . . . no, it did not say anything. (*Continued on page* 112)

A Stirring Success

NOWADAYS, of course, no one has much difficulty with catering or cooking for their families, large or small. Foster Clark's have seen to that. All the modern housewife has to do is to fill her store-cupboard with their excellent canned and packed products and she is ready to face all emergencies.

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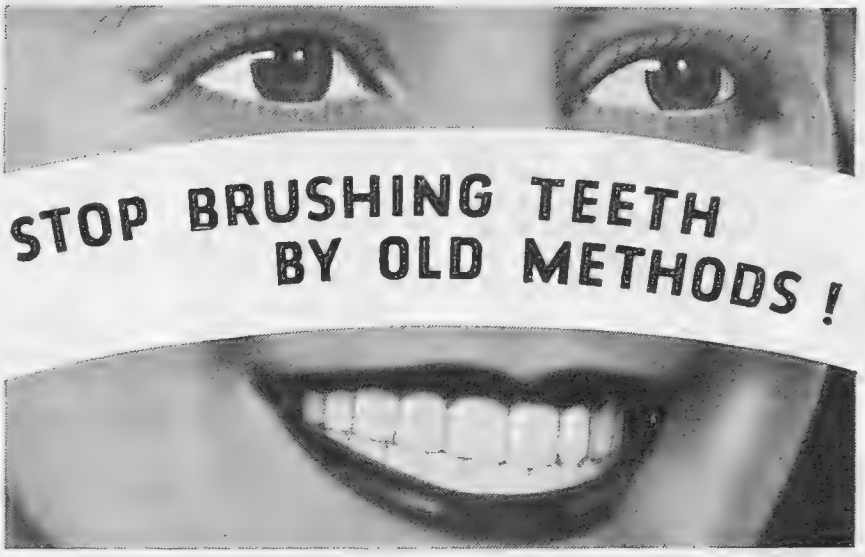

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"LOVE DEPENDS ON SO MANY THINGS" she said

She was so gloriously happy with her husband—just bubbling over with the joy and fun of life—that her old school friend Joan could not help remarking with just a tinge of envy on her fortunate lot.

"I wonder why it is," said Joan, "that your husband seems to have eyes for no one but you! Not like some men I know! I have had boys awfully keen on me for a time, and then they've somehow lost interest and just drifted away."

Her friend smiled. "Love depends on so many things," she said, "but one thing matters more than most of the others."

"Of course," said Joan impatiently, "but how can one find out these many things you talk about. I shall be an old maid all my life if I lose my opportunities because I don't know how to take advantage of them."

"Now just listen, I will tell you a secret," said the married girl. "Before I became engaged, I had all kinds of foolish ideas about men, and I was just in the same state of mind as you are now. But one day I read an advertisement of a wonderful set of books called 'Fascinating Womanhood,' and I bought them. They showed me how to make my personality so attractive that my appearance took second place. They showed me where and how to meet the kind of men I wanted to meet. How to make them interested in me. How to use certain little secret principles that win lasting affection, and above all, how to inspire the proposal. If it had not been for those books I should not be married to-day."

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B. & E. Aug. 33.

But the meaning of whole volumes of words became part of my brain.

I was looking out on the world of the Future looking into centuries yet to be born. I do not know how long we watched.

Then, suddenly, the scene became a valley again, and the small hill was there, once more, all alone, in the silent peacefulness.

"Do you know . . . . ?" said Mitchell, that night. "I saw what you saw. And I heard what you heard. Only it did not seem to be sound, but just knowledge."

"Yes," I said. "Knowledge. That was it . . . ."

And I knew that what had happened was that someone had built a perfect world, in which the pure in heart were exalted, and the merciful were blessed, and the peacemakers were indeed the children of God, and all those that mourned were comforted. It was the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

"I know what is going to happen," I said. "Something told me, while I looked. One day, when the world has got worse than it is, if ever it could get worse, someone is going to buy one of those red-lettered Testaments we bought and read it for the first time. He will not be a great man. He will merely be a man who does what he knows is right when he reads it.

"But he will not only read the words, as we have read them. He will make them come true. He will not worry his head about where Christ was born. He will know that what he taught was more important than that. He will know there is Truth in everything that is good. And then the Kingdom of Heaven will begin upon this earth."

"Yes, that is what I seemed to know," said Mitchell. "God help me to remember it . . . I wish I were that now."

WHEN next we met, it was in the Embassy Club, in London. A syncopated band was playing, and people danced.

"Hullo, old man," he said. "How are you?

"Very well," I replied, as one does. "How are things with you?"

"I've had a splendid year," he replied. "I'm back in phosphates now. There's big money in it."

We did not mention the Sermon on the Mount.

Other Oxford Unions (*Continued from page 17*)

whereas 40 per cent. of the German population are industrial labourers, their sons form under 3 per cent. of university youth. Something of what happened in Russia may well be expected. Last year the U.S.S.R. could boast just seven times more universities or higher technical institutes than was the case in 1914. The number of students has increased threefold, being to-day just short of 400,000. More remarkable is the social swing-over. In 1932, nearly 80 per cent. of the students derived from the working-class (twenty years ago the figure was 6 per cent.). Apart from these higher educational centres, the craze for education in Russia has led to dizzy further figures such as :—

Workmen's Universities, 872,000 pupils,
Technical Schools, 747,000 pupils,
Factory Schools, 1,085,000 pupils,

comprising a grand total which, Moscow proudly claims, now far outstrips the 870,000 who received instruction last year in the universities and technical schools of the United States. A good deal, though, depends on the nature of the instruction.

This immense Soviet student army tends to stand aside and apart from elements in other lands, such as the Nazi-Fascist and "Oxfordism." Need one mention that it is Bolshevik through and through, its younger denizens never having known another world than that of Lenin? The Soviet student may be a trifle disillusioned of late, as the world of science and machines gradually proves to be not quite all that matters, but at heart remains convinced that the other nations are weakening before the Bolshevik idea and that in his and her lifetime will supervene the world revolution.

Turn now to another student in this varying tale: the American. It is often said that "American youth is going Bolshevik" (or something kindredly loose). At the universities, at all events, this does not find support. Nor among the considerable American student youth scattered about Europe. Rather is the American student currently more beset by things of the spirit and the mind. There is a widespread groping for some form of *faith*. That is what is essentially engaging the young American undergraduate: not politics, as would appear to be our principal concern in like circles. No doubt considerations of distance render the American university less interested in questions of future behaviour in war or peace.

The American student is reacting from past years of the crudest materialism and its dismal failure. "There are increasing millions looking for a scientific answer to life," writes a Yale undergraduate. "The main question with the thinking student is this: 'What am I to live for?' If you show us the thing that will answer that, rationally, we'll go to it. Is there any purpose or hope in all the immensity? The college man dreads the awful suspicion that there is no purpose."

Poles apart from this attitude is the simple Mussolini-blindness of the Italian student whose seats of learning have lately been turned over in their entirety to propagation of the Fascist gospel. Compulsory membership of the Fascist party is now being enforced on all members of the teaching staff at every Italian University.

It is one of the tragedies of contemporary student life that youths are being exploited in this manner to sustain a political creed or party. That is, naturally, at the bottom of much of the present university malaise. There is a good deal of pro-Fascism among international students—admiration for its authority and spirit of direction—but the plain fact remains that with Fascist doctrine installed at the universities free play of thought just ceases to exist—that is to say, one of the reasons-of-being of universities all down through the ages.

How these students vary, to be sure! We have just left the Blackshirt young man utterly satisfied to say, act, and be everything that Mussolini says, whether that implies reaction, war or pestilence. And yet, across the Mediterranean, the Spanish students operated precisely in the opposite direction, being considerably responsible for bringing about the Spanish Revolution.

The Austrian universities are now tending to Nazi or Heimwehr, but only last year over half of the students of Vienna University, in a full poll, voted that, "if the interests of humanity in general and those of our own country clash, we should be more loyal to humanity than to our own country"—which is (many aver) the true meaning of the historic Oxford effort. To-day, alas, the Austrians are fast losing their international-mindedness and, with the German students, are becoming the protagonists of an acute nationalism. Whenever these tribal Teutons participate in student gatherings, such as the one this April at Leyden, they sprinkle their questionnaire papers with hate against Versailles, the League, Mandates, Minorities, the World Court, and the rest

"Towards a European order" was the burden of the Leyden pow-wow and the sequel, falling as it did with the Hitlerian triumph, was an unsatisfactory dogfight with the students of the ex Central Powers solidly aligned against the late Victors, chiefly from Paris and England. We, apparently, banked on the constitutional in our approach to all subjects. The French students were for the perpetuation of individualism and sacred rights, on the principle of 1789. The Germans, after being quite biological, what

with red corpuscles and low-caste cosmopolitanism, launched into a fury of Deutschtum. Indeed, this Leyden meeting served to show how the paths have parted since preceding reunions at Dijon, Giessen, and Cambridge. (How these students are beginning to meet almost month after month—what may it portend ?)

The French jeunesse has begun to take a live interest in the world around it. Many student associations are springing up of which, perhaps, the most influential is that whose spokesman is Bertrand de Jouvenel. When one student body for Franco-German rapprochement met Nazi students in conference in Paris, there was much French indignation. But de Jouvenel points out that French students are now ready to accept widely different régimes abroad, such as the Nazi one, and to seek to connect up with them *quand même* in a spirit of "realistic pacifism." "I appeal to my generation," he writes. "We know foreigners. We do not conceive peace to be a general kissing among nations who have all come to resemble as sisters the French Republic. For us the true spirit of peace is what Carlyle so admired in Goethe: 'a perpetual effort to understand sympathetically all the acts of all men.'"

It remains to be seen how far this new French attitude among the young will progress. Of its importance, and beyond the limits of France, there can be no doubt. There are, however, other and quite reactionary bodies in the French universities, notably a strong Catholic influence that will have no truck with advanced notions, but sticks to the true (light) blue of tradition. The "Camelots du Roi" are more extreme still.

A place which cannot be so happy now is the International Students' Club at Geneva. For years this had thrived on its propinquity to the League, and as long as the latter organism was making headway, the students were almost unanimous in their approval. But recently the German-Fascist element, which is in a majority, has been crowing, and a charming girl secretary informed me not long ago that on one occasion she had to separate two belligerents. The difficulty of currently maintaining order and composure can certainly be great in a club housing 36 different student nationalities.

The three Scandinavian countries have so far only the barest streak of Fascism-Nazism. A veterinary surgeon runs the Swedish Fascists. In Denmark, such native young nationalists as have appeared intend primarily to defend Danish Sleswig against the Hitlerians, should occasion arise. There have been Fascist effervescings in Holland and Belgium. The former led to a slashing defeat at the polls; in Belgium the religious and language divergence in the Universities has conducted to a less clear situation. Czechoslovakian student life, strongly national but of liberal tendencies so long as one leaves Czechoslovakia alone, is dominated by the far-flung Sokol upbringing.

In conclusion, an interesting point will be to see if the "I refuse to bear arms under any conditions" will catch on. One has considerable doubt if it will even gain the slight momentum reported from the United States, where "many thousands of students are pledged in societies." That may be because, unlike Europe, military training is compulsory in American colleges for all save the unfit. And because U.S. student life is saturated with societies.

Be that as it may, battle is joined between the two student fronts. "Oxford" and the national conception. Which is not to say that there will be bellicosities, even verbal. There are so many pro-Fascists and pro-Soviet on both sides, among Europe's students of 1933, that the younger generation may manage to work out some form of agreement. Not to fight. But to build. I am sure that is what lots of them want to do. The question only is: are they likely to be allowed to ?

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All Entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best nonsense verse on a seaside topic.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post August 15th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—August 15.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet on a topical subject.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best completion of a limerick beginning as follows:—"There was a young mug up at York——"

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post August 29th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—August 29.

Results of 154th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to B. Gibbs.

Hon. Mention: Gertrude Pitt, "Elizabeth Adams," "J. A. B.," "E. D.," "M. R. A.," Mabel Asher, F. Peel, E. Wightman, Julia Binfield, F. A. Edinborough, May Belben, M. Scott Morris, G. M. Hudson, "R. G.," and A. V. Williamson.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best letter breaking off an engagement.

Awarded to G. M. Hudson.

Hon. Mention: B. Richardson, "Lweno Notwali," B. Maile, E. M. Norman, "E. D.," Elizabeth G. Robins, Mary C. Anderson, Edgar Pasfield, G. Whitcombe, J. H. C. Gibbs, M. Bacon, and "G. G."

Results of 155th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to "M. R. A."

Hon. Mention: E. M. Norman, "Una," Elizabeth Martin, Louise Domville, M. C. Anderson, E. Hover, Alice Georgano, Blanche Darwall, Molly Palmer, B. Gibbs, Isabel Smart, Victoria Tyrrell, G. Phillpotts, "J. A. B.," F. A. Edinborough, "Ro," Mabel Asher, A. V. Williamson, A. F. Hearder, and E. Young.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best opening page of a novel—about 250 words.

Awarded to Katie Gandy.

Hon. Mention: Edgar Pasfield, May Belben, Doreen Hamby, "Ro," "E. D.," "J. A. B.," B. Maile, Julia Binfield, M. Palmer, "Joan d'Echo," B. Gibbs, D. Avril, G. M. Hudson, B. Richardson, Isabel Smart, and "G. G."

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AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

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Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, May 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355; C. R. H. Brabham, G.C.S. 5666.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Divided between Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603, and Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460. Hon. Mention: Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845; Norman F. Bunker, G.C.S. 5922.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marguerite Falcon, G.C.S. 5948. Hon. Mention: Christina Collinge, G.C.S. 5724; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to B. Wood, M.C.S. 3396. Hon. Mention: Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Colyer, M.C.S. 2889. Hon. Mention: J. P. Searight, M.C.S. 3421; Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859; Mary Clack, M.C.S. 3254; Doris Jude, M.C.S. 3408; Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187.

Associates' Circle.

Art Competition.—Title Page for a Book of Nursery Rhymes. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Betty Larom, A.C.S. 1565. Hon. Mention: Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206; Joan M. Crane, A.C.S. 1582.

Snapshot Competition

Subject: Any Outdoor Scene. First Prize 10s. Awarded to J. P. Searight, M.C.S. 3421. Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903. Third Prize (Consolation), 2s. 6d., Adrienne V. Williamson, G.C.S. 5933. Hon. Mention: Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295; Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388.

Award of Prizes, June 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Favourite Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; and Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Hon. Mention: Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Norman F. Bunker, G.C.S. 5922. Hon. Mention: May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Winifred M. White, G.C.S. 5611; Beatrice Little, G.C.S. 5832.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783 and Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578. Hon. Mention: Marguerite Falcon, G.C.S. 5948.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140. Hon. Mention: Ursula Moss, M.C.S. 3140; Molly O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430; Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Margaret McRae, M.C.S. 3386. Hon. Mention: Virginia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258; Joan Guillaume, M.C.S. 3424; Marion Wallace-Brown, M.C.S. 3431.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition. — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Désirée Picton Seymour, A.C.S. 1452. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1231.

Literature Competition.—Describe a View with which You are Familiar. Prize 5s. Awarded to Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206. Hon. Mention: Marit Guinness, A.C.S. 1530.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS
(August—September)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Landscape Study. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Design for a Cover to a Book of Poems.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Synopsis of a Play in Three Acts entitled "Who Goes There?" No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Review a Recent Book.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Anything in Wool. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Something Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Design for a Cretonne.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. Criticise a Recent Book. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Lyric.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. A Design for a Cretonne. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Flower Study. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Group of Four Common Objects.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Paper entitled "Do I Like Holidays?"

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, September 1st. Subject left to Competitor.

"Sunset in Egypt," by J. P. Searight, M.C.S. 3421, awarded first prize in May Snapshot Competition

NEWS OF THE MONTH

OUR heartiest thanks to all those Saloners who paid their subscriptions rather late, and as a peace-offering were so nice as to add to the amount in order to swell the Cot Funds. I think if members are going to give us a little extra in this fashion they may always be late with their subscriptions! It is naturally an uphill task to collect big sums of money these days, and I am most grateful for the charming way in which Saloners so often remember our hospital work by tucking into the envelopes which bring their competition entries "a little something for the Children's Cot." I should like these kindly folk to know how much it is appreciated.

* * *

In this connection I should like to inform our many recently joined members that there is a Pets' Club attached to the Salon,

"Spot," the property of M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769, joins the Pets' Club (see News of the Month)

the subscription to which is 6d. yearly, sums so collected going to the same Cots Endowment Fund. When enrolling a pet a photograph should, if possible, be included for publication in our pages. We have all kinds of pets in this club—horses, dogs and cats, of course, but also rabbits, parrots, canaries, monkeys *and* mice!

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(May 15th)

Joan M. Mitchell.—A lighter touch would be more appropriate for this subject; otherwise it is very well done, clear and concise in expression and the possibilities well covered.

Mary J. Clack.—Although the last line is accurate in feeling, it lacks the delicate touch informing the rest. A less blatant expression of the vital fact should be striven for.

Dora A. Nicholls.—You have a keen sense of the story's dramatic values, but you need to study the technique of verse-making. Decide what metrical style you intend to employ and stick to it throughout. It will be an invaluable exercise.

Norman F. Bunker.—The end is beautifully contrived and the rest is almost worthy of it. I would substitute another word for "earthly." It scarcely conveys the meaning intended.

C. D. Burton.—This is a fragment rather than a story. Still, it hints at the possibility of better things, and I should be interested to see a longer effort.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—The feeling of light, though with too much white paper, is good; the tree in leaf rather flat, the dead one too brown. On the whole, very slight but pleasing in effect. If lines five and six in the second verse are to rhyme, then earlier lines must do likewise. Whatever form is chosen must be adhered to for beauty's sake if for no other reason.

Trixie Ford.—This is dainty enough in style, but has been over-pressed, so that the value of the stitchery is somewhat lost and the effect too flat.

Betty Metchim.—Telling and well composed, but a dreadfully violent version of Nature's effect and colour. Your daring is an asset, but it should dare more subtly. The go of the sky is excellent.

Marjorie Naylor.—Rather shut-in composition, aerial effect very good, but near reflections in moving water need making out to give perspective.

Joyce Bidder.—Capital figures. Rather much outlined for breadth, but a clever and interesting little note in sober tones.

May W. Harrison.—An extremely difficult subject, clever, but needing unity of effect. In spite of much good work, the breadth of illumination is not quite suggested.

May McFadyen.—With so much solid black and white a much stronger line and more stylistic penwork in the foreground are needed. All above this part has the charm of simplified effect, with good feeling for style.

Veronica Ward.—Admirably drawn and good in colour, effect, and handling, except the edges of tulips and foliage; their almost uniform sharpness flattens an excellent group.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—A lot of capital work, but the uniformity of the deep greys is a bit monotonous. The napkin illustrates this point most, but all the group suffers a bit.

B. Wood.—A very stylish and pleasant composition, though it is a pity to use metallic gold with its two effects. Still, a very artistically designed novelty.

Betty Weir.—Remarkable for a first attempt in oils, excellent in strength, colour and method, but you have focussed the background as sharply as the object and made it too prominent for comfort. Otherwise admirable.

Joyce Vernum.—The last verse must register a climax. This fails in the necessary intensity after the careful preparation which has gone before, leading the reader on to expect a dramatic finish—even if a comic one.

Doris Seth-Smith.—"Gown" is no rhyme for "ground." I expect this is a slip merely. The rest has your usual facility, and if not very original has a fresh and dainty charm.

Veronica Price-Harris.—A title page is seldom in three colours and not often this shape. These points are important; otherwise this is an excellent attempt at illustrating the poem quoted.

Kathleen V. Halsall.—A coloured background would have helped the delineation of these delicate flowers, whose leaves are of a more dense colour than is depicted here. The sketch has too ghostly a character, but is decidedly well drawn. Aim at correct depth of colour as well as accuracy of contours.

Margaret Roberts.—Always put your name on actual entries. Yes, most decidedly this is a lyric. (Look the term up in the dictionary for further guidance.) This is sincere work and I shall be interested to see more from your pen. A stamped envelope is only necessary if you want entries returned.

Marit V. Guinness.—See that you do really say what you intend. After apostrophising "Time" in the seventh line it *appears* as if the "you" of the eighth were still referring to him. One feels sure that such is not your intention, however.

J. P. Searight.—The sudden turn which events take at the end is decidedly entertaining, but this interesting moment in the plot suffers from under-development. I recommend working at the finish again. I am sure you can improve it.

Alice Janes.—The characterisation is excellent, but one feels that some point should develop round Hilda's rather contemptuous manner. At present there is no plot; also there should be no subdivision into scenes at its present length.

Stephanie Weir.—The page is very well laid out as to lettering, but the figure is much too big. It would have been most effective, in the general scheme, however, if it had been about half its present size.

Nora Reed.—Good distant atmospheric effect, but the foreground hasn't been sufficiently observed, and the pits do not quite explain themselves. Charming in colour, but weak in draughtsmanship.

Irene McCoy.—The idea is charming, but one feels it needs more distinguished treatment. A more unusual metre would have been a big help.

G. M. Kaye.—This is a very pretty effort and will, I am sure, be much appreciated by its young wearer. You knit very well indeed.

G. E. M. Moss.—Memory sketches are good practice, but this type of thing is not the most suitable subject for the exercise. The sky is charmingly recorded, but the rest is faulty in tone; exactly what one would expect.

Maud Schwabe.—The green bottle is far too flat although extremely well drawn. Avoid the poster method in a study of this type.

Margaret McRae.—The curious shape of the cast shadow is most confusing to the effect and the vase has no depth. The flowers are well drawn, but the study has been seen in individual bits instead of as a whole. The big effect must be kept while indicating detail.

Penelope Burra.—This would make a better cover than a title page. Fascinating in colour and treatment. You should do very well one day.

Brenda Milligan.—The truly ugly duckling rather spoils the rest of the group, as a big mass of colour without much form inevitably must. Some pleasant colour, but drawing rather slapdash in essential points.

Elizabeth Whitwill.—Not at all badly planned, but another time when executing such a subject try using a pen and Indian ink on a smooth paper, imitating as nearly as possible the usual effect of a title page. The first verse of the poem is much the better of the two. See that your lines scan correctly and that a word is not used twice unnecessarily.

Amy G. Haydon.—One of the prettiest things you have sent in lately. I admire it very much. Please accept my sincerest thanks for everything. We owe you so much!

C. R. H. Brabham.—Charming in colour and method, but not sufficiently explicit in composition. Greater certainty as to where the horizon line probably falls would much help one's enjoyment of a very artistic and interesting sketch.

Betty Larom.—The mixture of metres should have been avoided, otherwise this is amusing enough, and the last verse makes a good climax and is a sound explanation! The weak point in your figure is the hands—they are too small and lack correct construction.

Doris Jude.—A good theme upon which to let oneself go. Your method is a trifle dry, perhaps, but the paper itself is full of sound thoughts, sincerely and well expressed. I hope you will compete regularly.

Florence E. McCoy.—I think this is one of the most interesting things you have done. I don't care for "lit" in connection with "will," and "bravely" duplicates "courage."

Hilda M. Barrow.—The first, fourth and fifth verses are very good. The other two are not in quite the same category, although the third could quickly be improved. The little jumper is dainty, but not up to the high standard of a similar entry submitted a short while since.

Anne Burra.—The pattern on the jar is left rather too much to the imagination, and one feels that the feather has been too much dipped in the same dye, but the method is very pleasing and the tone good.

Effie Dundas.—The needless repetition at the end of each verse destroys, in my opinion, an otherwise delightful little effort. In the first verse the repeated word is effective, but it isn't worth retaining, even here, and thus upsetting the scheme of the rest.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age, if under 20.....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon

Evangeline Weir.—A most difficult group for pencil, depending as it does so much on the differences of textures for its interest. A uniform outline must be avoided. Where light obliterates a contour there is no necessity to indicate it. Sound work, but not so artistic as usual. In the story I would suggest that you substitute some rarer wild flower for the blade of grass. It would give the narrative so much more point.

Joan Wyatt.—This has a certain charm, but it should not be left in its present state. It has too much the appearance of being very casually put together. In fact, a good note rather than a finished product.

Joan Colyer.—An admirably developed little paper. A trifle dry in style perhaps—an occasional light touch is advisable where so much information has to be imparted—but in every other respect it could scarcely have been better done.

Betty Perry.—The opening lines are very well done although you have mixed tenses in saying "I'd." Also I think it must be a slip which makes you describe Beauty, Love, and Joy as *false*? Try to compete regularly.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—The last line of the third verse needs reconsideration. The poem has a certain charm all through but at the cost of sound thinking in one or two places.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—A very good sky and the rest cleverly suggested as far as it goes, but that is not far enough! If you could concentrate a little longer you would do good work.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—The third verse is a little clumsy in comparison with the other two. The first is the best, and the second quite good until the last two lines.

Marguerite Falcon.—Most cleverly knitted. I wish I could reproduce it, but I fear that unless worn by a living model its smart and interesting style would not be apparent.

Olive Dwyer.—The effect here is somewhat confused. As a note of the ideas you want to convey it is valuable, but it is too much "in the rough" to be left as it is. It is worth working at again and clarifying.

(Remaining criticisms will be sent through the post.)

The Children's Salon
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It is a well-known fact that some foods have a greater tendency than others to cause indigestion, and that by limiting one's diet to certain tasteless, unappetizing foods, stomach troubles can sometimes be overcome. Nine times out of ten, however, indigestion is due to excess acid and food fermentation. Instead, therefore, of going on starvation diets, stomach sufferers can eat what they like if they will only get rid of the excess acid and stop the fermentation. To do this quickly, safely, and surely, take 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralizes the acid, stops the food fermentation, and heals the inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold by all chemists in powder or tablet form at 1s. 3d. a package, and if you will take it as directed you can eat what you like without fear of pain or discomfort to follow.

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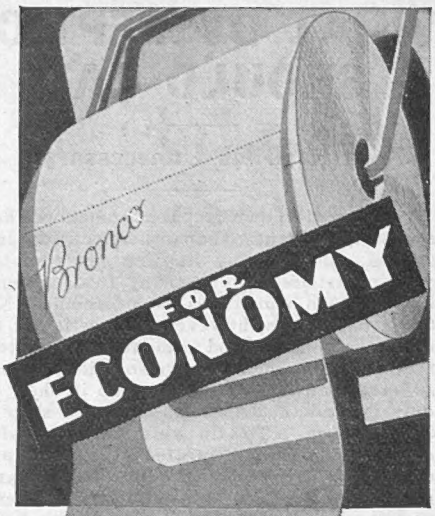

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AUGUST, 1933

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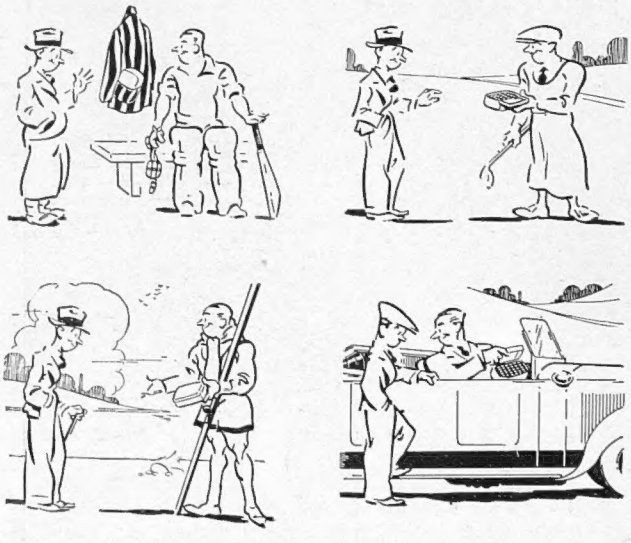

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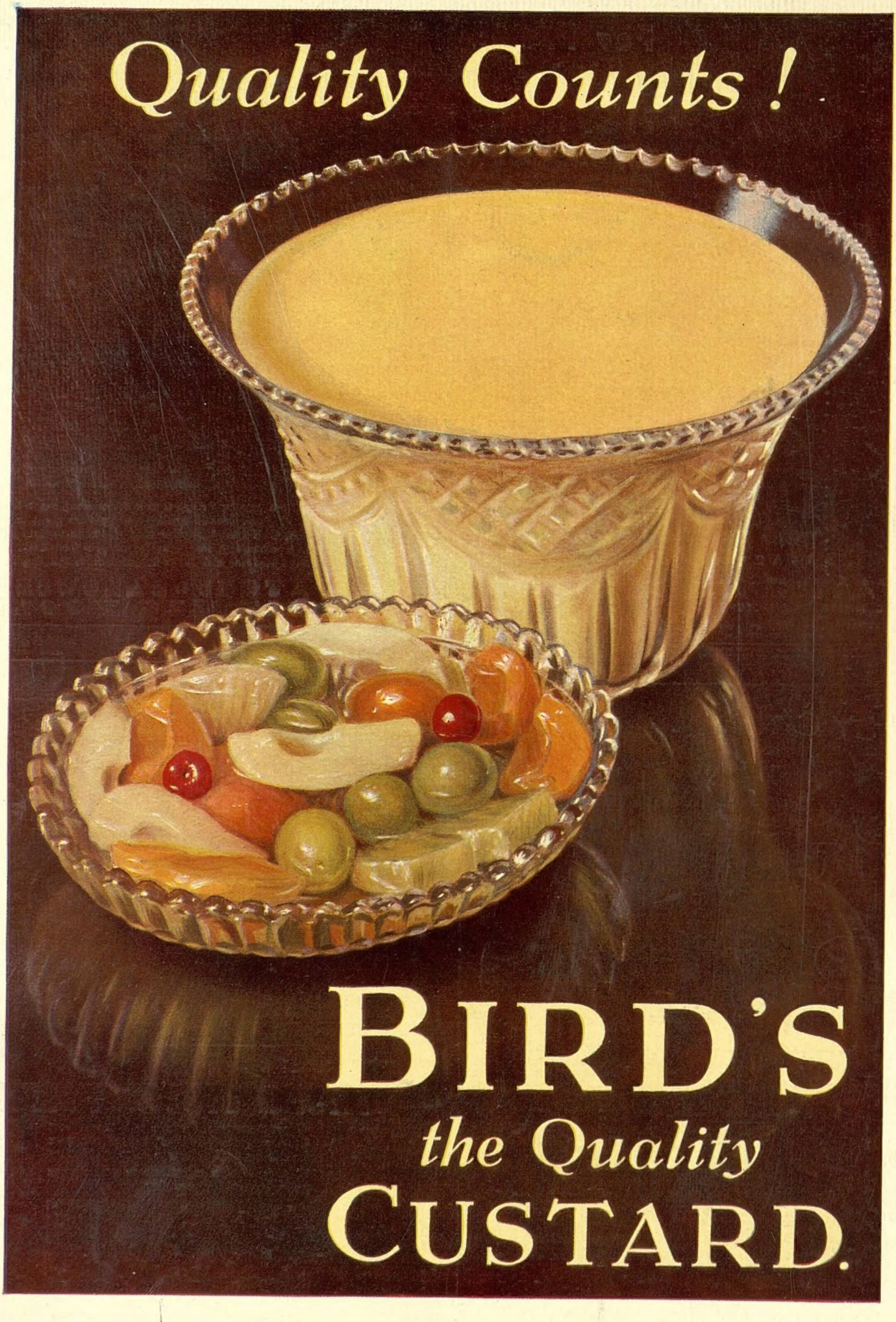
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